ITALY IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

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vol.2
Sedgwick, Henry Dwight,
1861-1957.
Italy in the thirteenth
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ITALY IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

A SHORT HISTORY OF POLITICS, RELIGION, LITERATURE
AND ART IN THE TIMES OF INNOCENT III
ST. FRANCIS, NICCOLA PISANO
GIOTTO, AND DANTE

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II

Arnolfo di Cambio

Altemps

Boniface VIII
Rome

ITALY IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

BY

HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

Voi credete
forse che siamo esperti d' esto loco;
ma noi siam peregrin, come voi siete.
PURG. II, 61-63.

VOLUME II

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge

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Published November 1912

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CONTENTS

I. The Intermediate Poets 1

II. Venice 23

III. The French Conquest (1261–1266) 37

IV. Charles the Conqueror (1266–1272) 60

V. From Gregory X to Nicholas III (1272–1280) . 81

VI. Thomas Aquinas (1225–1274) 103

VII. Saint Bonaventura (1221–1274) 117

VIII. From Nicholas III to Boniface VIII (1280–1295) 130

IX. Lombardy, Romagna, and Piedmont (1260–1300) 149

X. Tuscany (1260–1290) 171

XI. Manners and Customs 190

XII. Sculpture 219

XIII. Niccola's Pupils 231

XIV. Painting in the Latter Part of the Century . 246

XV. The Frescoes at Assisi 262

XVI. Il Dolce Stil Nuovo 276

XVII. Latin Literature 297

XVIII. Pope Boniface VIII 320

XIX. The Outrage at Anagni 333

XX. Epilogue 347

Appendix

Chronology 355

Bibliography 365

Index 379

945
Sa 28i
v.2

ILLUSTRATIONS

Boniface VIII	*Rome*	Arnolfo di Cambio	*Frontispiece*
Charles of Anjou	*Rome*	Arnolfo di Cambio	44
The Serf Panel from Fountain at Perugia		Giovanni Pisano	190
The Cavalier Panel from Fountain at Perugia		Giovanni Pisano	206
Ezekiel		Benedetto Antelami	220
St. Martin and Beggar Cathedral	*Lucca*	Guidetto da Como	224
Pulpit	*Pisa*	Niccola Pisano	228
Fountain	*Perugia*	The Pisani	232
Campo Santo	*Pisa*	Giovanni Pisano	236
Tomb of Cardinal De Braye	*Orvieto*	Arnolfo di Cambio	242
The Rucellai Madonna	*Florence*	Duccio (?)	252
St. John The Evangelist Santa Cecilia	*Rome*	Cavallini	258
Archangels Basilica of St. Francis	*Assisi*	Cimabue (?)	268
St. Francis Preaching	*Assisi*	Giotto (?)	274
Young Dante	*Bargello, Florence*		284
Detail from Panel of Pulpit Sant' Andrea	*Pistoia*	Giovanni Pisano	350

ITALY IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

CHAPTER I

THE INTERMEDIATE POETS

Let us now praise famous men . . . such as . . . set forth verses in writing. — Ecclesiasticus, XLIV.

The Sicilian school of poetry fell with the fall of the House of Hohenstaufen, but its influence still lingered on even after new schools had arisen, and showed itself in a few faithful disciples here and there. Of these laggards Dante has lifted one, Bonagiunta of Lucca, to a high place in the palace of fame, less to do him honour, than to use him as a beacon by which to mark the progress of poetry. In point of time Bonagiunta belongs with later poets, Guido Guinizelli, Dante himself, and Cino da Pistoia ; but his lack of sincerity, and his clinging to the Provençal manner are badges that manifest the old poetical habit of Jacopo da Lentino, the Notary, and his school. Yet in his lifetime he had his admirers, whose taste in poetry was fashioned by what they had heard when they were boys, men who judged it a great compliment to liken him to the troubadours, Folquet of Marseilles and Pierre Vidal. Bonagiunta, too, was by profession a notary ; apart from this the records show little except that towards the end of the century he had some duties of superintending

the works on the church of San Michele in his native town. It is also said of him that though ready with rhymes he was readier with the wine cup. His poems, such as are left, are his real record; and if he is far inferior to the later poets of the "sweet new style," at least he seems as good as those of the school to which he belongs.

Quando vegio la rivera
e le pratora fiorire,
e partir lo verno k' era,
e la state venire,
e li auselli in ischiera
cantare e risbaldire,
no mi posso sofferire
di farne dimostrança;
k' io agio odito dire
c' una grande allegrança
non si po ben covrire,
cotanto s' innavança.
E l' amança
per usança
c' ò de la frescura,
e li alori
c' ò de' fiori,
rende la verdura,
sì m' incora
e innamora,
ke mi disnatura;
und' io trovo novi canti
per solaço degli amanti,
ke ne canti
tuctiquanti.

When along the river side
I see the fields with flow'rets pied,
And the winter gone away
And the summer come to stay,

And the birds in merry band
Sing and carol through the land,
I cannot hold back
From joining with the jolly pack;
For I have heard men say
That on a jocund holiday
They cannot outwardly conceal
The inner merriment they feel.
And the affection,
Through recollection
Of this fresh scenery,
With the laurel
(Wholly floral)
In its greenery,
Plucks up my soul
To Love's control,
And maketh a new man of me.
Wherefore I sing new songs
To comfort lovers' wrongs,
And sing away
The livelong day.

These verses sound poor enough in the bald English translation; but if a street singer, as sometimes happened in Lucca or Bologna, "was a handsome man, clad in samite, with a coronal of flowers on a good head of fair hair, well combed, and in his hand a lute, wonderfully made, painted and inlaid with ivory," and if this baritone or tenor stood in the piazza before the cathedral in Lucca or in front of the palace of the podestà in Bologna, and trolled out the easy Italian rhymes, one would surely have joined the crowd about him and applauded with all the people of the neighbourhood.

With Bonagiunta we take leave of the Sicilian school and its royal memories; yet before going on

to the next school, which is in the main contemporary with the Italian career of Charles of Anjou, some notice perhaps is due to those poets who have not been assigned to any school by the text-writers. Of these there were many; some wrote religious poetry, some didactic, and others popular poems and songs or ballads. They were, for the most part, poets little known outside of their own neighbourhood; and though unclassified seem to come as close to nature as the poets of the schools. I quote from a poem called *Proverbia que dicuntur super natura Feminarum*, Proverbs on the nature of Women, written perhaps by a native of Cremona, Messer Girardo Patecchio, who wrote a poem often referred to by Bro. Salimbene, *The Book of Ennui*, and also had put into rhyme the Proverbs of Solomon:—

Levaime una maitina a la stela diana,
entrai en un çardino q'era su 'na flumana,
et era plen de flore aulente plui de grana;
colgaime su le flore apres una fontana.
Oi deu, com de grande gloria era plen sto çardino,
de bele erbe aulente e de flore de spino,
e de rosignoleti qe braiva en so latino,
lo merlo e lo tordo cantava sopra l pino.
Sicom eu repausavame sovra le flor aulente,
un pensero veneme qe me torbà la mente,
de l'amor de le femene, com este fraudolente;
quand l'om en elle enfiase, como l mena rea mente.

I got up in the morning beneath the star of day,
I went into a garden that by a river lay,
And it was full of flowers sweeter far than hay;
I lay me down on flowers just where the fountains play.
O dear, how full of glory that garden seemed to me,

With lovely fragrant grasses and hawthorn budding free,
And nightingales that trilled aloud their sweet latinity,
And blackbirds, too, and thrushes upon the tall pine tree.
While I am lying resting upon the fragrant herbs
A sudden thought comes to me that my peace of mind disturbs,
About the love that women give — how fraudulent are they!
How, when a man puts trust in them, they lead him far astray.

We leave these unclassified poets with a touch of academic disdain and, following the critics who seem most reasonable, turn to what they call the intermediate school of poetry.

The leader of this school of poetry, intermediate between the Sicilian school and Dante's circle, was Guittone of Arezzo. Not very much is known of him. He married in Arezzo, but divided most of his time apparently between Bologna and Florence. Sometime before the year 1269 he became a member of the Ordo Militiæ Beatæ Mariæ, a somewhat fashionable body, which Loderingo degli Andalò and other gentlemen of Bologna and Modena had founded for the purpose of succouring widows, orphans, pilgrims, and the poor, of making peace and of procuring other high objects. These noble purposes were apparently soon forgotten, and the Order became a sort of by-word, as its nickname "The Jolly Friars — Frati Godenti" indicates; and yet perhaps popular report did it injustice, for though Guittone may have joined it in his younger days, when he was a poet of love, nevertheless he continued to be much interested in it many years later, after he had turned his mind to moral and religious subjects.

Frate Guittone was much more of a man-of-letters than the poets of the Sicilian school; he was a Latin

scholar, a student of Provençal, and he has left epistles in prose and in verse. His letters, as becomes a frate and a man of his position in the literary world, are pious and a little rhetorical, and in writing to ladies he carefully observes Boncompagno's precept not to spare flattery, yet his letters, even to ladies, sound sincere. Some concern the city of Florence, and it is pretty to see his love for her. There exists a letter of his written to Florentine friends, *carissimi e amatissimi molti miei*, in which he exhorts them to peace and amity: "You must know that it is not costly clothes that make a man, nor palaces that make a city, but as reason, wisdom, right living make a man, so do ordered justice, peace and happiness make a city. O queen of cities, once court of justice, school of wisdom, mirror of conduct, mould of manners, . . . now a cave of robbers, a school of murder, a mirror of death, a mould of felony! . . . What shall now stop the people of Perugia from taking Lake Thrasimene, or the men of Bologna from crossing the Apennines? . . . God did not create men to prey on men, but to help one another, and therefore no man suffices for himself, but men must live together. . . . God said that all the law and all the prophets were included in charity; so he that fulfils charity fulfils all justice and all good. Our Lord put salvation nowhere but in peace; and in his last will he left his peace to his disciples, showing that outside of peace nothing is of advantage, and with peace there is nothing useless or hurtful. O miserable men, why do ye hate peace so? Do ye not know that nothing is lovable but good-

ness, and that there can be no enjoyment of goodness except in peace? Therefore every habitation of man should be peaceful; but a city is the place above all others where peace and joy should always be found, and where he that seeks peace and joy may betake himself." One hardly expects to hear such sentiments in any Italian city, but they do honour to the Ordo Militiæ Beatæ Mariæ and should help clear its reputation from the imputations which vulgar gossip has directed against it.

But Guittone's position in the story of Italian literature is not as a writer of prose but as a poet. For a time (putting aside the admirers of Bonagiunta who held Provençal poetry better than Italian) until his reputation became eclipsed by the rising glory of Guido Guinizelli, he was esteemed the best poet in Italy, and counted his disciples in Florence, Siena, Lucca, and Pisa. In fact he is the first distinguished Tuscan poet. To the English reader he is both obscure and irritating. Who can wish to puzzle through verses, whose excellence lies in the *tour de force* of repeating a monotonous rhyme — porta, m'aporta, m'aporta, porta, deporto, deporto, porti, porti, porti, followed by another series of conta, conta, conta, conta, conto, conto, conti, conti, conti? Or who, unless he has been bred on artificial poetry, can enjoy a sonnet where the lines rhyme not only at the ends but also with their third and fourth syllables? But sometimes Guittone rises to real feeling, as in the poem which he addresses to Florence after the terrible defeat at Montaperti. No native Florentine could feel more grief than he does, nor

more indignation and scorn for the Ghibelline faction whose disloyalty had brought so much woe upon their city.

Ai lasso, or è stagion de doler tanto
a ciascuno che ben ama ragione:

Alas, now is the time greatly to grieve
For every man who truly loves the right:
. . . . . .
At such a height was the deflowered Flower,
So long as she was loyal to herself,
That she on her imperial way kept on,
By her high valour conquering
Many a land and province far and near;
She seemed about to found an empire
As Rome once did, and easy
For her was 't, since none could bar her path.
And in this she was surely right,
Because not for her own advantage did she toil
But justice to maintain and peace;
And, too, her pleasure 't was
To act and move so far ahead
That not a corner of the world
But sounded forth her Lion's glory.
. . . . . .
Lion, alas, no more; for I see
Its claws, its teeth, its courage plucked,
And its proud people done to doleful death
Or in cruel prison put most wrongfully.
And who has done this thing to her? They that are
Descended from her noble breed,
That were by her nursed and advantaged
More than all others and in estate set high;
And through the height to which she lifted them
They grew so great, that they have wounded her almost
to death.
. . . . . .

Conquered is the proud Commune Florence
And with Siena so has changed her place,
That all the shame and harm that Florence
To Siena always gave, as every Latin knows,
Siena returns to her, and takes her honour and her gain;
For Montealcino they have overthrown by force
And Montepulciano in their power caught;
And from Maremma reap the fruits as far as Ciervia;
San Gimignano, Poggibonsi and Colle
And Volterra and the country round she holds as hers;
The city's bell, her standard, and her arms,
And all her honour have they ta'en,
With all her wealth to boot;
And all this they have done
Through that breed that more than all is mad.
. . . . . .
Mad is the man that flies his gain and seeks his loss,
And turns his honour into shame;
And from fair liberty wherein he dwells
In pleasantness, to his own hurt departs
Unto a seigniory both cruel and base,
And takes his bitterest enemy for his lord.
To you who are in Florence do I speak.
For what has happened seems to give you joy;
And since ye have the Germans in your house,
Serve ye them well, and make them show to you
Their swords with which they 've scarred your cheeks,
Your sons and fathers slain;
And I am pleased that ye must give to them,
(Because in doing this they had
Labour enough,) of your fine money.

Much money and great felicitations give
To the Conti Guidi, to the Uberti, and to all the rest
Who to such honour have conducted you,
That they have put you in Siena's power.

In these verses there is a real sentiment of scorn and of grief that the higher has been stricken down

and that the less worthy is triumphant. Guittone experienced the satisfaction of seeing the Guelfs take revenge at Benevento and Tagliacozzo, if a brother of the Ordo Militæ Beatæ Mariæ felt so unworthy an emotion. He took his membership seriously and lived a religious life. Some of his friends thought that he had lost his wits and blamed him for a life which, according to their way of thinking, could not be of much satisfaction to God and was a nuisance to the world. Guittone retorted with spirit, and kept to his serious ways. The year before he died, he gave money towards the foundation of the monastery Santa Maria degli Angeli just outside the walls of Florence, near what is to-day the Piazza dell' Annunziata; and so we may believe that religious peace clothed his last days.

Another Tuscan, a Florentine and a contemporary, Brunetto Latini, though much less distinguished as a poet, is far more widely known than Guittone on account of the famous passage in the fifteenth canto of the *Inferno*: —

Chè in la mente m' è fitta, ed or mi accora,
la cara e buona imagine paterna
di voi, quando nel mondo ad ora ad ora
m' insegnavate come l' uom s' eterna;
e quant' io l' abbia in grado, mentre io vivo
convien che nella mia lingua si scerna.

For in my memory is fixed, and now comes to my heart,
The dear and kind paternal image
Of you, when in the world, hour by hour,
You taught me how man makes himself eternal;
And how much gratitude I have for it, while I live
Should in my words be shewn.

Brunetto had a distinguished public career and also wrote books of great reputation in their day. He was a notary by profession, like so many other Italian poets, and he, as well as Guittone, belonged to the Guelf faction. Not long before the campaign against the Ghibellines which ended in the rout of Montaperti, he was sent by the government of Florence to King Alphonso of Castile, to persuade that wary Imperial pretender to aid the Guelf cause. He had delivered his embassy, and on his way back, while travelling through the kingdom of Navarre, in the famous valley of Roncevalles, he met a student from Bologna, who told him the disastrous news of the Guelf defeat. It was impossible for Brunetto to return to Florence, so he went to Provence and then to France, to Montpellier, Paris, and Bar-sur-Aube; and during his stay, which lasted several years, he wrote his best-known work, *Li Livres dou Trésor* in French. This is a sort of encyclopædia compiled from many sources, classical and mediæval, one of those stately books of universal knowledge, of which the *Speculum Majus* by Vincent of Beauvais is the most famous. Brunetto himself says: "I do not say that this book is spun out of my own brain, nor out of my own knowledge; on the contrary it is like honey gathered from many flowers. It is made up from the remarkable sayings of authors who before our time have treated of philosophy, each with reference to the part that he was acquainted with." He chose the French language for two reasons: one because he was in France, the other because that language was the most agreeable and the most wide

spread among nations — "la parleure est plus delitable et plus commune à toutes gens." The book consists of three parts. The first part treats of the beginning of the world, of history and of the nature of things. The second treats "of vices and of virtues, that is of the things a man ought to do and ought not to do, and shows the reason why," and is drawn from the *Ethics* of Aristotle and the works of Cicero, Seneca, and Sallust, as well as from authors near Brunetto's time. "The third part of the Treasure is of fine gold [the author says], that is to say, it teaches man to speak according to the science of rhetoric, and how a lord should govern the people under him"; in other words, it deals both with rhetoric, as Cicero taught it, and with politics, especially with reference to the government of Italian cities. The *Trésor* had an immense success; it was translated into Spanish at the instigation of King Alphonso, as well as into Italian prose, during Brunetto's lifetime, and much of it, also, into Italian verse.

His other well-known book, familiarly called *Il Tesoretto*, though he himself called it *Il Tesoro*, was also written during his stay in France after the battle of Montaperti, and before he wrote the *Trésor*. It is a didactic poem in seven syllabled couplets, and begins by a dedication to King Alphonso. This perhaps was part of his duty as ambassador, or perhaps was done out of gratitude for a kind reception. He seems to have judged kings susceptible to flattery, for he compares Alphonso to Solomon, Alexander, Achilles, Hector, Launcelot, Tristram, Cicero,

Seneca, and Cato. That done, he tells of his embassy, of meeting the student from Bologna, of his reflecting how rich and powerful Florence had been and how terrible was party strife, and then he adds: —

Pensando, a capo chino,
perdei lo gran chammino,
e tenni a la traversa
d' una selva diversa.

Thinking, with head hung down
I lost the main highway
And crosswise continued on
Through a strange wood, astray.

There is a similarity between this stanza and Dante's opening lines that seems more than chance: —

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
mi ritrovai per una salva oscura,
che la diritta via era smarrita.

In the middle of the highway of our life,
I came to myself in a dark wood
For the straight road was lost.

From this beginning Brunetto goes on to allegory, and travels in the realms of Nature, of Virtue, and of Love. The verses have a very rough jog trot, and though they had the honour of being dedicated to King Alphonso, and perhaps of lending a suggestion to Dante, hardly give Brunetto the title of poet. He also translated parts of Cicero and of Sallust.

His real influence upon Italian literature was as a scholar; he was recognized by the next generation to have been a leader in a renaissance. Giovanni Villani says that he was " a great philosopher and a

master of rhetoric, both in speaking and writing," and that he was "both originator and teacher in freeing the Florentines from their earlier rudeness, — fu cominciatore e maestro in digrossare i Fiorentini, — and in teaching them the art of rhetoric." Besides all this, Brunetto, after Guelf victories enabled him to return to Florence, took a considerable part in the management of public affairs. His name appears in matters of importance again and again. He died in 1294, the same year in which Guittone of Arezzo died.

These three men, Bonagiunta, Guittone, and Brunetto Latini, were probably the three most distinguished men of Italian letters of their generation; yet before Guittone and his disciples had time to supersede entirely the Sicilian school, they too, even in Guittone's lifetime, were "exceeded by the height of happier men." Dante seems to see little difference between the Sicilian school and Guittone's, compared with the gap between both schools and the poets of the "sweet new style." In the *Purgatorio* Bonagiunta asks Dante if he was the poet that wrote the canzone, "Ladies that have intelligence of Love," Dante replies (*Purg.* XXIV, 52–60):—

"Io mi son un che, quando
amor mi spira, noto, ed a quel modo
che ditta dentro, vo significando."
"O frate, issa veggio," disse, "il nodo
che il Notaro, e Guittone e me ritenne
di qua dal dolce stil nuovo ch' i' odo.
Io veggio ben come le vostre penne
di retro al dittator sen vanno strette,
che delle nostre certo non avvenne."

"I am one who, when
Love inspires me, take note, and in the way
That he doth sing within, I go and tell."
"O brother," said he, "now do I see the knot
That kept back the Notary, Guittone, and me
Below that sweet new style of which I hear.
I understand well how your wings
Behind the Singer follow close,
Which certainly was not the fate of ours."

And not content with thus putting them all three, the Notary, Guittone, and Brunetto Latini, indiscriminately into their places, Dante returns again a little later to Guittone. This time he expresses his opinion by the mouth of another poet, who bursts out against those fools that neglect art, reason, and truth to follow common repute, and adds (*Purg.* xxvi, 124–26):—

So did many of the older men to Guittone,
With cry on cry giving him praise alone;
At last the truth has prevailed with most people.

And also in *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, Dante speaks of these three Tuscans as having failed to attain a high-bred, classical language, "illustrious and curial" as he calls it: "Next let us come to the Tuscans, who, infatuated through their frenzy, seem to arrogate to themselves the title of the illustrious vernacular; and in this matter not only the minds of the common people are crazed, but we find that many distinguished men have embraced the delusion; for instance Guittone of Arezzo, who never aimed at the curial vernacular, Bonagiunta of Lucca, . . . and Brunetto of Florence, whose works if there be leisure

to examine them, will be found to be not curial but merely municipal." The reader who feels the force of Dante's suggestion that there is not leisure to examine their works, may well accept Dante's judgment. These men were precursors merely, but they prepared the way, and by their accomplishment, whatever its intrinsic value, made it easier for the poets of the "sweet new style" to take higher and longer flights into the airy region of poetry.

The poet who in the *Purgatorio* rejoiced that Guittone's fame had faded, was a poet of excellent gifts, more widely endowed than any of his predecessors. Guido Guinizelli was a citizen of Bologna and, according to the Italian critics, forms a link between Guittone and his followers and the later Tuscan school of the *dolce stil nuovo;* more than that, he is also the source and inspiration of the new school. In his youth Guido admired Guittone very much; and wrote a sonnet in which he called him Master, and My dear Father, to which the older poet replied, calling Guido, My beloved Son, — Figlio mio dilettozo. And in those days Guido wrote poetry very much as other disciples of Guittone did: —

Ben si po tener alta quanto vole,
ché la più bella donna è che ssi trove,
ed infra l' altre par lucente sole
e falle disparer a tutte prove;
ch' ellei èno adorneççe,
gentileççe, savere e bel parlare
e sovrane belleççe;
tutto valor illei par che ssi metta;
posso' n breve contare:
madonna è de le donne gioja eletta.

Well may she hold her head high as she will,
For she 's the loveliest lady that there is,
And among others seems a radiant sun
And gives them all eclipse, do what they may;
For she wears many an ornament,
Wit, gentleness and pleasant words
And sovran beauty;
Methinks that all the virtues lodge in her;
To make my reckoning short:
My Lady is of ladies the choicest jewel.

And many a pretty sonnet praises various ladies. There is Lucia, who is so winsome in her furry hood that not a man from Bologna to the Abruzzi but would fall in love with her; and her eyes, her cheeks, her lips, how they invite kisses!

A! prender lei a força, ultra su grato,
e bagiarli la boccha e l bel visaggio
e li occhi suoi ch'èn due fiamme de foco!

And there is another lady, of higher rank it seems, whose praises anticipate the lofty compliments contained in the sonnets of Dante and Petrarch. She walks in beauty along the way, so much a lady that she lowers the pride of those to whom she bows, and converts misbelievers to the true faith; no unworthy man can approach her, for coming near he loses his unworthiness, and none that see her can entertain a single evil thought. But afterwards as Guido grew older, breathing more deeply the learned atmosphere of Bologna, he felt the lack of thought in Guittone, turned his back upon the old style, and adopted a new manner, in which he introduced high Platonic imaginings into his verse. His new style won the

admiration of Dante. Indeed, Dante calls him (*Purg.* XXVI, 97–99), —

> il padre
> mio, e degli altri miei miglior, che mai
> rime d' amore usar dolci e leggiadre;
>
> My father
> And of the rest, my betters, that ever
> In pleasant numbers sweet have rhymed of love;

and says to him: —

> Li dolci detti vostri
> che, quanto durerà l' uso moderno,
> faranno cari ancora i loro inchiostri.
>
> Your sweet poetry
> As long as modern taste shall last
> Will make its very ink a precious thing.

On the other hand, that loyal adherent of a past fashion, Bonagiunta of Lucca, found Guido's thought obscure and his mode of expression dark, and attacked him in a sonnet, — for it was the fashion for poets to write sonnets of praise or blame to one another. He begins by saying that Guido has changed his style both in form and substance, and then: —

> But you surpass all men in subtility so far
> There 's none now to be found who can explain you.

To which Guinizelli answers, setting forth his own notion of how a poet should write: —

> The wise man doth not lightly start his course,
> But thinks and looks as measure wills,
> And after he has thought holds back his thought,
> Until at length he is assured of truth.

And these lines, according to an Italian critic, indicate his good qualities and his defects; he thinks and looks about, but with too much circumspection; he is occupied with thought, but too much so, and has too little of the light grace that marks the best Italian lyrics. Indeed he seems to have affected his generation, somewhat as Robert Browning affected his. The famous poem by which Guinizelli won his high place among Italian poets, is the canzone of "The Gentle Heart":—

Al cor gientil repadria sempre amore
come l'oxello in selva a la verdura,
nè fe amore anti che gientil core
nè gientil cor anti d'amor natura;
ch' adesso con fo l sole
sì tosto lo spiendore fo lucente,
nè fo davanti l sole;
e prende amore in gientileççа luocho
cossì propriamente
come calore in chiarità de foco.

Fuoco d' amor in gientil cor s' aprende
come vertute in pietra pretiosa;
ché da la stella valor no i descende
nanti che l sol la faççа gientil cosa.
Poi che n' à tratto fuore
per soa vertù lo sol ciò che gli è vile,
stella li dà valore.
cossì lo cor, ch' è fatto da natura
schietto puro e gientile,
donna a guisa de stella l' inamora.

Within the gentle heart Love shelters him,
As birds within the green shade of the grove.
Before the gentle heart, in nature's scheme,
Love was not, nor the gentle heart ere Love.
For with the sun, at once,

So sprang the light immediately; nor was
Its birth before the sun's.
And Love hath his effect in gentleness
Of very self; even as
Within the middle fire the heat's excess.

The fire of Love comes to the gentle heart
Like as its virtue to a precious stone;
To which no star its influence can impart
Till it is made a pure thing by the sun:
For when the sun hath smit
From out its essence that which there was vile,
The star endoweth it.
And so the heart created by God's breath
Pure, true, and clean from guile,
A woman, like a star, enamoureth.
(*Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*)

Concerning Guinizelli's life the records are very scanty. He came of noble family, and probably led the life of a young gentleman of quality in a university town, mingling pleasure with learning; and we know that he followed public duties with sufficient distinction to be chosen podestà by the little town of Castelfranco. When he attained, according to the psalmist's reckoning, the half-way stage of life, the political strife in Bologna became very bitter. At the very time that good Pope Gregory X was endeavouring to bring the Christian world to peace at the Second Council of Lyons, the Geremei, heading the popular party, fought the Lambertazzi, the aristocratic party, among whom was Guinizelli's family, i Principi, and drove them into exile (1274). The poet was banished, too, and died soon after.

There were other poets in Bologna at the time

who made a group rather than a school, Guido Ghislieri, Fabruzzo, and Onesto. They doubtless entertained the same general ideas as Guido Guinizelli, for they were scholars, and in their verse avoided the dialect of Bologna, seeking a more literary form of expression. But more interesting than these shadows, for nothing of theirs is left except a few poems by Onesto, are the canzoni and sonnets found written on the margins of notarial records, written down by the notaries themselves, and sometimes perhaps composed by them. These make a foil against which the high Platonic thoughts of Guinizelli "stick fiery off." Some of them bear very much the relation to the canzone of "The Gentle Heart" that the stories of Boccaccio bear to the Vita Nuova, and add their testimony to prove that the high poetical ideals of Guinizelli and Dante were not the fashion of a school, but the beliefs of men who felt the need of a diviner element in life than did the Falstaffian notaries of Bologna. Guido himself seems to have been one of those to whom is given "so much of earth, so much of heaven," and, in the same measure that he raised himself up towards spiritual love, to have fallen down before the baser appetites of the flesh. In Purgatory Dante met him, in company with the famous troubadour, Arnaut Daniel, purifying his soul in the cleansing fire.

After Guinizelli the time was ripe for the *dolce stil nuovo*. He has prepared the way. Guinizelli was virtually the only poet that Bologna produced; perhaps the influence of the great law school was unfavourable, but as many notaries were poets it may be safer

to suppose that the Muse of Italian poetry felt a special tenderness towards Tuscany. There, though the Tuscan poets were commonly in exile, she made her home, and for the most part in Florence; there she stayed until the time of the High Renaissance, when in a mood of wayward caprice, she wandered off to Ferrara.

CHAPTER II

VENICE

In youth she was all glory.
Childe Harold.

THERE are three cities in Italy that stand beyond the reach of rivalry, each sovereign in her own sphere, each beloved with an affection hardly to be exceeded. Rome has her own unapproachable traditions; Florence, more than Rome ever was, is the "city of the soul," the mistress of those who kneel to intellectual and spiritual beauty; but Venice, in the eyes of her admirers, is Aphrodite fresh from the salt sea foam, beautiful with the beauty of unsorrowing things, glittering in colours such as shine when the hot sun kisses the last tremulous drops of rain that fall from the dissolving cloud.

Venice has always bewitched men from other cities, whether they were poets like Byron and Browning or professors of rhetoric like Boncompagno; she has always been beautiful, but she has always been of the world worldly; her highest spiritual effort has been to believe in the poet's saying: —

Beauty is truth, truth beauty — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Her history is the history of the clinking of the ducat, of the lust of the eye, of the pride of life. She never chanted penitential psalms; she never

shared the high ideal of Rome, to transform this world into a city of God; she never understood the noble discontent of Dante and Michelangelo. She had a soul, but it was not like human souls, it never wept. Indeed, in all respects Venice has been individual and separate. In the thirteenth century she was not really a part of Italy, but rather a neighbour city cut off by a narrow stretch of shimmering, iridescent, estranging sea, and by a great gulf of alien sympathies and ways. It is not as a province of Italy but as a neighbour, a child of Constantinople dwelling on the borders of Italy, that I speak of her.

Her history begins like a fairy story. Men did not found Venice with a vision in their minds of what might be; they fled to the sandy islands off the shore to escape Attila and his Huns (452). There they found themselves safe, and there they stayed; the dominion of invaders, of Lombards and Franks, stopped with the shore. Hostile attempts from landsmen concentrated these fugitives on the islands of Rialto, and there they set their lares and penates, as the Middle Ages knew them, the bones of their patron, St. Mark.

It had always been the divine purpose that the saint's bones should rest in Venice. On one of the islands an angel had met the saint and said, "Peace be to thee, Mark, here shall thy body rest;" but that purpose was not fulfilled until the beginning of the ninth century. Meanwhile the holy body lay in a shrine at Alexandria. In the year 828 two Venetian traders were driven, so they said, by bad weather into that port. Nevertheless one cannot avoid the

ungenerous suspicion that they went there to trade. The law of Venice, as well as the law of the Church, forbade her subjects to have dealings with infidels; but in Venice such a law was a mere outward mark of respect for sentimental Christianity, and was little heeded. Business is business. Venetians were constantly falling under the displeasure of Rome because they traded with Saracens, especially because they sold to them contraband of war. In this case the hand of Providence made use of these two unworthy traders to accomplish its purposes. It happened that just at this time the shrine that held the sacred body was threatened with desecration; to prevent this the guardians of the shrine privily gave the body to the Venetian traders, who bore it to Venice. There a church was built in its honour. This church afterwards burnt down, and in its stead the present basilica was erected. The building was finished in 1071; but the decoration of the interior in its elaborate magnificence occupied scores of years. The Venetian government kept in its employ a band of Byzantine artists who were always at work upon the church. For this reason the Doge was able to comply with the request of Pope Honorius III and send Greek mosaists to Rome for the decoration of St. Paul's basilica. Painters, also, were there as well as mosaists; in 1242, when the strenuous and splendid Marquis Azzo of Este wished to have a picture painted in Ferrara, he employed "a painter trained in Venice under that admirable master, Theophanos of Constantinople." The church in itself is evidence enough of Venice's relation to Constan-

tinople; she was indeed the daughter of the eastern capital, more like Regan and Goneril than like Cordelia, but admiring and imitative. The ground plan of the church is a Greek cross; the crossing and the arms are crowned with domes; the architects evidently had in mind the church of the Holy Apostles in Constantinople. And the interior, with its marbles, its mosaics, its gold, its carving, tells still more plainly the Venetian love of the art of Constantinople. There was nothing in Italy or Sicily to match the glorious effect of that decoration, not even in the Capella Palatina of King Roger at Palermo. Even travellers familiar with St. Sophia did not escape the bewilderment of its gorgeousness; Geoffroi de Villehardouin, who when he wrote was well acquainted with all that Constantinople could boast, says, that St. Mark's is "the most beautiful chapel that there is."

Venice was not merely in spirit a daughter of Constantinople, *matre pulchra filia pulchrior*, — not the theological or the horse-racing Constantinople, but the city of commerce that cared only for riches and beauty; — she was a part of the Eastern Empire. She had been a part of it when the Barbarians overran Italy and she had never renounced her allegiance. She recognized her subjection in name; but she went no further than a deferential exterior. She accepted with apparent gratitude the eastern title bestowed upon her doge by the Greek Emperor; but no representative of the Emperor ever exercised any authority in Venice. She paid tribute to the Lombards and to the Franks; but this

in her estimation was mere prudent submission to temporary blackmail and not a recognition of political authority. And the Church of Venice held very much the same relation to the Church of Rome, that the State held to the Greek Empire; its chief priest was the Patriarch of Grado, always much more devoted to St. Mark with his lion than to St. Peter with his keys.

The head of the Venetian state was the doge. The first doge was elected in 697, and for over three hundred years, although the general assembly of citizens convened from time to time, voted on important matters and had the nominal right of election, the doges exercised royal power and their office was virtually hereditary. For two hundred and twenty-five of those years members of three families, Badoer, Sanudo, and Orseolo, occupied the throne. In that period the old nobility was in power. In 1032 the first important change in the constitution took place: the principle of heredity in the dogeship was cast out; the doge's authority was limited by requiring the assent of two councillors, chosen indeed by himself, before his acts became valid; and a council of distinguished citizens was vaguely suggested as a proper body to be consulted on important matters. In 1172 a second constitutional change, of still greater importance, was enacted. A Great Council was established. In each of the six districts of the city two men were elected, and each man of these twelve chose forty men from his district, making altogether four hundred and eighty who composed the council. This council, by an elaborate

system of sub-committees, elected the doge, who was then presented to the people for confirmation; but the popular approval was a mere form. The doge's two councillors were increased to six; they were no longer to be appointed by him but to be elected, one from each district. The body of distinguished citizens to be consulted was more carefully constituted; it developed into the senate. There were other sub-councils, inner boards or committees, made up of members of the Great Council. The consequence of these changes was that the doge descended from his old royal position, to become what (except for such influence as his character and talents might exercise) was hardly more than an ornamental figurehead.

The changes themselves were made in order to put the real masters of the state — the aristocracy of wealth — into political control. That oligarchy remained in power so long as Venice lasted as an independent state. The whole political process presented a marked contrast to that which had been taking place in the cities of the mainland, Bologna, for instance, or Florence. Venice had nothing in common with those cities. Venice had no feudal barons, no Lambertazzi, no Uberti, for the feudal system had never crossed the protecting waters of the lagoons; she had no landed aristocracy, for she held no lands; she had no confederacy of democratic guilds, for the great guild of merchant princes controlled all trade. The cities of the land were occupied by territorial aggrandizement, but on the sea lay her riches. Her concerns were factories, trading

posts, markets, and open doors to foreign ports. Venice, second only to Constantinople, was chief among all trading cities of the Mediterranean Sea; the Adriatic was the "path of gold," down which her galleys sailed on their way round the Peloponnesus, through the Ægean Sea, to Constantinople, or beyond, through the Bosphorus along the shores of the Black Sea to Trebizond, or past Crete to the coast towns of Syria and Egypt, or, rounding first the heel of Italy, then Sicily, steering to the west, and northward to France. Little by little Venice established herself, with privileges, with factories, with separate quarters, in all the coast towns of the East; little by little she acquired ports all along the eastern shore of the Adriatic. Venice had no plans of conquest; she wished to trade, to carry the merchandise, fetched from the valley of the Po or from across the Alps, to the cities of the East, and to bring back the produce of the East to western Europe. In order to protect her mercantile marine she built fighting galleys, and fought pirates, — many a Slav pirate was sold as a slave on the Riva degli Schiavoni, — as well as Normans, Saracens, Genoese, Pisans. Because she was a sea power, Venice took a discreet part in the early crusades; wherever the French, English, and German crusaders went, Venice followed at their heels, carrying provisions, supplies, munitions of war, and when she saw how profitable this piratical Christianity was, she took a valiant part in fighting, and acquired rights, privileges, and possessions in the captured towns. The crusades were of great worldly advantage to Venice; through

them she gained wealth and built up maritime greatness, so that at the beginning of our century we find her full of ambition, not to create an empire, but to extend her trade and to acquire trading rights anywhere and everywhere as the means of amassing wealth. The itch for the almighty dollar, *auri sacra fames*, is no modern ill; Venice pursued wealth with a single-minded devotion, seldom equalled and never surpassed. Pisa and Genoa were no mean rivals; the government of a merchant city was a task needing courage, foresight, and experience, qualities they both possessed. But the government of Venice possessed a constancy, a stability, a steadiness of purpose, which their shifting, quarrelling governments could not equal. In those days the crusades seemed about to lead to a conquest of all Mohammedan lands, and the seafaring cities of Italy, very much as the great powers to-day who watch for the breaking up of China, laid their plans to make the most of their opportunities.

Before the year 1200 Venice had quarrelled with Constantinople; acts of hostility on both sides, reprisals, open war even, had effectually severed the old bond. Venice retained no sentiment toward her foster mother except the wish to control as much of her trade as possible, so she was quite ready to play her part in the dramatic episode of the Fourth Crusade. Innocent III, immediately upon his accession, had called on Christendom to undertake another expedition to the Holy Land. The French, with the counts of Champagne, of Blois, of St. Pol, and Simon de Montfort at their head, and the Flemings under

Count Baldwin, took the cross in large numbers; men, money, and arms were forthcoming, but means of transportation were lacking. The overland route had been proved by hard experience to be impracticable, and in order to cross the sea the aid of a maritime power was necessary. Venice only would be able to provide ships for so great a host; therefore the Franks, as the crusaders were called, sent an embassy to Venice with Geoffroi de Villehardouin, the historian of this crusade, as its spokesman, to ask for transportation. The Doge, Enrico Dandolo, and his council were well aware that they might exact what terms they pleased; they proposed a great sum of money and in addition that they and the Franks should share alike in all conquests made, whether of territory or booty. The French envoys accepted, but the bargain needed ratification by the general parliament, the *arengo*, of the Venetians. The people were therefore assembled in St. Mark's church, and Geoffroi of Villehardouin was given leave to speak: "My lords," said he, "the most high and puissant barons of France have sent us to you; they cry to you for mercy, that you take pity on Jerusalem which is in bondage to the Turks, and that for God's sake you help to avenge the shame of Christ Jesus. And for this end they have chosen to come to you, because they know well that there is no other people with so great power on the sea as you and your people. They bade us fall at your feet, and not get up till you consent to take pity on the Holy Land which is beyond the seas." Then the envoys fell on their knees weeping; the Doge and

the whole company all burst into tears and cried: "We consent, we consent."

The Venetians kept their bargain. At the time appointed the galleys were all ready; unfortunately only a part of the crusaders came to Venice, others went oversea by other routes, and it was impossible for those assembled to pay the whole price. The Venetians then offered to remit the sum unpaid, if the crusaders would first help them to retake the town of Zara in Dalmatia, which the King of Hungary had taken from them. The crusaders had no choice, they agreed; the expedition set sail, Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, led the crusaders and the Doge himself, in spite of his four score years, took command of the Venetians. Zara was captured. Then a second change of plan was proposed. Young Prince Alexius, son of Isaac, Emperor of the Greeks, came to the crusaders' camp, recounted how his father had been deposed and blinded by a wicked brother, Alexius senior, and begged for help against his usurping uncle, promising that once restored they would give great aid to the crusaders in money, men, and stores, and that the Greek Church should recognize the supremacy of the See of Rome. The Pope had forbidden the first diversion of the expedition to Zara, he now forbade this second attack upon fellow Christians. Many knights obeyed him and refused to go, among others Simon de Montfort; but the arguments in favour of the plan were specious,—it was dangerous to leave an enemy in the rear, the aid of the Greek Emperor would be most useful, Constantinople would serve as an ad-

mirable base of supplies, — and the Venetians were most desirous to go. Venice, indeed, had much to gain by diverting the armament from Egypt or Syria to Constantinople, the Saracens were on friendly terms with her, she had rights and privileges in their seaports, and Constantinople was now an enemy, more than ready to exalt Pisa or Genoa at her expense. The Doge urged the project, so did Boniface of Montferrat. Their counsels prevailed and the fleet sailed to Constantinople.

Whether or not the Venetian leaders had entertained this plan from the beginning and had led their simple allies by the nose, is uncertain. But what might have been foreseen happened. The usurper was deposed; blind old Isaac and his son Alexius were put upon the throne, but they were utterly unable to perform their prodigal promises. The crusaders fell out with the Greeks and came to blows, and after strange happenings and acts of prodigious valour, the allies made themselves masters of the city (1204). A Latin empire was set up, Baldwin of Flanders was elected emperor, and the conquest divided among the conquerors. The emperor received one quarter of all that was captured, of the city itself and its spoils as well as of the territory without; the Venetians and the Franks divided the remaining three quarters, so that the Doge was able to take the title "Despot and Lord of one quarter and a half of the Romanian Empire." The Franks took their share on the mainland and carved Macedonia, Thessaly, Bœotia, and Attica into feudal baronies. The Venetians chose islands and sea-coast,

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that made a long chain of territory all the way from the Adriatic Sea, round the Peloponnesus, up to Constantinople, and a little later they bought the island of Crete from the Marquis of Montferrat, so that their maritime empire extended from Venice to the Golden Horn. The over-simple Franks, lords of the land, reaped a crop of wars with Greeks and Bulgarians, while the Venetians, lords of the sea, gathered in a rich commercial harvest. Spoils from Constantinople loaded the homeward galleys, and the four bronze horses standing over the portal of St. Mark's are to this day a memorial of the conquest.

Venice was now mistress of the Adriatic, the Ionian, and the Ægean Seas; she was no longer a mere trading city, but an empire, and so intoxicated was she for the moment by this great access of dominion that in council it was proposed to remove the seat of government from Venice to Constantinople; but the wisdom of her merchant princes rejected the temptation. Had she imitated Constantine and moved her capital to the Bosphorus, her place among the nations might for a brief time have been still more brilliant, but it could hardly have been so permanent. Nothing shows better how like Venice was to her foster-mother, how full of the same character, of the same tastes, than this proposal to step into the older city's place and carry on her history. According to the old Venetian historians the plan was lost by a vote of three hundred and twenty to three hundred and twenty-one.

Her decision to stay where fate had placed her

was right; she was a sea creature and would have done herself wrong to take up her abode on land even on the banks of the Golden Horn. As it was, floating on the edge of the Adriatic, she could not keep wholly aloof from the affairs of Italy. Her settled policy was to prevent the establishment of a strong power on the mainland near her. She was in no wise concerned with the strife between Frederick II and the Lombard cities, but after Frederick's victory at Corte Nuova (1237) she entered into an alliance with the Holy See and took a leading part in the siege and capture of Ferrara (1240). She also joined the crusade against Ezzelino, partly because she was moved by frightful stories of his cruelty, but chiefly because she was jealous of his power. Nevertheless her interest in matters on land was slight in comparison with her passionate zeal for matters that concerned the sea. Here her jealousy was Argus-eyed, and her actions as quick as feathered Mercury. Her chief rival, Genoa the Proud, lay as far away as the land of Italy permitted, but merchants from the two cities met in Constantinople, in Tyre, in every trading-post of the eastern Mediterranean. Competition was very keen, both cities strove for a monopoly of markets and privileges; war was inevitable. In 1256, at Acre, Genoese and Venetian sailors came to blows, those higher in authority took up the quarrel, and several battles were fought near the Syrian coast. Pope Alexander IV, in the interest of the Holy Land, patched up a peace between them; but it could not last long, for Genoa, always angry at the supremacy which

Venice had acquired in Constantinople, aided Michael Palæologus, the Greek claimant, to recover his empire and expel the last Latin Emperor, Baldwin II (1261). War began again; and war was long destined to be the relation between the two. Genoa was often torn in pieces by rival factions; but Venice kept on her way, steadfast, serene, wary, and prepared herself to play a great part in Italian affairs in the next century. She always pursued the same goal, commercial supremacy. In many ways the history of Venice bears a striking resemblance to that of Great Britain, in her command of the sea, in her wealth, in her pride of power, in the steadfastness and political wisdom of her government, and in her wide empire. And now that these *dramatis personæ*, Venice, Florence, and Siena have been introduced, we are free to return to the main channel of Italian history.

CHAPTER III

THE FRENCH CONQUEST (1261–1266)

Ché Carlo in terra è di Dio mesagio,
Tant' è potent' e sagio.

MONTE (13th Cent.)

For Charles on earth is God's messenger,
So powerful is he and wise.

THREE Frenchmen were the chief actors in the last period of the political and social movement that was slowly swinging Italy from its union with Germany towards the more natural intimacy with France; these three were Jacques Pantaléon of Troyes, Gui Fulcodi of St. Gilles, Languedoc, and Charles, Count of Anjou, younger brother of Louis IX. They were most natural instruments for destiny to lay hold of; for Pantaléon is obviously the French form of an Italian name, while Languedoc, where Fulcodi was born, and Provence, which Charles acquired by marriage, were on closer relations with Italy than any other foreign lands. The plot suddenly rushes to its unravelling; Jacques Pantaléon comes forward like a *deus ex machina* and opens the door for the other two.

On the death of Alexander IV the handful of cardinals left could not agree upon a candidate; yet the Church could ill afford to go without a head. In the East the situation was becoming worse and worse. The Kingdom of Jerusalem had dwindled to a few

possessions along the coast. At Constantinople it was evident that the Latin Empire might be toppled over at any minute and a Greek schismatic return to the throne of the Eastern Cæsars. These evils, however, were the common evils of Christendom, and merely affected the Papacy as steward of all Christian interests, or, at most, wounded its dignity, its pride, and its prestige; but at its very doors was a danger that threatened its territories, perhaps its very independence. South of the river Garigliano, the boundary of St. Peter's Patrimony, Manfred, the usurper, was growing stronger all the time, and not only in the south but throughout Italy. Since the great Ghibelline victory at Montaperti he occupied a position of party leader very similar to his father's. His lieutenants lorded it in Lombardy, Spoleto, and Tuscany. The Ghibelline faction in Rome chose him as their candidate for Senator. The situation of the Guelf party and of the Papacy was indeed becoming perilous.

At this juncture, while the cardinals were wrangling at Viterbo, Jacques Pantaléon happened to be there. He had been working for five years in Syria with the honourable but empty title of Patriarch of Jerusalem, and had recently come back to lay his woes before the Curia. The cardinals, unable of themselves to help anybody, saw in Pantaléon a way out of their difficulties and elected him Pope. He was free from their quarrels and their entanglements and could consider their difficulties with a fresh and unbiassed judgment. Two considerations in particular commended him to their suffrages. In the first place he was familiar with the details of the Oriental

question, and knew better than any one else what could be done and what ought to be done to defend the Faith against the infidels. In the second place he was a Frenchman and therefore better qualified than an Italian would be to induce the French to undertake the conquest of the Sicilian kingdom. The policy of the Papacy with regard to the Hohenstaufens had been settled by Innocent IV and the Council of Lyons. The question was, who should be the instrument to carry that policy into effect, and on this point there could be no real doubt. Pope Alexander had gone pretty far in his negotiations with England, and Henry III had supposed that his son Edmund was definitely chosen. But English sentiment was wholly opposed to such a wild undertaking, and now the King was at war with his barons. Richard of Cornwall, the King's brother, not only had once refused the papal offer, but also had been recently elected King of the Romans by one faction in Germany. England, therefore, was out of the question. The King of Castile having been elected by another faction in Germany, was also a claimant of the Imperial crown; the King of Aragon was on the friendliest terms with Manfred; Corradino was a little boy and a Hohenstaufen: none of these could be summoned as the papal champion. The only hope of the Papacy lay in France; and in Pantaléon's opportune presence at Viterbo the hand of Providence might be plainly seen. The cardinals elected him on August 29, 1261, and he took the title Urban IV.

Pantaléon's election, which seemed to have been the result of his chance presence, was really due to

the pressure of the political situation. The steady progress of French influence was making itself felt. Just as the Popes seven hundred years before had turned to the Franks for aid against the Lombards, so now the Curia turned to France for protection from the anticlerical, Ghibelline, Teutonic, party. Urban's election was a matter of the utmost consequence. It led by definite steps to the predominance of French influence in the Papal Curia, to the establishment of the French in the southern kingdom, to the exile of the Papacy at Avignon and all the ensuing results to Rome, to the Papacy and to Christendom.

Jacques Pantaléon was somewhat pompous, but he was a man of energy, capacity, self-reliance, and large experience in affairs. He was born at Troyes, in the province of Champagne; his father was a shoemaker. He completed his education at the University of Paris, where he won a brilliant reputation for scholarship. He took orders, and held ecclesiastical offices at Troyes, Laon, and Liège; but the great stride in his career was consequent upon his attending the Council at Lyons in 1245. He attracted the notice of Innocent IV, became one of the Papal chaplains, and his fortune was assured. He was entrusted with an important mission to Germany, next was made Bishop of Verdun and afterwards sent to Syria as Patriarch of Jerusalem.

Urban's first act of importance was to replenish the college of cardinals, which had dwindled to eight. He appointed seven Frenchmen and seven Italians. He chose the French cardinals with great shrewd-

ness. Three of them had been councillors to King Louis, men of learning, well versed in political affairs; their selection made a close bond between the government of France and the Curia. These three were Raoul, bishop of Évreux, who had been keeper of the great seal; Gui Fulcodi, archbishop of Narbonne, afterwards Clement IV, and Simon de Brie, afterwards Martin IV.

The choice of these able Frenchmen to be among his chief advisers indicates at once Urban's policy. It was, of course, to make a friend and ally of France. No doubt Urban's personal feelings toward the Hohenstaufens were in accord with the accepted policy of the Roman Curia, summed up in Cato's words: *Delenda est Karthago.* He was born at about the same time as the Emperor Frederick and knew all his doings; very likely he was acquainted with the French prelates who had been put into Frederick's prisons; he had been present at the Council of Lyons; he had heard the stout hater, Innocent IV, expound all the depths of Frederick's perfidy; and he must have felt convinced that the Papacy was in danger so long as a member of the House of Hohenstaufen sat on the throne of Sicily. But neither the Roman Curia's policy, nor Urban's, was determined by hatred of an individual. The Papacy in its fear of the Hohenstaufens had not been thinking merely of itself, it had always had in mind a matter that to pious Christians took precedence of all other matters, the reconquest of the Holy Land. Innocent IV, indeed, had been wholly absorbed in the struggle with the Emperor Frederick, but Greg-

ory IX and Alexander IV had had their eyes turned to Palestine; and Urban had been elected not solely because he was a Frenchman, but also because he was more familiar with the affairs of Syria and Palestine than any one else. His policy and the traditional papal policy aimed at a reconquest; and the proper way to set about attaining that goal was so plain that no loyal member of the Curia could disagree.

The experience of crusaders in the past had plainly taught the importance, if not the necessity, of having in the Eastern Empire a friend and a base of supplies; for with an unfriendly power in the rear, able to cut off all communication by land and to interfere with communication by sea, a successful crusade was well-nigh impossible. If that was true of the Eastern Empire, it was far more true of the Kingdom of Sicily. To have the ports and granaries of Sicily and Apulia in friendly and obedient hands was a matter of primary importance, now, more than ever, that Constantinople, while the cardinals were disputing at Viterbo, had actually fallen into the hands of Greek schismatics. It would have been sheer madness for a Pope to embark upon a crusade, leaving an enemy at his very door. For this reason the first step in what all Christendom recognized to be the fundamental duty of the Papacy, was to appoint in its own feudal dependency a king who would favour and support a crusade. Therefore, though the policy of the Curia seems one of personal hostility to Manfred, and its labour to dispossess him a labour of hate, it was really but a necessary part of a larger policy for the triumph of the Cross over the Cres-

cent, and must be judged accordingly. Pope and Curia regarded Manfred as the advance post of Islam, an enemy to the Papacy and to Christianity. Perhaps there was also something personal in Urban's ill will to Manfred, for it is said that during his mission in Germany he was imprisoned by the Hohenstaufen party. But it was not necessary to suppose this. Urban had heard nothing but evil of him and of all his family, and naturally accepted without question the papal policy towards them. There was no use in reopening the old issues. The Hohenstaufens had been dethroned by the judgment of the Council of Lyons; the thing for him to do was to put that judgment into execution.

Urban's next step in furtherance of this policy, after the creation of French cardinals, was to reopen negotiations with Charles of Anjou; and after proposals and counter-proposals, these two high contracting parties reached a common understanding. From this time Charles, Count of Anjou, Maine, and Provence, brother to King Louis IX of France, becomes the most conspicuous figure on the political stage in Italy. In fact for twenty years he occupies the scene as Frederick the Emperor had done in the first half of the century. Bitterly hated during his lifetime by his enemies and not always beloved by his friends, his name is still held up to execration by the partisans of the fair-haired, charming Hohenstaufens. It is hard even to-day to judge him fairly. Perhaps his statue, modelled some say by the famous sculptor and architect, Arnolfo di Cambio, which now stands in the Palace of the Conservatori

on the Capitoline Hill, tells us as much about him as the chroniclers do. His head is square and well set on his body; his face dignified and serious; his masculine nose well shaped, his jaw firm, his brow austere; his eyes are a little too close together, and his cheek bones too high. On the whole he is handsome, like his race, but his face lacks the noble benignity which made his royal brother beautiful. From this statue certain inferences may not unreasonably be drawn as to his character; Charles was stern but just, a good man according to his lights, like many partisan puritans such as Simon de Montfort, and cruel, when he was cruel, in order to attain an end that in his opinion justified the suffering. From other sources we know that Charles was tall, muscular, and brave; and all agree that he was of a kingly presence. He seldom smiled, slept little, and was wont to say that sleep was a waste of time. He was devout, pure in his private life, scant of speech but quick to act. Without doubt he was very stern and hard, and yet when his brother, King Louis, died, he fell on his knees beside the bed, weeping bitterly, calling out, "Oh, my lord, oh, my brother!" and kissed his feet and prayed.

Charles was born in 1226. As a mere lad he was trained to hunting and hardy sports. At sixteen he went upon his first campaign. At twenty he married Beatrice, youngest daughter and heiress of Count Raymond Berenger, and in her right succeeded to the lordship of Provence and Forcalquier. Soon afterwards he served under King Louis on the ill-starred crusade to Egypt, and distinguished himself

Arnolfo di Cambio (?)

Anderson, phot.

CHARLES OF ANJOU

Rome

by his valour. After his return from Egypt, full of ambition and greed of dominion, he went to war in Flanders, and down along the lower Rhone, and even in Piedmont; but it was not till the conclusion of his treaty with the Pope that he became a European figure. In early youth he was gay; he liked to have singers and poets about him, and amused himself with games of chance. Both he and his brother, the Count of Poictiers, irritated King Louis by gaming while on the crusade in Egypt. In later life ambition became his dominant interest and he lost his taste for courtiers, minstrels, and wandering poets, though finally, as king, he felt it becoming to have them at his court. He never cared for the troubadours of Provence; they complained of the sad change that came with his accession, and bewailed the good old days of Raymond Berenger.

The judgments upon him that have come down to us were written after his death or at least after the conquest of the southern kingdom, and those judgments are coloured by the political sympathies of the writers. According to Giovanni Villani, the historian, a Guelf, Charles of Anjou was a wise, prudent, valiant, and redoubtable man, steadfast in adversity, true to his word. The Ghibellines, on the other hand, believed him capable of any crime. They held the conquest of The Kingdom robbery, and the execution of Corradino murder. Some even believed that he poisoned Thomas Aquinas. The main matter by which he is to be judged in history is the conquest of the Sicilian kingdom. Was it a righteous or a wicked enterprise?

If we ask whether Charles believed that he was in his right, the answer is that he felt no doubt whatever. And it was no strained interpretation of right and wrong that gave him his certainty. The right of the Pope to offer The Kingdom to Charles was a question of feudal law. Nobody doubted that the Pope was the feudal superior of the Sicilian kings. Twenty years before, the last lawful tenant had been summoned to the Council of Lyons to defend himself from the charge of disloyalty and violated faith; he had not come, but his lawyers had said all that could be said in his behalf, and the Pope and the great council of prelates and royal envoys had given judgment in favour of the suzerain lord. The kingdom was vacant, and the over-lord was free to set up another king. It is true that King Louis, when the empty throne was offered to France, had entertained some doubts, but those doubts concerned themselves with the claims of Corradino and of Prince Edmund, not Manfred's, and they were easily overcome by the Pope's arguments; and the King of England had been delighted to accept the offer of the crown for his son Edmund. According to law, the Pope and Charles were acting within their rights. Besides, the actual occupant of the throne, Manfred, had no legal right whatever; on the one hand he flouted the rights of the suzerain lord and on the other the hereditary rights of the last king's legitimate heir. As between him and Charles there could be no judicial hesitation; Charles, supposing that his title was subject to question, had a fair claim, but Manfred had no shadow of right.

It is true that the offer of the crown to Charles was encumbered by the prior offer to Prince Edmund and his acceptance. But the English prince was still only sixteen years old, the English king was at war with his barons and could not possibly undertake the conquest of Sicily; and Pope Alexander, following Pope Innocent's lead, had been careful to prepare against such a contingency by a stipulation that if the King of England did not take certain steps to conquer the Sicilian crown by a definite date, the offer should be void. In the end Prince Edmund renounced his claim. The title of Corradino had been invalidated by the decision of the Council of Lyons.

But the general opinion of western Europe did not turn on a question of legal right. Society was essentially Christian, it acknowledged the ecclesiastical system as a necessary part of law and order. Men of all ranks might be opposed to the Church or to individual prelates where their own interests were concerned; but on questions between the Church and a third person they sympathized with the Church. They knew that Islam was arrayed against Christian Europe. Christians and infidels were at war in Syria and Spain, and sometimes in Egypt, and in Tunis. The future of the Mediterranean Sea, whether it should be Christian or infidel, had not yet been decided. And Christian Europe saw in the contention between Manfred and the Pope an attack upon the venerable head of Christendom by an unbelieving, usurping, bastard. Here and there, some people espoused the Hohenstaufen

cause for one reason or another. Troubadours of Provence disliked Charles because he was a close-handed, unbending, puritanical, alien prince; minnesingers in Germany were personally attached to the house of Hohenstaufen, and therefore hated Charles; monks and ecclesiastics in England, vexed by the taxation of the Church, sided with its adversaries. But the clear preponderance of public opinion was in favour of the cause of the Church and of its valiant champion, the Count of Anjou.

Charles of Anjou was ambitious, and he was urged on by his ambitious wife, jealous, it is said, of her three crowned sisters, Margaret, Queen of France, Eleanor, Queen of England, and Sancia, wife of the Earl of Cornwall, the pseudo-Emperor; but he was shrewd, and looked before he leapt. In fact, though both the Pope and he had determined to come to terms, each was intent on making as good a bargain as he could. Cardinal Simon de Brie, because of his old friendship with the Count, and of his intimate knowledge of French affairs, was chosen to bring the negotiations to a conclusion; but the Pope did not mean to run any risk of Charles's benefiting by that friendship. The instructions to the cardinal were explicit, he was not to show himself *avidus et præceps sed gravis et difficilis*, — over-eager and precipitate, but rather as holding back and undecided. Before the final adjustment, Urban died, October 2, 1264; but his death did not change the situation. The French alliance was the matter that necessarily determined the ensuing election, and the cardinals elected Gui

Fulcodi, Clement IV, a subject of Charles and still more favourable to him than Urban had been.

Clement IV is entitled to share equally with Urban and Charles of Anjou the credit or the shame of the French conquest of The Kingdom. As a young man Clement first thought of taking up the career of arms, then changed his mind and followed the law. He studied at the University of Paris, distinguished himself, and became a teacher. He caught King Louis's attention, was made a judge and member of the King's privy council. He served the King and his mother Queen Blanche in various important matters, and also became well acquainted with Count Charles. On his wife's death, a very great blow to him, he resolved to forsake the world and become a Carthusian monk, as his father had done when he was left a widower; but he became a priest instead. Much too distinguished a man to be left in obscurity, he was made bishop of Le Puy, then archbishop of Narbonne, and finally raised to be cardinal by Urban IV.

In private life Clement was an excellent man, kind and generous to others, but severe towards himself; it is said that ever after he became a priest he observed certain points of the Carthusian discipline, wearing a hair shirt and abstaining from meat; such virtues, however, have often been ascribed to notable ecclesiasts. Clement regarded his office as a sacred trust and was strongly opposed to nepotism. He created no cardinals, and made it plain that he would not use his office for the benefit of his family. In a letter to his nephew, Pierre le Gros, he says:

"There are many that rejoice at my promotion; I alone see in it cause for apprehension and tears, because I alone feel the immense weight of my responsibilities. If you wish to know how to behave under these circumstances, learn to be more meek. I do not wish you or your brothers or any other members of our family to come to me without special permission from me; otherwise they will go back empty handed and ashamed. Do not try to marry your sister more advantageously on my account; I shall not approve and I will not help you. . . . I don't wish any of my relations puffed up on account of my advancement. I want Marie and Cecile [daughters or nieces] to marry as they would have done were I a simple priest. See Gilly and tell her not to change her place but to stay at Susa, and to dress most modestly and simply. She is not to undertake recommendations for anybody; such recommendations would only be bad for them and for her. If anybody should offer her presents for that purpose, she must refuse them, if she wishes to stay in my good graces. Greetings to your mother and your brothers. Dated, Perugia, March 7, 1265."

The partisans of the last Hohenstaufens have never forgiven Urban and Clement for what they did. But one must try to put oneself in the place of a pope in that critical time. The Sicilian expedition was in fact a crusade, a degenerate crusade indeed, but nevertheless a crusade, for the crusading spirit of western Europe had little by little fallen from its high estate and adapted itself to lower passions. The first crusade, preached by Peter the Her-

mit and Urban II and led by Godfrey of Bouillon, was pregnant with noble enthusiasm and generous self-sacrifice. In the second crusade there was a considerable leaven of adventurers and impoverished cavaliers hoping to better their fortunes. The third, led by the crafty Philippe Auguste and the valiant swashbuckler, Richard Cœur de Lion, shows how worldly wisdom and love of fighting had displaced religious motives. In the fourth crusade the mercantile Venetians tempted the needy French barons and turned the expedition from the infidels to Christian Constantinople. Then followed the crusade against the Albigenses, in which Simon de Montfort, a man of very high character, set Charles a tempting precedent. And lately all Lombardy of both parties had accepted the war against Ezzelino as a crusade.

The position of the Church had come to be this: that she was the divine head of organized Christian society, that her interests and God's interests were identical, that those who opposed her were God's enemies, and that any war directed by her was a crusade, a holy expedition. In accordance with this doctrine the Church judged the war of Henry III of England against his rebellious barons and commons a crusade; and she afterwards judged a war by the French against Aragon a crusade. This expedition against Manfred was in her opinion emphatically a crusade; and the Pope proclaimed it such. Vows to rescue the Holy Land from the polluting hands of the infidels were to be redeemed by enrolment in Charles's army. All the indulgences in the papal wallet were dangled before possible cru-

saders. Those who would go in person, or pay others to go, or contribute a quarter of their income, should have full pardon for their sins. Others who did less, should receive indulgences according to what they did; and in general the same privileges were granted as to crusaders going over sea. Wrongdoers of all kinds — married priests, men guilty of arson, sacrilege or witchcraft — who would take the cross should have full indulgence. Tithes for the crusade were liberally granted. Charles was "filius carissimus in Cristo" — "the athlete of Christ"; Manfred was a bastard, a persecutor of the Church, a sultan of Saracens, a usurper. The loyal Guelfs went further and believed that Manfred had smothered his father on his dying bed, had poisoned his brother Conrad, and had tried to do away with Corradino. So feudal law, the interests of the Church, the ambition of Charles, the hopes of Guelf partisans, the homesickness of exiles from Apulia and Sicily, united to favour the expedition. Charles, in his own eyes, in the eyes of the Pope, in those of the world, was the champion of the Church, making appeal to wager of battle to ascertain the judgment of God.

Preparations for the crusade slowly advanced. Terms between Pope Clement and the Count of Anjou were finally agreed upon. Charles and his heirs were to be liegemen of the Holy See. They were to pay an annual tribute of ten thousand ounces of gold, about equivalent to fifteen per centum of the ordinary annual tax levied in The Kingdom, and present a white palfrey in token of vassalage. Charles was to pay back fifty thousand marks that the

Pope had spent on the expedition. The crown of Sicily was never to be united to the Empire; and if Charles were elected Emperor, or lord of Lombardy or of Tuscany, he must choose between such an election and the Sicilian crown. The Papacy was never again to be endangered by the union of the territories to the south and the north of her. And, for fear of undue influence, Charles was not to be Senator of Rome after he should have conquered The Kingdom. Upon request the King was to furnish men at arms to serve his suzerain lord. Finally the Church was to have all sorts of privileges and liberties in The Kingdom. In short the status of an ecclesiastical fief under the suzerain Papacy was carefully defined.

Charles made the most elaborate preparations that he could. He had little money; but the Pope granted him a tax of ten per centum on the church revenues in France, lent him other funds, and as his need grew, pledged the papal credit, ecclesiastical chattels, vases of gold and vases of silver, in order to raise more. Charles taxed and borrowed wherever possible. Finally an army was levied. It was to invade Italy by land; but Charles himself could not wait for his troops as he had accepted the senatorship of Rome offered him by the Guelf faction, and had promised to be there by Whitsuntide (May 21), so with some thirty galleys and a thousand men he sailed from Marseilles, May 15, 1265. Luck favoured him, a tempest blew back Manfred's fleet that was lying in wait to intercept him, and he landed at the Tiber's mouth. He was welcomed in Rome with enthusiasm, and soon after received from plenipoten-

tiary cardinals (for the Pope did not venture to leave Perugia) the investiture of the kingdom of Sicily and the title of king.

His army, which consisted of the soldiers got together from Anjou, Maine, Picardy, Flanders, and Provence, by adventurous barons who hoped to carve new estates out of conquered lands, as their ancestors had done in Macedonia and Achaia some sixty years before, crossed the Alps, traversed the friendly parts of Lombardy, and winding eastward towards Romagna in order to avoid the Tuscan Ghibellines, reached Rome by Christmas time. The Lombard Ghibellines had failed to intercept them; nobody doubted the loyalty of Uberto Pelavicini, but an ugly rumour got abroad that Buoso da Dovara had taken French gold. There was little fighting. The inhabitants of the country through which the French passed were generally friendly to their cause, and friendly or not were always glad to give them passage, for their reputation for valour and cruelty, earned in the Albigensian crusades, had been brought to Lombardy by fugitive heretics. At one place during the march a French soldier, caught pillaging, was hanged by some Italians, whereupon the army massacred the inhabitants of the offending town. Such necessary discipline, as it is called, had from the invaders' point of view a salutary effect.

The passage of the French army comforted the Guelfs, frightened the Ghibellines, and turned all waverers. Milan made alliance with the invaders, and received one of Charles's Provençal nobles for podestà. Manfred's partisans lost heart, and began

to fall away. He himself made desperate overtures to the Pope; it was too late. The Pope answered them contemptuously: "There was a time in which grace was ready to extend to all things and grace was then rejected, that time has now gone by. Grace besought in an inopportune time cannot be granted. Everything has its appropriate time, but the present is not appropriate for everything. The past is past and cannot be recalled. . . . Charles, dear to God and to men, is on his way. . . . If difficulties bar his path, if there are barriers by sea and land, if there is a motley multitude of Saracens, of men excommunicated, of barbarian foreigners, nevertheless God is able to open a path and to scatter the multitude before the few. The stars in their courses fought against Sisera, and an innumerable host was delivered into the hands of Judas Maccabæus. . . . This I know, that I, who am set over the Roman Church, rest the anchor of my hopes on God; I delight in no man's overthrow, nor in the shedding of blood. I seek peace as best I can; and since I sought it in vain from you, under compulsion I seek it in a different way. I carry on the business determined by my predecessors. I have lifted up on high Charles to be king, as was my duty; his name is holy and terrible and he is worthy of the royal crown."

As soon as the French army had arrived in Rome there was no reason for further delay. On the contrary the cost of the expedition was to be paid out of the spoils of victory; hot-headed valour coupled with an empty purse forced Charles to immediate action. On January 6, 1266, Charles and his wife

were crowned king and queen in the basilica of St. Peter's, on the spot where his great predecessor, Charlemagne, had been crowned Emperor four hundred and sixty-five years before. In a couple of weeks the army was on the march. Fortune favoured them, rumour ran ahead chanting the prowess of the French; and many of Manfred's partisans, calculating their chances, concluded that Charles's was the safer side. Manfred had hoped to maintain a line of defence at the river Garigliano, the boundary of his kingdom. But the border castles surrendered or were carried by storm, and more nobles, up to this time doubtfully weighing chances, now pressed to make friends with Charles. Manfred retreated from Capua to Benevento. The French followed.

Early on the morning of February 26, the French troops coming over the crest of a hill saw before them Manfred's army, all gallantly drawn up in battle array in the plain outside of Benevento. Charles was in doubt whether to attack at once or to wait, for his men had marched a dozen miles that morning. His generals were of different minds; but Gilles le Brun, the constable of France, who had served in the French expedition in Egypt, announced that he and his ward, young Count Robert of Flanders, would fight at once, if they had to fight alone. The men, too, were confident and eager for the fray. Charles decided to take advantage of their spirit. "Venu est le jour que nous avons tous desiré," he cried, and bade the trumpets sound for battle. The bishop of Auxerre blessed the soldiers,

and with cries of "Montjoie" they advanced to the attack.

There seems little doubt that Charles was a better soldier than Manfred; at least he was better advised. The two trusty battalions in Manfred's army, the Saracen archers and the German horse, were already engaged with the French and the battle was apparently going well for them, when Charles ordered his heavy brigade, which he had held in reserve, into action. At that Manfred bade his reserves charge. But these troops, composed of Apulians and Sicilians, lily-livered soldiers, wavered, turned and ran. The rest were soon put to rout. Manfred's friends urged him to fly; but answering that he had rather die a king than live in ignominy, he galloped into the fighting mass. The French showed no mercy; many of Manfred's men were drowned in the little river Calore hard by, and the field was strewn with dead bodies. Three thousand dead were counted, perhaps a fifth of Manfred's army. Charles wrote the good news at once to the Pope from the battlefield, giving God the glory, while his soldiers were inflicting every horror upon the innocent city of Benevento.

Manfred's body was not found till the third day, and though he had died cut off from communion with the Church, Charles, yielding as he said to a natural sentiment, had the body honourably buried but without ecclesiastical rites, at the head of the bridge across the Calore, and the soldiers heaped a cairn upon the spot. But the archbishop of Cosenza, by the Pope's order, had the body dug up and buried

hugger-mugger by the banks of the river Garigliano, on the borders of The Kingdom. He wasted his pains; in spite of priestly malediction (*Purg.* III, 122–23),—

> ma la bontà infinita ha sì gran braccia
> che prende ciò, che si rivolge a lei.
>
> Infinite goodness has arms so long
> That it embraces all that turn to it.—

and Manfred's soul met Dante at the foot of the mountain of Purgatory.

Charles's victory was complete, the crusade blessed by the Church had conquered, the judgment of God had been pronounced. Sicily and the southern provinces of Italy surrendered in brief time, with little resistance; only the Saracens in Lucera held out. All over Italy the Guelfs rose in triumph. Uberto Pelavicini submitted, the March of Ancona turned Guelf, Florence drove out the Ghibellines, Arezzo too, Pisa offered to treat, Lucca, Pistoia, Prato made their peace. The truth was that there was no stable sovereignty anywhere in Italy; in every province, in every town, the two rival factions, each trying by fair means and foul to oust their adversaries, were nearly balanced, and a great victory one way or the other, like Montaperti or Benevento, shook down the losers' party far and near. In The Kingdom Manfred's power had hardly been more than that of an army in occupation. His German mercenaries and his Saracen troops were faithful; but the feudal nobility cared for little but the security of their baronies, their one desire was to be on the winning side.

The towns had little to choose between the Houses of Hohenstaufen and Anjou, and the serfs cared no more than the oxen at the plough. There was no national feeling to oppose to the ecclesiastical influences in favour of the invader. Frederick's power rested on a legal title, it had been at first supported by the Church, and had been built up by long effort; but Manfred was opposed by the Church from the beginning, and he had not even the colour of legal title to strengthen him. The first winds of misfortune blew his friends from him, and the superior military skill of the invaders lost him his last chance.

CHAPTER IV

CHARLES THE CONQUEROR (1266–1272)

Quando si parte il giuoco della zara,
colui che perde si riman dolente,
. . . . . .
con l' altro se ne va tutta la gente.
Purgatorio, VI, 1–4.

When the game of dice breaks up
He that loses remains sorrowing,
. . . . . .
With the other goes all the company.

THE conquest of the Kingdom of Sicily cuts the course of our history in two. The great questions that had troubled the peace of Italy for generations were decided. The German Emperors were not to be masters of Italy; the Empire was not to reduce the Papacy to a dependent bishopric; the Italian cities of the north were to be free to establish such local sovereignty as they chose; the mainland south of the river Garigliano was to be under a line of French kings; and the Papacy was to exchange its dread of Germany for subservience to France. The story comes to the end of one chapter and to the beginning of another, with a greater definiteness than often happens in history. Of this period King Charles is the hero. Some of his qualities were admirable to a high degree; and though others repel our sympathies, we must remember that Dante, a fierce Ghibelline, who hated the royal house of

France, puts him at the beginning of the Mount of Purgatory, on the road to purification and to bliss.

The victory at Benevento overthrew Ghibelline supremacy almost everywhere. Lombardy, Tuscany, the March of Ancona hurried to bend the knee. Such great success was not altogether to the liking of the Roman Curia. Pope Clement and his astute counsellor, the Roman cardinal, Giovanni Gaetano Orsini, had other ambitions for the Church. They desired to see her independent and self-sufficient, as free from the dangerous presence of a masterful friend as of a hostile Emperor. They wished her to take a high, maternal attitude towards both parties; and could not but regard her champion in the light of a necessary evil. Most especially was it against her interest to have the King of Sicily, who was so powerful in Tuscany and Lombardy, master also in Rome; therefore Clement called upon the King to fulfil the agreement, that he should lay down the office of Senator as soon as he had conquered his kingdom.

The King asked for a respite, but when that was refused complied with the request. He was as shrewd a politician as Cardinal Orsini himself, he knew that he had need of the Pope's aid and felt that he could afford to wait until the Pope should need him again. That time soon came. The Ghibellines lifted up their heads and sought a rallying point. Manfred the usurper was gone; but the lawful heir of the Hohenstaufens was still living, young Conrad, a boy of fifteen, stuffed full of the manly virtues of his race. Before the year was out envoys from the

faithful cities of Lombardy and Tuscany, — from Verona and Pavia, Siena, and Pisa — went to Germany "to stir up the sleeping cub." His fearful mother would have held him back, but Corradino sold his lands, called to his friends, raised the Hohenstaufen standard, and crossed the Alps, his soul brimming with high hopes. The Ghibellines received the news of his coming with joy, and many malcontents in Apulia and Sicily broke into revolt.

King Charles could hardly regret the new danger, for it brought him his opportunity. The alarmed Guelfs drew in a closer circle round him. Florence, Lucca, Pistoia, and Prato appointed him lord for six years; and the Pope, to give him a larger standing, named him Keeper of the Peace in Tuscany. As the outlook became more lowering, Clement went further; he assumed imperial rights in virtue of what the Curia held to be the papal duty to see that the Empire suffered no harm in an interregnum, set aside a carefully drawn clause in his treaty with Charles and created him Imperial Vicar in Tuscany; and when the Ghibelline uprising grew still more threatening, the Pope went further still and gave the King permission to reassume the Senatorship of Rome. For Rome had caught the excitement of Ghibelline revolt, and had become a place of danger not merely for the Angevin cause but also for the Papacy.

Nothing shows better the fickleness of the populace, the evenly balanced ambition of rival nobles, and the feverish restlessness of Italy at this period, than the political changes which took place in the

city of Rome, blown first this way and then that by the veering winds of fortune. To-day the Ghibellines, headed by one or two great families, govern the city; to-morrow the Guelf faction, guided by some dexterous cardinal and his allies, wins the upper hand and ousts its adversaries. But three years ago the city had acclaimed Charles of Anjou Senator; long processions of nobles, burghers, and priests had gone out to greet him, knights had held tournaments in his honour, and the chroniclers say that no man had been made welcome to Rome with so much splendour. Now all was changed. Don Arrigo of Castile had been elected Senator, and the Ghibellines were in triumphant possession of the city.

There is no more picturesque figure in these dramatic times than this madcap Spaniard. He was one of the roving gentlemen adventurers that wandered about the shores of the Mediterranean looking for some sort of coronet. He was brother to King Alphonso of Castile, one of the two imperial claimants, and brother-in-law to Prince Edward Longshanks of England. He had hoped for advantage from his successful cousin of Anjou, and had lent him much money, which Anjou, though constantly dunned, had not repaid. By an odd combination of circumstances, Don Arrigo, apparently for the sake of being in a position to revenge himself on Charles, had contrived to become Senator. In office he conducted himself with great vigour. He warmly espoused Corradino's cause, and with his lieutenant, Guido of Montefeltro, a nobleman from Romagna who subsequently attained to great renown as Ghi-

belline leader in the north, made every effort to help it to victory; and when Corradino, having come safely down from imperial city to imperial city, from Verona to Pavia, from Pavia to Pisa, finally entered Rome, the city under his leadership outdid itself in rejoicing. The houses were decked with garlands and gay drapery, the people cheered and sang, and girls strewed flowers in the young pretender's way.

The Pope, meanwhile, had taken refuge in the city of Viterbo. The western wall of this charming little town abuts on the edge of a high bluff, from which the eye can see far across the country; next this western wall stands the cathedral and hard by the papal palace which was then being built and is now a ruin. From this point Clement watched the young pretender's troops go by on their triumphant march to Rome. Not for a moment did he lose confidence in the goodness of his cause or in the might of his champion. He said: "Conrad goes like a lamb to the slaughter; . . . he will pass like smoke." After the prediction had been fulfilled, people remembered his words and revered his memory for his prophetical gift.

From Rome Corradino set forth eastward to conquer his father's kingdom. He crossed the Anio north of Subiaco, where no doubt the Benedictine monks were calling down the wrath of heaven on his head, and marched as far as Scurcola, a few miles east of Tagliacozzo. There, on the further side of the little river Salto, King Charles and his troops advanced to encounter him; Guillaume of Villehardouin, prince of Achaia, Gui, grandson of Simon de

Montfort, old Erard de Valéry and other distinguished French noblemen were with him. The battle was fought on August 23, 1268. At first the Ghibellines, who outnumbered the French, had the advantage, they broke the royal lines and put them to rout, but the lack of discipline and of a tried general-in-chief made itself felt; the Germans and Tuscans rushed to pillage and Don Arrigo's Spanish men-at-arms chased the fugitives too far. At this moment, when Conrad and his men believed the victory won, the French reserve of eight hundred knights, held back in hiding, the story went, by the advice of Erard de Valéry (*Inf.* XXVIII, 18),—

ove senz' arme vinse il vecchio Alardo,—

charged upon the scattered Ghibellines and swept all before them. Don Arrigo strove in vain to rally his troops; the day was lost.

The rest of Corradino's story is sad enough. He escaped with a few hundred horse and made his way back to Rome. But this time no garlands were hung from the windows, no flowers were flung at his feet. The populace was much the same that in the days of the mightiest Julius had deserved the angry Tribune's rebuke:—

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome.

The city swung towards the victor. Corradino fled to the coast, hoping to put to sea; but he and his friends were caught by hostile Romans, the Frangipani, and surrendered to the King's men. They were then taken in chains to Genazzano, a mountain

fortress near Palestrina, where King Charles had come to meet his prisoner. One cannot see the little town (which still lives its mediæval life), its narrow streets, its dark corners, its stern stone houses and palaces, without picturing to one's mind the meeting between the gallant young captive, but a few days before in love with life and tingling with hope, and the stern, ambitious, deep-revolving King.

There was no doubt of the fate of the prisoners. Don Arrigo's life was spared on account of his royal kin, but he was sent to Castel del Monte and kept in prison for over twenty years. Conrad of Antioch, an irregular grandson of the Emperor Frederick, was exchanged for two brothers of Cardinal Orsini who, as luck would have it, were in the power of his wife. A young Anibaldi was likewise spared, for the sake of his uncle, Cardinal Riccardo Anibaldi, who had always been a good friend to King Charles. Another prisoner was released by the ransom which Provenzano Salvani obtained by begging in the market-place at Siena, an act which did such violence to his pride that he trembled in every vein (*Purg.* XI, 136–38):—

> e lì, per trar l' amico suo di pena
> che sostenea nella prigion di Carlo,
> si condusse a tremar per ogni vena.

The fate is also known of three other prisoners, Count Giordano, who won the battle of Montaperti, Pietro Asino of the Uberti family, a leading Florentine Ghibelline, and another. They were sent to a dungeon in Provence. There they managed to escape, killing their keepers; but they were recap-

tured, and the King "*tanquam crudelis*," — cruel if you choose to consider it so, — commanded that each should have a foot and a hand stricken off, and his eyes torn out. The sentence was inflicted and the prisoners died in agony. Most of the other prisoners were executed. The young pretender, perhaps at the request of the Pope, was given a trial at Naples. A high court of justice, composed of nobles, of burgesses from the cities, and of lawyers, sat upon his case; but the charges and the procedure are little known. He was accused among other things of *lèse majesté*, of being a traitor and enemy to the Church, and of burning monasteries. One account says that there was some dissent among the judges, but that seems unlikely. He was convicted, sentenced to death, and executed in the market-place at Naples; his last words were a cry of anguish to his mother.

This execution was cruel, no doubt; but was it more cruel than the years of imprisonment meted to Enzio, to Don Arrigo, or to Manfred's children, who passed twenty, thirty, and forty years in prison? The age was cruel. Henry VI was cruel, Frederick II was cruel; partisan chiefs everywhere were hardly less cruel than Ezzelino. In this very year the Ghibellines of Mantua dragged Guelf women and children to the scaffold. The following year when the Florentines captured Provenzano Salvani, they cut off his head. Just before the battle of Tagliacozzo Corradino had put to death Jean de Braiselve, one of Charles's commanders, taken prisoner in battle two months before. Had Corradino been the victor, there is no doubt as to what would have been Charles's fate.

With Corradino in prison, there would always have been danger that he might escape; and, either free or in prison, he would have served as a rallying point for the imperial cause throughout Italy. He had staked fortune and life on the hazard of a battle; he had lost. *Væ victis!* Under the practise of the times the penalty of the loser was death. Indeed, it is only pity for the boy's youth, German partisanship, or Neapolitan indignation at foreign rule, that has found special cruelty in this exaction of a common penalty.

The victory of Tagliacozzo put Charles even higher than he had been after the battle of Benevento. King of Sicily, Imperial Vicar in Tuscany, Lord Protector of the Guelfs in Lombardy, and once again Senator of Rome, he encompassed the Papacy with more formidable powers than any Emperor had possessed in more than an hundred years. Moreover, as if a power sprung from the force of circumstance, superior to individual will, prescribed a policy for the kings of Sicily, Charles followed the precedents of the Hohenstaufens in so many matters that the Roman Curia might well be fearful lest the great upheaval had left things very much as they had been. Imitating his predecessors King Charles turned his ambitions eastward; he purchased the crown of Jerusalem from the poverty-stricken heiress, he obtained the throne of Albania, he acquired the princedom of Achaia, and married his daughter Beatrice to the eldest son of Baldwin, the dispossessed Emperor of Constantinople. Like the Hohenstaufens, he made treaties with the Mahommedan rulers of Egypt and

Tunis, and employed the Saracens of Lucera in his army.

Charles also followed in Frederick's footsteps as a patron of learning. He endeavoured to set the University of Naples on its feet, and invited professors from Paris and Orleans to come there. He also showed solicitude for the medical school at Salerno, and sent to the King of Tunis for a copy of a famous encyclopedia of medicine originally compiled by a Persian physician, and employed a learned Sicilian Jew to translate it. The book was then submitted to the medical faculties at Naples and Salerno for their approval. There is a copy of this treatise still in existence, beautifully written out on vellum under the direction of the King's French librarian, and adorned with miniatures, one representing the King. Charles, too, though he had long ceased to take any personal interest in poetry, deemed it the part of a king to patronize poets; old Sordello followed him on his expedition into Italy, so did other troubadours such as Raimon Feraut, and the famous French poet Adam de la Halle subsequently came to the court at Naples.

In spite of these many points of likeness between his policy and the policy of the Hohenstaufens, and of his alarming power in Tuscany and Lombardy, and, worse than all, of his control of Rome, King Charles was a far less dangerous neighbour to the Popes than either Frederick or Manfred. For though he and the Popes had their several and often contradictory political ideals and ambitions, nevertheless he lived in the same region of thought that they

did. He was moral and religious in the sense held by the Church and by Christendom generally; whereas the Hohenstaufens were freethinkers, Epicureans, delighting in pleasures both high and low which the puritan churchmen despised and feared. He not only shared the Christian faith held by the Curia, but he felt that he needed papal support and that the Papacy and he had similar if not identical interests. Moreover, Charles's wife, Queen Beatrice, shared his religious ideas. The sweet and holy Saint Douceline, —

> Sancta Douceline de Dinha,
> li quals fon mot dousa e dinha, —

sister to the exuberant Franciscan controversialist Brother Hugo of Digne, was a great friend of the Queen's and became godmother to one of her daughters. It was through her influence that Charles, when Count of Provence, first changed his unfriendly attitude towards the Brothers Minor; and when the crown of Sicily was offered to him, he consulted her as to whether he should accept. She bade him fear nothing since God had chosen him to be the Church's champion, and to rest assured that he should win the victory by the aid of God, of His Mother, and of His standard bearer, St. Francis. Such a man was fundamentally in sympathy with the mediæval Church, and the Papacy had no cause to fear abasement, or reduction to apostolic poverty, such as Frederick had threatened; nevertheless it had good cause to fear that he would attempt to use the Church as his instrument to further the accomplishment of his great dreams.

In his new dominions in Italy, after resistance had been put down, Charles endeavoured to be a good ruler; he did what he could to establish law and order. It is true that he put French and Provençal officials in all places of importance, and made himself unpopular by so doing, but he had no choice; it would have been folly to trust old servants of the Hohenstaufens. He had trusted them once after the battle of Benevento, and in spite of their oaths they had risen in rebellion when Corradino hoisted his standard. He taxed heavily, as the Hohenstaufens had done, but he devised a system of taxation, which, he hoped, would attain the double end of securing the full taxes to the state and of protecting the people against the tax-gatherers. The main tax was the hearth tax. Each hearth had to pay about one quarter of an ounce of gold a year. His statutes were the statutes of the Hohenstaufens with little change. His great defects as a ruler were due to his impatience to be about mightier conquests.

If Charles had been content with one conquered kingdom, like William the Conqueror for instance, and had used his administrative powers for the good government of the country, Apulia and Sicily would have had no cause to regret the conquest. Foreigner for foreigner, a Frenchman was no worse than a German. But Charles treated the country, especially Sicily, as a mere source of revenue and supplies; and he was irritated that everybody did not accept his title as readily and absolutely as he himself had done. He was impatient to have Italy

quiet behind him, in order that he might be free to obey the summons of the beckoning East. With all his cruel severity and harsh rapacity, this austere warrior had in his heart an element of high romance; and for this perhaps as much as for his soldierly qualities, even his enemy, Peter of Aragon, regarded him as "le premier chevalier d'Europe."

For such a man, with such far-reaching ambitions and such a religious nature, dealings with the Papacy were of the first importance. He would not, out of policy as well as out of respect, use force, and he therefore endeavoured to bring the Papacy to a condition of practical servitude by indirect means. The Papacy on its part was aware of its danger and proceeded cautiously. "If you were present at the meetings of the Curia," Pope Clement wrote to a cardinal absent in France, "you would learn how the beginnings and the progress of matters are discussed with reference to their probable issues, and how benefits and detriments are gone over not perfunctorily but with great deliberation; and though it may be that, on account of the frailty of our human state, error may enter into our counsels (and that is seldom), nevertheless nothing is omitted which human forethought ought to provide for."

The Pope's position was very difficult. A man of administrative genius and great force of character like Innocent III, trained in the general business of the Curia and familiar from early youth with local matters that of necessity exerted a great influence on papal politics, could dominate his cabinet of car-

dinals and give effect to his single will; but with a Pope like Clement IV, foreign born and foreign bred, the situation was quite different. He knew nothing of petty matters at hand that commonly outweighed distant matters of great moment; he was ignorant of the baronial families of the Campagna, of the relations between the Roman Savelli, Anibaldi, Orsini, and Conti, of the position of the Doria, Spinola, Grimaldi, and Fieschi in Genoa, of how great a man Provenzano Salvani was in Siena, or how proud the position of the Malaspini in the Lunigiana. Places, people, and methods were all new to him. Therefore, no matter what his abilities might be, no matter what his purposes, he was obliged to be guided by the opinions of his counsellors. Clement habitually deferred to the advice of those cardinals, such as Giovanni Gaetano Orsini, with whom he was in sympathy, and endeavoured to conciliate the others. In this way during a cautious pontificate divergent views among the cardinals were hidden under a policy of compromise; but immediately upon a vacancy, the college split asunder into discordant groups.

Pope Clement, after Manfred's overthrow, had done his best to hold a course between the contending parties, inclining no more than was necessary towards his masterful champion, nor towards his adversaries, but he had been forced by the general rising of the Ghibellines to throw himself into Charles's arms. Now, however, that Charles was completely victorious, his natural policy would have been to lean the other way, but within a month after

Conrad's execution he died. The quarrels in the Curia showed how ill agreed it was on all great questions of state. The cardinals, seventeen or eighteen in number, were split asunder by all sorts of dissensions; the French party disagreed with the Italian, Cistercians with Franciscans, the partisans of Cardinal Orsini with the partisans of Cardinal Anibaldi. The chief matter at issue was the policy to be pursued toward King Charles. He was the dominating power in Italy, he was most eager to have a Pope favourable to his interests, and the burning question concerning each candidate was whether he was for or against the King. For over two years they wrangled and stood at dead-lock. Every cardinal who entertained the hope of getting the required two thirds votes for himself, did what was necessary to block the success of the others. Of these aspiring candidates a few stand out conspicuously.

Ottaviano degli Ubaldini, a Florentine, who had been made cardinal twenty-five years before by Innocent IV, was famous for his sympathy with the Ghibellines. Stories had gone about, especially at the time of the revolt of Parma against the Emperor, that he was a traitor to the Church party; and without doubt in such an angry period a man with friendships and ties on the opposing side was regarded as false by the extreme members of the party to which he belonged. It was also said that he had rejoiced openly over the Guelf defeat at Montaperti, and that on some occasion he had exclaimed: "If I have a soul I have lost it a thousand times for the

Ghibellines." Fra Salimbene, who knew all the gossip of the Franciscan monasteries, says: "He was much thought of by the party of the Empire, but sometimes for his own honour he did things to the advantage of the Church, for he knew that he had been commissioned for that purpose." At first Salimbene was inclined to think the cardinal a traitor, but afterwards he grew more lenient in his judgment. "When I went back to Lombardy," he says, "Lord Ottaviano was papal legate at Bologna, and I dined with him many times; he used to seat me at the head of the table, so that there was no one between me and him unless it was my companion brother. . . . Then I used to do what the Wise Man in Proverbs, chapter XXIII, teaches: 'When thou sittest to eat with a ruler, consider diligently what is before thee.' And indeed we used to have very good food and plenty of it, and royal wine in abundance, and everything delicious. Then I began to conceive an affection for the cardinal, according to the verse in Proverbs, chapter XIX, 'Every man is a friend to him who giveth gifts'; and the cardinal invited me and my companion to go to dine with him any day we pleased." In spite of having his own mouth thus stopped with food (Ottaviano, as he says, was very sagacious), Salimbene also recounts this anecdote: "One day when there was a great procession and the cardinal was walking past, a street singer called out loud enough for him to hear, 'Fall back, make way and let pass the man who has been traitor to the Roman Curia and has often tricked the Church.' The cardinal quietly bade one

of his retainers shut the man's mouth by giving him money, for he well knew that 'money answereth all things.' And so the cardinal removed the annoyance, for the street singer having got the money immediately rushed ahead to another spot which the cardinal was to pass, and praised him over and over again, saying that 'there was no better cardinal in the Curia than he, and that indeed he ought to be Pope.'"

On the whole the Cardinal, as he was called *par excellence*, was unfairly judged by the Guelf zealots, for he rendered important services to the Church, and the Emperor Frederick could not have found him much of an ally, for he spoke of him in his letters as a "pestilent enemy." Perhaps he offended the Guelfs by a certain freedom of living and thinking; any partisan lukewarmness, however faint, was sufficient ground in their eyes for a total condemnation. Dante puts him in the sixth circle of hell among the freethinking Epicureans, with the Emperor, Cavalcante Cavalcanti, and Farinata degli Uberti. Ottaviano was uncle to that cruel Archbishop Ruggieri of Pisa who, when head of the Ghibellines, locked Ugolino the Guelf, his sons and grandsons, in a tower and flung away the key, leaving them to die of hunger. His high position in the Curia, in spite of his imperialistic ideas, shows that there were still those who entertained the old theory, that the Church needed an Emperor to support and defend her, that the *Sacerdotium* and the *Imperium* should proceed hand in hand. But naturally he stood no chance of election. The most promising candidates were car-

dinals Ottobuono dei Fieschi, Riccardo degli Anibaldi, and Giovanni Gaetano Orsini.

Ottobuono dei Fieschi of Genoa, was nephew to Innocent IV; he was both an ardent Guelf and an ardent patriot in the sense that he wished the Guelf families, the Fieschi and the Grimaldi, victorious over their Ghibelline rivals, the Doria and the Spinola. He did what he could to bring about friendly relations between King Charles and Genoa; and, as Pope, would have been most acceptable to the King, but as yet his following was not strong enough to elect him. Riccardo Anibaldi was head of a distinguished Roman family, and had been a cardinal for thirty years; he was an able, shifty man, whose course had veered more than once in his long career, for his master passion was to elevate his family and to abase the Orsini. The third of these likely candidates, Giovanni Gaetano Orsini, was destined to make a great name for himself. Orsini had been made a cardinal at the age of twenty-eight by Pope Innocent IV; he had been one of the little group to join the Pope on board the Genoese fleet the day after that adventurous night on which the Pope, booted and spurred, rode from Sutri to the sea, and he had continued to be a companion of the Pope's flight till they reached Lyons. He was the son of Matteo Rubeo Orsini, a stout-hearted partisan of the Church, who had been Senator of Rome in the dangerous days when Frederick wished to lay hands on the city; and since his father's death he had been head of the Guelf branch of the family. Like all churchmen who had been present at the Council of Lyons, he was

strongly set against the Hohenstaufens; but on the other hand he feared King Charles's overswollen power. His fixed goal was to render the Papacy dependent upon itself alone. He was profoundly versed in all the affairs of the Curia, and of great influence in directing those affairs. His very claims to an election, however, served to strengthen the opposition to him. The Anibaldi would not consent to the election of an Orsini, and he was unable to obtain the necessary two thirds vote.

For nearly three years the cardinals quarrelled among themselves. During the conclave an incident occurred that must have been detrimental to the French influence both in the college of cardinals and in all Italy. One spiritual difference (if indeed there is any), between the men of that time and men of to-day, lies in the latent energy that they could suddenly draw upon and fling into their emotional actions. Those men, undistraught by the thousand and one passing matters of what we call civilized life, that catch and divert the mind and dissipate the density of our emotional stores, were more liable to succumb to the mastery of an impetuous mood than we are; the saint became the slave of his piety, the nobleman of his ambition, the flagellant of his superstition, the hater of his revenge. But whether he was specially indebted to the emotional capacity of his generation or not, Gui de Montfort had inherited to the full the passion of his race. Son of the English earl of Leicester, grandson of Simon de Montfort, the crusader, and through his mother, grandson of King John of England, he

had gone, like other French noblemen, to seek his fortune in the train of Charles of Anjou; and now in company with King Charles and the new king of France, Philippe le Hardi, he was at Viterbo. Perhaps his going had a purpose. Richard of Cornwall, one of the imperial claimants, hoped for the election of a Pope who would acknowledge and crown him Emperor; and his son, Prince Henry of Cornwall, was there to lobby, as we should say, in that interest. It was the royal family of England that had caused the death of Gui's father, and he had vowed revenge. There, in a church hard by the papal palace, before the altar, Gui stabbed Prince Henry to the heart (*Inf.* XII, 119–20), —

fesse in grembo a Dio lo cor.

King Charles punished the murderer, but not as he would have punished a man who had sinned against him or his friends; and Gui was also put under the ban of the Church. But time, and need of a stout soldier, brought him back into favour, and within a dozen years he was leading the papal forces against the Ghibellines of Romagna.

Some six months later the cardinals, not being able to agree upon one of their own number, appointed a committee to effect a compromise. The committee selected a distinguished prelate, of moderate rank however, a mere archdeacon, Tedaldo dei Visconti, of Piacenza, nephew to Otto Visconti, archbishop of Milan. At the time of his election the new pope was at Acre, in Syria, in company with Prince Edward of England, and did not reach

Italy till the beginning of the year 1272. He took the title Gregory X, and at once, with diplomacy, gentleness, and tact, began the necessary task of making head against his vassal king.

CHAPTER V

FROM GREGORY X TO NICHOLAS III (1272–1280)

> The evil that men do lives after them,
> The good is oft interred with their bones.
> *Julius Cæsar*, III, 2.

THE quarrelling cardinals who had wrangled for nearly three years to achieve their own personal ambitions or to defeat those of their colleagues, deserve this credit, that, after each of them had become convinced that it would be impossible to win the prize for himself, the whole college considered the welfare of the Church, and chose a good man for the great office. Gregory's special qualifications in their eyes were very like Urban's; he was entirely outside of the intrigues and dissensions of the Curia, and he had special knowledge of the Eastern question. Besides these qualities, as some if not all of them must have known, Gregory was a man of sagacity and moderation, animated by a whole-hearted wish to purify the Church and be of service to Christendom. According to Fra Salimbene, he was "very religious, a lover of the poor, generous, kinder than anybody else, most gentle and compassionate."

Gregory's purposes were both simple and definite. The two pressing duties of the Church, as he saw them, were to procure peace for Europe, especially

for Italy, and to rescue Palestine from the infidels. For both these ends it was necessary to establish a lawful Emperor in the Empire. The long imperial interregnum had been a cause of confusion and turmoil; the hostile proclamations of the opposing claimants, Richard of Cornwall and Alphonso of Castile, had frightened trade and fanned the flames of local animosities. An Emperor, free indeed from the hostile Swabian traditions, was an obvious necessity; and in theory the election of another Emperor was an easy matter. The belief in the imperial constitution for Germany and Italy was universal. The mighty fabric reared by Julius and Augustus Cæsar, perfected by Trajan and by Constantine, still dominated men's minds as the God-given settlement of social discord, civil strife, and international quarrels. "It is manifest," Dante says, "that universal peace is the best of all those things which are ordained for our blessedness. And that is why there rang out to the shepherds from on high, not riches, not pleasures, not honours, not length of life, not health, not strength, not beauty, but peace." And from this truth it seemed to follow in logical sequence, that universal monarchy was the best for mankind; and the Emperor, if not accepted throughout Europe as universal monarch, was the only prince that had any colour of claim to the position. Such speculations, indeed, concerning a universal monarch rested in the airy regions of theory, but a monarch for the Empire was within the sphere of practical politics. So Gregory found men's minds, except among the extreme Guelfs, prepared for the

election of an Emperor; and he bade the German princes proceed to an election.

Nevertheless the matter was beset by practical difficulties. There were already two claimants in the field, who felt that their time had come. For fifteen years they had boasted of what they were going to do; but neither one nor the other had done much. Richard of Cornwall had crossed the seas once or twice to Germany, and had promised Verona that he would come to Italy; and Alphonso, who through his mother was a cousin of the late Emperor Frederick, had made an alliance with Ezzelino, had listened with readiness to the overtures of Ghibelline Pisa as well as to those of Guelf Florence, and finally has dispatched troops to Genoa; but neither prince had gone to Italy in person. Happily Richard died soon after Gregory's accession, and the Pope had no hesitation in setting aside Alphonso's claims; it would have been folly to choose for Emperor a man who was angling for leadership of the Italian Ghibellines. But there were other candidates in the field. King Charles, always delighting in dreams conjured up by his ambition, urged the election of his nephew, Philippe le Hardi, King of France, *quel nasetto*, him of the snub-nose, as he is called by Dante; but the Roman Curia had not lost its senses, and had no mind to add the Empire to the dominions already ruled by the royal house of France. There was also a German candidate: Ottocar, King of Bohemia, who

> resse la terra dove l' acqua nasce,
> che Molta in Albia ed Albia in mar ne porta,

> Ruled the land wherein the waters rise
> Which the Moldau to the Elbe bears on, the Elbe
> unto the sea,

put in his claim, as the most powerful of the German princes. But his claim was disposed of as readily as that of the English, Spanish, and French candidates. The Pope, though convinced that a stable Empire in Germany required a German Emperor, believed that the interests of the Papacy required a prince not too powerful in his own resources, and though there was no outward appearance of intermeddling with the election, without doubt let his opinion be known; the German princes accepted his policy and elected Rudolph of Habsburg, a good soldier but a nobleman of moderate possessions.

All these princes Dante met in the valley of Antepurgatory (*Purg.* VII): Charles of Anjou, *colui dal maschio naso*, him with the masculine nose; Philippe, *nasetto* (the Capetian nose made a marked impression on Dante); Ottocar; Henry III of England, *il re della semplice vita*, the King of the simple life; Peter III of Aragon, big-limbed and honourably girded with the cord of every good quality, —

> Quel che par sì membruto. . .
> d' ogni valor portò cinta la corda, —

who had married Manfred's daughter, Constance; and above them sat Rudolph, the Emperor elect, —

> Colui, che più sied' alto e fa sembianti
> d' aver negletto ciò che far dovea,
> e che non move bocca agli altrui canti,
> Ridolfo imperador fu, che potea
> sanar le piaghe ch' hanno Italia morta,
> sì che tardi per altri si ricrea.

He that sits high'st, whose face doth show that he
Neglected has that which he should have done,
And does not move his lips to th' others' song,
Was Rudolph, Emperor, who had the power
To heal the wounds that have killed Italy,
So that by others' help she shall revive
Too late.

Rudolph of Habsburg was elected in 1273. The Pope, in spite of his guilelessness, pursued the policy established by Innocent III, and exacted from Rudolph, as the price of his support, a promise to grant a final and definite cession of the papal provinces in Italy, so often granted by the Empire and so often withheld. As Fra Salimbene says: "The Popes always wish to milk the Empire a little, when the new Emperors take office; these, out of courtliness and generosity, can't very well refuse what is asked of them, partly because they wish to show their good side to the Church at the beginning of their reigns, partly because they think the Empire is a kind of gift to them, partly because they are ashamed to put on a sour face even when they are under the cupping-glass, and also in order to prevent a flat refusal of their coronation."

Rudolph's election, though readily accomplished, raised many questions that had need of nice diplomacy. Charles of Anjou was Senator of Rome, Imperial Vicar in Tuscany, leader of the Guelfs of Lombardy, and the possessor of strong places in Piedmont; how were his possessions, claims, and ambitions to be reconciled with the rights of an Emperor in Italy? A quarrel between the two would frustrate both of Gregory's most dearly cherished

hopes, the peace of Italy and the crusade. How, indeed, could an armed expedition to Rome to receive the imperial crown fail to rouse the downtrodden Ghibellines, and rally the Guelfs round the King of Sicily? How was the question of Romagna to be settled, which had been included in the imperial grants to the Papacy by Otto IV and Frederick II as well as in earlier charters, but had always been treated as part of the Empire? Gregory proceeded with dignity, sagacity, and resolution, and at the same time he kept his mind and his heart most seriously set on a crusade. As these matters were of the very greatest importance, and as he was by no means sure of general support from the cardinals, he decided to convoke a universal council of the Church, so that his policy should receive the approbation of Christendom and bear down all opposition. This council was summoned to meet at Lyons. Without doubt Gregory followed the last precedent in choosing Lyons as the meeting-place in order to be free from the local passions that burned so fiercely in Rome, as well as to have a city easy of access to the prelates of Western Europe.

The second Council of Lyons was in all respects most unlike the council held there by Innocent IV. Then all was strife; but now all was peace. The matters considered were all designed for furtherance of the crusade and for the welfare of the Church. The council proceeded with dispatch. The election of Rudolph as King of the Romans was confirmed; the reconciliation of the Greek Church with the Roman Church was effected; and rules were adopted

for the procedure of a conclave during a Papal election. The question of the Greek schism was sadly entangled with political considerations. King Charles entertained hostile projects against the Greek Emperor, Michael Palæologus, who had but lately pushed the feeble Baldwin from the throne in Constantinople; and Palæologus, for the sake of protecting himself from King Charles, sought the Pope's blessing and protection. The Pope was quite willing to curb Charles's ambitious projects, especially as a war between Charles and the Greek Emperor would certainly endanger and probably prevent a crusade. The Greeks, as they always did when in need of western help, professed consciences eager for the truth and a great open-mindedness towards the likelihood of finding it in the Roman Communion; so under decent cover of great efforts by Bonaventura, general of the Franciscans, and after a proper diffidence by the Greek theologians, an outward reconciliation was effected. The Greek Church renounced its erring ways, acknowledged the authority of the Pope, and accepted the long controverted clause in the Latin creed, "the Holy Ghost proceeding from the Father and the Son": "Fideli ac devota professione fatemur, quod Spiritus Sanctus æternitaliter ex Patre et Filio, non tamquam ex duobus principiis sed tamquam ex uno principio non duabus spirationibus sed unica spiratione procedit. Faithfully and devoutly we acknowledge and confess, that the Holy Ghost eternally proceedeth from the Father and the Son, not as from two beginnings but as from one beginning, not as from two spirations but from one spiration

only." These professions sound hollow enough to us now, as we listen across the centuries with indifferent ear, and undoubtedly they were sham to the Greeks, but perhaps to the prelates of the Roman Church, assembled from bishoprics in Germany, Italy, Spain, France, and England, they boded a great change for the good, and persuaded pious Christians that, even if the Greek Emperor was false of heart, nevertheless the little Greek children of Macedonia and Thrace would in course of time grow up with a juster knowledge of divine truth.

The third important matter was disposed of in a manner acceptable to all the assembled prelates, excepting the cardinals. This was the regulation of the procedure during the conclave. The rules then adopted have persisted with some modifications to the present time, excepting during a period of about twenty years soon after their adoption. The Pope, as well as all Christendom, had been sadly impressed by the unseemly discord among the cardinals during the two years and nine months that preceded his election, and proposed to render such an occurrence impossible again. Here, too, he showed his courage, for the college of cardinals did not like to have control of its own procedure taken out of its hands. The new rules provided: that after ten days allowed for assembling, the cardinals were to meet in the palace where the last Pope had died and to occupy one room in which all doors and all windows, except one left for the passage of food, were to be walled up; then that after three days the rations should be restricted to one dish at dinner and one at supper;

and after five days of this limited diet, the rations should be further reduced to bread, wine, and water, until the requisite two thirds of the cardinals had come to an agreement. The duty of enforcing these rules was entrusted to the secular authorities of the town. This strict procedure seems inconsistent with the doctrine of divine inspiration acting upon the conclave, and it was very hard upon old or infirm cardinals, but humanly speaking it was necessary to prevent a repetition of the recent scandal. It certainly carries a sharper sting of rebuke than any epigram aimed at the college, and helps us to understand how bitter must have been the quarrels that had gone on between the Roman cardinals Orsini and Anibaldi, between Simon de Brie, the loyal friend of King Charles, and Ottaviano degli Ubaldini, the Ghibelline.

With these three political triumphs achieved, — the Empire provided with an Emperor, schismatics brought back into the fold, the papal election regulated, — Pope Gregory set forth upon his way to Rome, where his most delicate diplomacy would be needed to deal with King Charles. Unhappily for the Papacy, he died on the way. He left behind him a noble reputation; for in difficult places, with marked success, he had turned his face steadfastly towards righteousness. Within less than a year and a half three more Popes — Innocent V, Hadrian V, and John XXI — followed him to the grave. The first, a French Dominican, was in complete sympathy with King Charles. His election shows that French influence was strong in the college, and perhaps also

that the cardinals felt some fear of the revived Empire. After his death the King's faction was again able to carry the election, which was held in Rome. Rumour said that Charles, as Senator, misused his office to bring improper pressure upon those opposed to him. The successful candidate, Ottobuono dei Fieschi, nephew of Innocent IV, took the title of Hadrian V.

Hadrian V reigned but thirty odd days and yet long enough to imprint himself on Dante's imagination. At the time when Dante was a little boy of eleven he may well have heard tales of Cardinal Ottobuono's avarice, such as would be told in houses where there was no love lost for King Charles and his friends, tales perhaps too readily believed against political adversaries; or perhaps Dante uses Hadrian V as a mask, through which to utter his scorn for the misuse of holy offices. At any rate when the poet crosses the circle of Purgatory, where the avaricious and the prodigal are punished together, he comes upon people lying prostrate with their faces to the ground, bound hand and foot, weeping and sighing, "Adhæsit pavimento anima mea," and among them poor Ottobuono dei Fieschi, who recounts his story (*Purg.* XIX, 103–20): —

> One month and little more I proved how weighs
> The great cope upon him that keeps it from the mud,
> So that all other burdens feathers seem.
> And my conversion, woe is me, was late;
> But when the Roman Shepherd I was made
> Then first discovered I the life of lies.
> I saw that there the heart is not at rest
> And no one in that life can higher rise,

Wherefore a love of this life woke in me.
Up to that point I was a wretched soul
Parted from God and greedy in all things;
Now, as you see, here I am punished for 't.
. . . . . .
Even as our eyes fast set on earthly things
Did not toward heaven lift themselves erect,
So here hath Justice sunk them to the ground.

Perhaps it was corporal suffering as well as the unveiling of pontifical worldliness, that wrought Hadrian's conversion, for he was ill during his brief pontificate and had little chance to see or do very much. On his death, the cardinals, who were but nine in number at the conclave, chose a compromise candidate. Cardinal Orsini was now by far the most distinguished member of the college; nevertheless he could not control enough votes to secure the necessary two thirds. He was able, however, to defeat the election of any opponent and to direct the choice to Peter Juliani, a Portuguese, John XXI, who had been made cardinal by Gregory X. This election, as well as that of Innocent V, emphasizes afresh how persistent were the discords and jealousies in the college, that old, influential, and experienced cardinals should be passed over and new men, untrained in papal diplomacy, should be chosen. John XXI was by profession a physician; he had written books on medicine and a famous little treatise on logic — Pietro Ispano lo qual giù luce in dodici libelli (*Par.* XII, 134–35) — and had been a professor at the University of Siena; it is uncertain why he went into the Church. He was a man of simple, careless manners and habits, always interested in physic

and philosophy, and much bored by his pontifical duties. Within eight months he was accidentally killed in the Papal palace in Viterbo, and in his stead Cardinal Orsini received at last the long-coveted tiara.

Giovanni Gaetano Orsini, Nicholas III, stands out as one of the great churchmen in history, like certain princely cardinals, — Wolsey for instance, or Richelieu. His family had been raised to power eighty years before by the first Orsini Pope, Celestine III, and Nicholas increased its fortunes till it became the first of the great Roman families, for the moment mounting higher than the Colonna, Frangipani, Savelli, Anibaldi, or Conti. During his pontificate the Orsini owned three great fortresses in Rome, one on Monte Giordano, another in what is now the Campo di Fiore, and the Castle of Sant' Angelo, as well as many houses on both sides of the Tiber. Naturally Nicholas III looked out on the world from an essentially feudal and aristocratic point of view; and yet he was not of the soldier type, like Pope Innocent IV. He was an astute, far-seeing, far-planning statesman, inspired with that Italian genius for diplomacy, which marked Cavour or Leo XIII. He had been a cardinal for thirty-three years, in sunshine and in shadow. Under Innocent IV he learned certain fundamental opinions concerning Italian politics, chief of which was the papal need of security. Under Alexander IV, Cardinal Riccardo Anibaldi, a nephew of the Pope, was in full favour, and Cardinal Orsini seems to have been of no very great consequence in the Curia; yet he received important judicial appoint-

ments, for he sat in judgment upon John of Parma, the general of the Franciscan Order, and also on the errors of William of Saint Amour. After Alexander's death he urged the election of Pope Urban, and was duly rewarded, for he was put at the head of the Inquisition and made Protector of the Franciscan Order; in this critical period he supported Urban in his French policy. Under Clement IV his influence appears in the strict terms of the bargain with the Count of Anjou; later he and Clement were at one as to the course to be pursued towards the conqueror, a via media, inclining neither too much in his favour nor away from him towards the Ghibellines. After Clement's death, during the riotous interregnum, he and his rival Anibaldi played the leading parts. Under Gregory X he was again left to one side, for he was not in sympathy with Gregory's endeavour to get Rudolph to Rome for his imperial coronation; and yet his counsels had weight, for it must have been by his advice that the Pope insisted on the papal claims to Romagna even after the Emperor's envoys, regardless of the imperial promise, were on their way from one Romagnuol city to another demanding oaths of allegiance to the Empire. Latterly, during the brief pontificates of Innocent V and Hadrian V, there had been no especial place for a man out of sympathy with King Charles's position in Rome and Tuscany; but during the reign of John XXI, Cardinal Orsini was for all essential matters prime minister and in full control. One can imagine this proud priest, *pulcher et litteratus* — a man of learning and of goodly presence, a big Shake-

spearian kind of figure, in whom age and experience had not tamed the resolution of youth, surrounded by his secretaries, his lawyers, his scribes and his clerks, passionately intent upon a multitude of plans for the Empire, for Italy, for the Papal States, for Rome, and for St. Peter's basilica.

The pole star of the Pope's policy was to render the Church free, and independent. To do this she must be lifted out of the shadow of the Empire to the north and of The Kingdom to the south; she must possess on secure terms a principality large enough to procure her a proper position in Italy; and in especial she must be relieved from the disturbing and dangerous instability of Rome, to-day Ghibelline, to-morrow revolutionary, now in the hands of some dare-devil prince, like Don Arrigo of Castile, and now of some too powerful friend, like King Charles. For these great ends, for moving so large a mass, Nicholas had need of a lever. That lever he found in his family; and it is to the use he made of his kinsmen, as a means to such achievement, that he chiefly owes the evil reputation for nepotism and simony, which, thanks to the scathing verses in the Inferno, has survived the memory of his important accomplishments and of his magnanimous spirit.

In the matter of the adjustment of the rights of the Papacy to the provinces of Central Italy, the papal chancery got out the time-honoured charters which contained the imperial grants, and proved the papal title. The Emperor elect was loath to part with the province of Romagna, — a region thickly set with romantic cities, Imola, Faenza, Cesena, Rimini, Ra-

venna — often ceded in words and never in deed; but the Pope secured the fulfilment of the promise made to Gregory X. Nicholas arranged a series of concessions for both the Emperor and King Charles, playing one off against the other. The Emperor surrended Romagna to the Pope; and in return the Pope obliged King Charles to resign the imperial lieutenancy of Tuscany. Charles, on his part, received from Rudolph the imperial consent to his sovereignty over the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies; and the two potentates pledged themselves to amity by the betrothal of Rudolph's daughter, Clemence, to Charles's grandson, Charles Martel. By this arrangement both of them made concessions while the dexterous Pope himself made none; the provinces of Romagna and the March of Ancona were finally taken away from the Empire, and the way prepared for the little kingdom of the Popes of the Renaissance.

The settlement of the Roman question needed equal firmness and strength of character. Nicholas enforced the ten years' limit which Pope Clement had set to Charles's tenure of the Senatorship, and compelled the King, much against his will, to lay down the office; and, in order to prevent the recurrence of such a situation, he enacted a constitution for the city, by which no Emperor, king or foreign prince, no duke, count or baron, nor any of their kith or kin (unless he was too weak to be dangerous), should become Senator or hold any office in the city. And the city, proud to have a Roman-born Pontiff once more after the lapse of sixty years,

conferred upon Nicholas for life the supreme powers of seigniory, which Nicholas exercised by appointing his brother, Matteo Rosso Orsini, Senator to succeed the King.

In this way Pope Nicholas, by his ingenious method of setting one prince against the other, cut down the powers of both, to the advantage of the Church. It was a dangerous and difficult feat of diplomacy, for a war between the two, whichever triumphed, would have been equally disastrous to the Papacy; either the Empire would have been re-established in Italy as strong as in the most dangerous days of Frederick II, or Charles would have become virtually if not actually King of all Italy. But Nicholas was completely successful. King Charles recognized that he had met his match. The cardinal who was sent as ambassador to communicate to the King the renunciation required of him (so at least the story goes), reported to the Pope the honourable reception he had had and the humble speeches the King had made; to which Nicholas said, "Charles gets his good fortune from the House of France, his clear intelligence from Spain, and his discreet speech from frequenting the Roman Curia."

A project, wholly revolutionary in its character, for settling the constitution of the Empire, has been ascribed to Nicholas. According to Ptolemy of Lucca, an ecclesiastical historian who wrote some forty years later, there were stories in circulation—*ut tradunt historiæ*—that the Pope proposed to Rudolph to divide the Empire into four kingdoms: Germany, Arles, Lombardy, and Tuscany. Germany

was to be hereditary in Rudolph's family, the kingdom of Arles was to be given to Charles Martel, his son-in-law, "sed quibus Lombardia et Tuscia darentur nondum erat expressum, sed suspicandi satis erat materia — to whom, however, Lombardy and Tuscany were to be given was not expressly stated, but there was material enough to serve for a guess." This story may pass for what such stories, told in the street concerning the schemes of great potentates, are worth; but this residuum of truth remains. The bitter strife between the Papacy and the Empire, and the distracted condition of the Empire during the long interregnum, may well have suggested to thoughtful men a very radical change in the imperial constitution; for example, at the Second Council of Lyons the minister-general of the Dominicans declared, "that the Empire was reduced almost to nothing, that under many of the Emperors much evil had been done, peace and unity had been destroyed, many men had been killed and nothing good accomplished"; and from these and other facts he argued that some new constitution should be adopted, as for instance, to make Germany an hereditary kingdom, and to set up in Italy, with the consent of the communes and the bishops, one or two kings, who should be bound by fundamental laws and in certain cases be subject to deposition by the Apostolic See. But whatever ideas may have flitted through speculative minds, there is no reason to believe that the Pope really entertained the project reported by Ptolemy of Lucca; the Empire was definitely limited in Italy in quite another way, by

the final renunciation of all claim to the Papal States and to The Kingdom.

By the irony of fate, this bold, resolute man, who taught Charles of Anjou that there were still men of Rome as masterful as he, who settled the affairs of the Empire in Italy to suit himself, who was temperate in personal habits, charitable, religious, — so sensible to the solemn significance of the mass that he wept when he celebrated it — has been handed down to history by the mighty judge of the thirteenth century merely as a simonist (*Inf.* XIX): —

O Simon mago, o miseri seguaci,
che le cose di Dio, che di bontate
deono essere spose, e voi rapaci
per oro e per argento adulterate;

O Simon Magus! O wretched followers,
And ye robbers, who prostitute the things of God,
That should be wedded unto righteousness,
For gold and silver!

Down in the third bolgia of the eighth circle of hell, from bodies buried head downwards in fissures of rock, upturned legs writhe and quiver in the air to ease the pain of fire that burns in lambent flames upon the soles of their feet; Dante asks Virgil, —

Who is he, Master, that is tortured so,
Writhing more than all his fellows,
Whom a redder flame licks?
. . . . . .
Whereat the spirit distorted both his feet,
Then sighing and with voice of weeping
Said to me: "Well, what dost thou ask of me?
If to know who I am concerneth thee so much,
That thou hast therefore passed the bank,
Learn that I was clothed with the Great Mantle;

And verily I was a son of the She-bear
So eager to advance the Whelps
That wealth above, and here myself, I 've pocketed."

And Dante, the fierce Ghibelline, blazing with wrath replied: —

" Deh or mi di', quanto tesoro volle
nostro Signore in prima da san Pietro,
che gli ponesse le chiavi in balìa?

" Ah, tell me now, how much treasure did
Our Lord demand of St. Peter before he put
The keys into his keeping?
. . . . . .
" Fatto v' avete Dio d' oro e d' argento;
e che altro è da voi all' idolatre,
se non ch' egli uno, e voi n' orate cento?
Ahi, Constantin, di quanto mal fu matre,
non la tua conversion, ma quella dote
che da te prese il primo ricco patre!"

" Ye have made you a god of silver and of gold;
What difference is there betwixt you and the idolater
Save that he prays to one, ye to an hundred?
Ah, Constantine, to how much ill gave birth
Not thy conversion, but that dower which
The first rich Father took from thee!"

This extreme and narrow judgment upon the great Pope is due to Dante's view that the secular power should govern secular things, and the ecclesiastical power things of the spirit. Dante could not forgive him for opposing and dismembering the Empire; and his hatred of his own enemy, Pope Boniface VIII, extends backward and brands Boniface's predecessors. For impartial persons a good defence has been made on behalf of the Pope's nepotism. Rome and the Papal States constituted the necessary base for the

vast fabric of the Church; history had many lessons to tell how, with Rome in unfriendly hands, or with the central provinces of Italy liable to be used as outposts by a hostile Emperor, the Papacy was not at rest and could not give itself to its great ecclesiastical and religious duties. To secure loyal support both in the city and in the provinces, it was necessary to put into office those men who, in the midst of party rivalry and family vendettas, would remain fixed by the sheet anchor of self-interest. Nothing bears more unfavourable testimony to this period than the fickleness of the nobility in times of stress; and Nicholas in order to guard against fickleness, in order to have loyal adherents in places of great trust, appointed in several instances members of his family to high offices. He was not the first to elevate his kinsmen; and probably at the time most people, if they were not bitter Ghibellines, judged such conduct part of the duty of natural affection. The good Pope Gregory X, Beato Gregorio, had appointed one nephew a cardinal, a second nephew a rector of St. Peter's Patrimony in Tuscany, another relation vicar in the March of Ancona, and fellow-townsmen officers in other papal provinces.

Nicholas made three of his relations cardinals; his nephew Latino Malabranca, his brother Giordano Orsini, and his cousin Jacopo Colonna. But Cardinal Latino was reputed to be "a man of piety and learning, with a gift for preaching"; Giordano, "a man of great excellence and innocence"; while the third, Jacopo, being a Colonna, and therefore a Ghibelline, on his father's side, should serve to reconcile and

unite the two political parties, as well as the two families. Gossip made the most of these appointments. Embittered Ghibellines believed the Popes ready to commit every crime. Friars and monks liked to exaggerate the contrast between their own secluded lives and the gawdy naughtiness of the world. Fra Salimbene unctuously recounts to his niece, for whom he wrote his memoirs, that popes "elevate and promote their bastards whom they call nephews," and names Pope Urban as the father of Cardinal Ancher. He does not venture to go so far with reference to Nicholas III, but he repeats Biblical phrases, current among monastic wits on the subject of nepotism, "They build up Zion with their blood [i.e. blood-relations] and Jerusalem with iniquity"; and says that Nicholas appointed these three cardinals because "*flesh* and *blood* hath revealed it unto him" to do so. He adds, "I believe most surely, on my conscience, that there are a thousand Brothers Minor in the Order of St. Francis, of which I am a humble and lowly brother, who by their learning and by the holiness of their lives are better fitted to be cardinals than many who have been promoted by reason of their relationship to the Roman pontiffs." But in another place Salimbene remarks that the three cardinals who were protectors of the Franciscan Order came to be popes, Gregory IX, Alexander IV, and Nicholas III; "which we believe was done by divine grace, through the help of St. Francis, and because their good lives offered no impediment." He also says that Cardinal Bentivegna, who received the red hat from Nicholas, was a good, upright man; and

that Nicholas loved John of Parma, as himself, on account of John's learning and his holy life, and wished to make him a cardinal, but that John refused.

It would be unfair to condemn Nicholas for nepotism upon the testimony of monastic gossip. Out of the seventy bishops he created, not one was a relation. As to his two nephews sent to Romagna, one as papal legate the other as count, and charged with the duty of turning that crop of nettles into a garden, one may say that, if to give such a task be nepotism, all the specks of corruption therein have first been washed away. Besides, it must be remembered, when one reads the bitter, partisan verses on the *Orsa* and the *Orsatti*, the bear stock and its whelps, that Nicholas while he was cardinal never took gifts as other cardinals used to do, but lived "unstain'd with gold or fee" on his own private means. No doubt, like other popes, he accepted the Papacy as a great political office; and his masterful character, his haughty assumption of the right to say to the Emperor, do this, and to King Charles, do that, has intensified, to unfriendly eyes, the worldly aspect of his career. On the other hand, the contemporary historian Saba Malaspina, a Guelf to be sure, says, that during his pontificate the world and especially Italy enjoyed peace as in the time of the Cæsars, that Sicily was free from warfare, the cities of Tuscany on terms of amity with one another, Bologna happy and peaceful, and that kings did not seek to lay hold upon their neighbours' territories. Indeed, for the good of the Church and of Italy, his pontificate was all too short. He died on August 22, 1280.

CHAPTER VI

THOMAS AQUINAS (1225–1274)

Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé
Deux spectres ont évoqué le passé.

Leurs yeux sont morts et leurs lèvres sont molles,
Et l'on entend à peine leurs paroles.

Te souvient-il de notre extase ancienne ?
Pourquoi voulez-vous donc qu'il m'en souvienne ?

Qu'il était bleu, le ciel, et grand l'espoir !
L'espoir a fui, vaincu, vers le ciel noir.

VERLAINE.

THE popes as heads of a great religious body, as the spiritual and in large measure the political leaders of Christendom, were naturally the most conspicuous men of their day in Italy; but as the centuries have gone by, interests have changed, renown has forsaken men famous for action and sets its laurelled wreath on men famous for thought. Mediæval theologians and philosophers are well known to those who never heard of Gregory X or Nicholas III; and even in their own time they held an honourable place.

Philosophy had its centre at the schools of Paris; they were the home of theological learning and philosophic thought. To Paris, more than to any other place, belongs the honour of having nourished and fostered the things of the intellect during the Middle Ages. She welcomed hungry, speculative minds, that wished to seek a knowledge of God by the road

of reason, as well as by the straighter path of faith. Italy never cared very greatly for the problems of the unquiet mind; her great university busied itself with matters whose utility could be tested and proved on earth. Nevertheless, in earlier times Italy had contributed very eminent personages to the inner group of the most illustrious theologians, Anselm, archbishop of Canterbury, and Peter Lombard, author of the *Book of Sentences*. And in our century Italy presents to Christendom two others, the Dominican friar Thomas Aquinas and the Franciscan friar Bonaventura, who now rank next after the four greatest doctors of the Latin Church, Jerome, Ambrose, Augustine, and Gregory. These two men did their part in contemporary history, and by their intimate relations with the University of Paris added new strength to the ties that bound Italy to France. There had long been close connection between the Roman Church in Italy and the University of Paris; scholarly young clerks from all over Italy went to Paris for their final theological education as a matter of course. Many popes of our century had read theology there; but Thomas Aquinas and Bonaventura, by their great celebrity as Masters at the University of Paris, emphasize the general turning of Italy towards France, and it happened, as if on purpose to throw this attitude into bolder relief, that they were appointed Masters only a few years before the election of the French pope, Urban IV.

Thomas was born in 1225 near Aquino in The Kingdom. He was son to the high-born count Landulf of Aquino, and nearly related to the imperial

family as well as to the royal houses of France, Aragon, and Castile. He went to school at Monte Cassino and then, still very young, to the University of Naples, which the Emperor Frederick had lately founded. He joined the Order of St. Dominic; and at the age of twenty, having given proof of his intellectual abilities, he set out northward to study under the great Dominican philosopher, Albertus Magnus, at Cologne. Subsequently he went to Paris, made the acquaintance of Bonaventura, took part in the famous controversy between the friars and the University, and in 1257, together with Bonaventura, received the degree of Master. His life was mainly a scholar's life, studying, teaching, writing.

The philosophical atmosphere, in which Aquinas found himself when he went to Paris as a young man, was different from what it had been in the twelfth century. Then there was a great disputation, as if the ghosts of Plato and Aristotle, fantastically disguised, were hurtling in mid-air, over a matter that was partly a matter of logic and partly of the nature of cognition. That question is known as the controversy over *universals*, that is over the nature of general ideas. What are general ideas, what are genera and species, man or animal for instance? Do these collective nouns represent any reality apart from the objects that they concern? Have they an existence of their own, or are they mere abstract thoughts? This question met every student on the threshold of knowledge. Right in the middle of his path lay the syllogism: "Socrates is a man, a man is mortal, Socrates is a mortal." Socrates is a reality;

but what of the predicate? Is man a reality or not? If not, how can we say a reality is something that is not real, and hope to advance in knowledge? So philosophers divided. Some said that general ideas have a real existence of their own apart from individual things, others denied this and said that general ideas were mere convenient abstractions of thought; others occupied intermediate positions. The extreme believers in the reality of these ideas are called realists, their antagonists who say they are mere names, nominalists, while of the intermediate thinkers some are called moderate realists, some conceptualists.

By the time Aquinas and Bonaventura went to Paris this controversy, though it left behind questions about form and matter, and how what is universal becomes individual, had been pushed into the background by other interests, more especially by the recovery of many of Aristotle's works. The earlier philosophers only knew two of his treatises on logic; but now his other treatises on logic, also the Metaphysics, Physics, De Anima, Moral Philosophy, and Politics, had become known. Some were translated direct from the Greek; some came by way of Arabian scholars, trailing clouds of comment. These books at once took rank as an authoritative source of knowledge by the side of the Bible and the Fathers. It was as much the mark of a darkened mind to controvert a statement by Aristotle as to doubt a verse of the Bible; excepting where the Bible, as in the doctrine of creation, contradicted Aristotle. The affair of philosophy was to combine

these two great sources of truth, the Bible, divinely revealed truth, and Aristotle, truth revealed by reason, into one great whole. This is the task to which Thomas Aquinas girded himself with what seemed to his contemporaries, and has seemed to the Roman Catholic Church ever since, such brilliant success. He has set forth in extraordinarily clear, thorough, and precise terms, the united mass of Christian dogma and Aristotelian fact and logic.

His hypotheses (though to speak of the fabric of his cogitation as less real than the very heart of reality seems impertinent) constitute a great palace and royal garden, a sort of theological Versailles: the palace methodically designed, in long series of rooms and chambers, the park laid out in formal magnificence, each part, each division, each detail, following on in logical, almost mathematical, precision. Everything is charted, plotted, arranged, precept upon precept, line upon line, all in accordance with the fundamental plan. But for those of us who find no king, no royal government lodged within, who perceive only a lonely, deserted, monument of the past, what has it for us? What indeed? Bonaventura, who fixes his gaze out beyond the boundaries of logic, still keeps a place of influence over us; but Thomas has ranged himself with those who sound the boundless deep with plummet lines of reason and dogma. He did not doubt but that he knew "where light dwelleth and as for darkness where is the place thereof."

Thomas wrote many famous books: long comments on Aristotle, on the Posterior Analytics, the Physics, Ethics, Metaphysics, and others of Aris-

totle's works, a great number of theological tracts, treatises against Averroës, against the Greek schismatics, comments on books of the Bible, on the *Book of Sentences*, and more familiarly known than these, the *Summa Catholicæ Fidei contra Gentiles*. But, of them all, the greatest is the *Summa Theologiæ*, the accepted exposition of Roman Catholic theology, one of the books that ranks among the master accomplishments of the human mind, by the side of Shakespeare's plays, Bacon's works, Goethe's Werke, the Homeric poems, and such.

This *Summa Theologiæ*, this theological Versailles, is a very wonderful construction. It is divided into *Parts;* each part into scores or hundreds of *Quæstiones* (topics for investigation), and each *quæstio* into articles. Each article deals with a theological proposition. The *Pars Prima*, the First Part, concerns the Godhead, its attributes and nature, the three persons, the creation, angels and men. The Second Part is itself divided into two parts, called the First Part of the Second, and the Second Part of the Second; the first division considers the end of man, the passions, sins, theological and moral virtues, the gifts of the spirit, law and grace; the second division considers faith, intellect, knowledge, disbelief, heresy, apostasy, blasphemy, hope, fear, despair, charity. The Third Part concerns itself with the redemption, the incarnation and the sacraments. In each topic for investigation, each *quæstio*, a subject for discussion is propounded: such as, for instance, the second *quæstio* in the First Part, entitled *De deo, an deus sit*, Concerning God, does

He exist? This *quæstio* is subdivided into three articles, (1) Is God's existence self-evident? (2) Is God's existence capable of proof? (3) Does God exist? Here, as everywhere, Thomas turns for a solution to the arguments of Aristotle and the authority of Holy Writ or of the Fathers. Let us look at this third article, as if we were following a guide in the palace of Versailles, and had stopped for a moment before one of Horace Vernet's battlepieces. In this way we shall see his method. The process of argument is invariable; the same order of presentment, the same marshalling, the same array, of ideas and theories. First, an incorrect theory is put forward, this is the enemy's battle array, as the Mamelukes before the battle of the Pyramids: *videtur, there is this theory.* The authority for it is given; and then with a *moreover*, the enemy's second line is displayed. Sometimes there are a series of *moreovers.* Then the contrary, or true, doctrine is briefly set forth; as the guide might point, "Here are Napoleon and his staff." Next Thomas pronounces his argument in support of the true doctrine, with his marshalled authorities, and follows up his main argument with a series of separate answers to the original false proposition and its supporting *moreovers*, as if Kléber, Desaix, Ney, and Murat were leading their separate corps into action against special bodies of the enemy.

Article III

Concerning God, does He exist?

It seems (this is of course the false position) that God doth not exist. Because (I summarize the arguments), suppose that there are two contraries and one of them is infinite, then there is no place for its contrary; therefore that must have been reduced to nothing, utterly annihilated; for instance, good and its contrary, evil. As God is infinitely good, there is no room for evil, there can be no evil; but obviously this is not true, there is evil, therefore there cannot be an infinite contrary, God.

Moreover: There is no necessity to postulate a God. Everything can be accounted for without such an hypothesis; nature and man's volition between them, are sufficient causes to account for all phenomena.

But (here comes the true argument) opposed to this theory stands Holy Writ, Exodus III, 14, "I am that I am."

God's existence may be proved in five ways.

(1) (The argument based on motion.) Things move, but nothing can be moved without some motor power. Behind each motor power we find another, and another and another, until we come to the original unmoved, moving principle, God.

(2) (The argument based on cause.) Things do not cause themselves; we are forced to go back, from cause to cause, to a First Cause, God.

(3) (The argument based on the chain of neces-

sity.) It is necessary to postulate something necessary of itself without being necessitated by something outside of itself, and this source of necessity in others is God.

(4) (The argument based on degrees.) Take goodness. One thing is better than another, and its superiority consists in its approaching that which is best nearer than the inferior thing; so there must be a best. And, that quality in a genus which is most generic is the cause of that genus. There is therefore a best which is the cause of goodness in all good things, and that best is God.

(5) (The argument from the adaptation of nonrational nature to a desirable end.) In nature things without rational intelligence tend towards a good end; they must therefore be directed by some thinking director, as an arrow by an archer. This thinking director is God.

To the first incorrect argument the answer is: God, as St. Augustine says, permits evil in order that good may come of it. To the second incorrect argument the answer is: it is necessary to go behind nature, to go behind human volition, and reduce causes to one first cause, and so forth.

In this way the great theologian proceeds with the vast dogmatic edifice dedicated to God. *Quæstio* succeeds *quæstio* upon His perfection, His kindness, His infinity, His immutability, His eternity. Then come, On the Knowledge of God, On Truth, On God's will, His love, His justice, His mercy, On predestination, On the procession of the divine per-

sons, On the substance and nature of Angels, On demons, On man, soul and body, On the faculties of the soul, On the understanding, the senses, volition, free-will, On the state of innocence, On the creation of woman, Is Paradise a place? Do Angels talk to one another? Point by point, the universe, Creator and creation, is expounded in the light of revealed religion and with regard to the one true concern of man, the salvation of his soul.

This is a cold unfriendly way to feel after walking about the grounds of the great park, *tapis vert*, *allée royale*, *terrasses*, after proceeding from gravelled path to gravelled path, from parterre to parterre, from vista to vista, after tramping through the royal halls and chambers of this great palace of mediæval thought. And if we let loose the reins of imagination, or if we believe the Roman Catholic Faith, and regard theology as Thomas Aquinas, as Bonaventura, as the masters and students of the University of Paris, regarded it, we should not see a deserted palace, kingless and queenless. We should behold a vision of Theology, the Queen of sciences, that would outrival, as the sun the stars, the Queen of France, when Burke saw her at Versailles: "Surely never lighted on this orb, which she scarcely seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in — glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour and joy."

In the *Summa Theologiæ* Thomas discusses *Beatitude* as the end of man. In one sense that end of

man is God; in another, it is the attainment of that end, the consummation of salvation; that attainment lies in the knowledge of God, and that knowledge is the intellectual vision of God. These *Quæstiones Partis Primæ Secundæ* are cold intellectual conceptions to us; but how did Dante regard them? The whole *Divine Comedy* is a great burst of song to tell how Beatrice, the bringer of beatitude, — Theology, Divine Revelation — brought him, an errant human soul, to a vision of God. And how did Theology look; Virgil tells how she appeared to him in Limbo (*Inf.* II, 52–58): —

Io era tra color, che son sospesi,
e donna mi chiamò beata e bella,
tal che di comandare io la richiesi.
Lucevan gli occhi suoi più che la stella;
e cominciommi a dir soave e piana
con angelica voce, in sua favella:
"O anima cortese";

I was among those, who are in suspense,
And a lady called me, so blessed and beautiful,
That I begged her to command me.
Her eyes shone brighter than the stars,
And she began to say, soft and low,
With voice angelical, in her language:
"O courteous soul."

And to Dante in the terrestrial paradise, she appeared like the rising sun through rosy clouds (*Purg.* XXX, 28–33): —

così dentro una nuvola di fiori,
che dalle mani angeliche saliva
e ricadeva in giù dentro e di fuori,
sopra candido vel cinta d' oliva
donna m' apparve, sotto verde manto,
vestita di color di fiamma viva;

So, within a cloud of flowers,
Which from hands angelic arose
And fell back again within, without,
Crowned with olive over a white veil,
A lady appeared to me, in colour of living fire
Arrayed, under a green mantle.

Finally Theology (for we must always remember that Beatrice is she) led him to the empyrean; saints prayed, Mary interceded, and his soul having travelled the long road of salvation, approached God face to face (*Par.* XXXIII).

O abbondante grazia, ond' io presunsi
ficcar lo viso per la luce eterna
tanto che la veduta vi consunsi!
. . . . . .
A quella luce cotal si diventa,
che volgersi da lei per altro aspetto
è impossibil che mai si consenta.
Però che il ben, ch' è del volere obbietto,
tutto s' accoglie in lei, e fuor di quella
è diffetivo ciò che lì è perfetto.

O abounding grace, by which I dared
To fix my gaze on the eternal light,
So that I spent all sight therein!
. . . . . .
At that light such doth a man become,
That to turn from it for another sight,
Is impossible; consent would never be.
For the good, which is the object of the will,
Is therein wholly gathered, and outside of it
Is imperfect that which there is perfect.

Here the palace of Versailles is ablaze in all its glory, and the Queen, glittering like a morning star, leads all her company, both great and lowly, to the highest reaches of the soul. Dante could express theo-

logy in poetry: but Thomas with his intellect, with his perseverance, with his steady gait and clear vision, stated what he could in *quæstiones* and articles; and he, if not a poet himself, is in great measure the means by which Beatrice Portinari, the Florentine maiden, became the Beatrice of the *Divine Comedy*, for the thoughts which he planted sprouted like rich seed in Dante's meditating mind, and flowered not only in the *Divine Comedy*, but earlier also in the *Convivio* and the *Vita Nuova*. "Love," Dante says, "truly taken and subtly considered, is naught else than a spiritual union of the soul and of the thing beloved." So the thoughts of this laborious, high-thinking, speculative scholar, live not only in their own mighty folios, but in immortal poetry.

Thomas's life, though devoted to scholastic philosophy, was not inactive. Pope Urban IV, who was much interested in things of the mind, called him to Italy; he went, and lectured on Aristotle in Rome or in the neighbouring towns where the Curia resided — Perugia, Orvieto, Viterbo, Anagni — during the stormy years before the final overthrow of the Hohenstaufens. Then we hear of him in Paris again; and from there he was called back to Naples by King Charles to teach in the university. During these last years of his life he was at work on the *Summa Theologiæ*, and the third division was partly finished when Pope Gregory X bade him attend the second Council of Lyons. On his way there he fell ill; he stopped at the monastery of Fossanova, and there, among the pointed Gothic arches that reminded

him of his laborious youth, spent in the schools of Paris hard by Notre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle, he died on March 7th, 1274. A story, begotten of the envenomed credulity of the Ghibellines, asserted that he was poisoned at the instigation of King Charles. Dante tells the story as true, Giovanni Villani repeats it as hearsay; but there is no truth in it.

So long as theology shall rest upon the Bible, the Fathers, and Aristotle, so long will Thomas Aquinas stand without a rival; and if theology shall forsake her old truths and seek new, she will still be unable to attain a higher conception of felicity than that which Thomas sets forth in *quæstio* and article, and his pupil Dante in *terza rima*.

CHAPTER VII

SAINT BONAVENTURA (1221–1274)

Io son la vita di Bonaventura
da Bagnoregio, che nei grandi offici
sempre posposi la sinistra cura.

Par. XII, 127–29.

I am the life of Bonaventura
Of Bagnoregio, who in great offices
Always put behind the wrong-directing cares.

BONAVENTURA cannot rank with Thomas Aquinas as a theologian, but to some persons he is more sympathetic; he belongs to the class of minds which turn to Plato, to poetical imaginings, to mystical hope, rather than to that which stands upon the experience of the senses and the processes of reasoning. The Church has dealt with both men evenly and proudly; she has canonized both, and has bestowed on Thomas Aquinas the title of the Angelic Doctor and on Bonaventura that of Seraphic Doctor. Nevertheless Thomas as a theologian is far more systematic and complete. Students in seminaries on their way to the priesthood burn their lamps till the small hours over St. Thomas; they study him from Bombay to Quebec; but if there be among them lonely souls, troubled by an unintelligible world, who need to feel the touch of a divine hand, they shall do better to turn to Bonaventura, for he, at times at least, lays aside all attempt to keep his pupils in the path that leads to God by reasonings from Aristotle,

and bids them follow love. He fixes his mind on God, and forgets all else. True virtue, he says, is love of God, and the capacity to love God is the highest grace that man has received. Notwithstanding his scholastic training and long discipline at the schools of Paris, Bonaventura in his heart of hearts cared little for reason as the means to salvation; he was too good a Franciscan. His body rested on its knees, and his soul, set free by prayer and contemplation, gazed upon the glory of God.

Bonaventura was born in Bagnoregio, a little hill-top town south of Orvieto, in 1221. In infancy he fell very ill, but his mother called upon Francis of Assisi for help, and he got well. According to the legend, Francis on learning of the success of his intervention cried, "Buona ventura, good luck," and thereupon this pleasant cry supplanted the boy's original name of John Fidanza. It seems likely, however, that Bonaventura got the name when he became a Franciscan. He joined the Order at the age of seventeen, and a few years later was sent to pursue his studies at the Franciscan school in Paris. He was there during the stormy opening of the pontificate of Innocent IV, and received his degree as bachelor the year of the First Council of Lyons. Three years later he obtained the diploma that conferred upon him the right to teach; he then devoted himself to an elaborate comment on the *Book of Sentences* of Peter Lombard, a famous work, which, until supplanted by St. Thomas's *Summa Theologiæ*, was the standard authority on dogmatic theology. All theological students studied it. It is

divided into four books: On the Nature of God; On the Creation; On the Incarnation and the Redemption; On the Sacraments. In expounding this great classic Bonaventura fills several folio volumes. His exposition is strange reading; one can scarce imagine how men could have found any semblance of reality in this fantastic palace of metaphor which he has built upon the poetry of the Bible. Nothing, perhaps — neither Joachim's exposition of the Apocalypse, nor Bro. Hugo's interpretation of Joachim — will show us better how far away we of to-day are from the philosophy and theology of that time than a citation from the opening of Bonaventura's comment:

"'He searcheth the depths of the rivers and bringeth the things that are hidden to light.' (Vulgate.) This verse taken from the 28th chapter of the Book of Job, verse 11, diligently pondered upon, enables us to get an inkling of the fourfold nature of cause in the *Book of Sentences*, to wit: material, formal, efficient and final. The material cause is indicated in the word *rivers*, the formal cause in *searching the depths*, the final cause in the *revelation of hidden things*, while the efficient cause is found in the implication of the two verbs, *searcheth out* and *bringeth to light*.

"The material cause implied in the word *rivers* is in the plural and not in the singular, because it embraces the matter of the four separate books by themselves as well as the subject in general of the whole work. Let us note that the properties of the *material river* are fourfold, and therefore, to correspond, the *spiritual river* is fourfold; and that is the subject

with which the *Book of Sentences*, following this fourfold division, busies itself.

"When I consider the material river as to duration I find that it is perpetual; for, as Isidore of Seville says, a river is in perpetual flux. When I consider it as to extension I find width; for width distinguishes a river from a brook. When I consider it as motion, I find circulation; as is said in the first chapter of Ecclesiastes, 'Unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again.' When I consider the effect, I find cleansing; for the river by its flow of water cleanses the lands through which it runs.

"All who use allegories base them upon some similarity: here the metaphor follows a fourfold similarity. The river will be found to have a fourfold significance in spiritual matters, as we learn from the Bible.

"First: the river, on account of its *perpetuity* is said to be an emanation from the Trinity, since only an emanation from such a source is without beginning and without end. Of this river Daniel says (Vulgate, chap. VII, 9–10): 'The Ancient of Days did sit . . . and a rapid, fiery river came forth from his countenance.' The *Ancient of Days* is the Eternal Father, whose ancientness is eternity. The Ancient *sits*, because in him is not only eternity but immutability. The *rapid fiery river came forth from his countenance*, that is from the sublimity of His divinity proceeded the plenitude of love, and the plenitude of virtue: the plenitude of virtue being in the Son, the river was rapid, and the plenitude of love being in the Holy Ghost, the river was fiery."

Proceeding in this fashion, Bonaventura says that the *width* of the river signifies the production of temporal things, its *circulation* the Incarnation, and its *cleansing* property the dispensation of the sacraments.

It might seem that these allegories were divided into sets of four merely for convenience, that the correspondence discovered between the words of the Bible and theological dogmas was a mere expedient for bringing religious matters vividly to the mind; but Bonaventura attaches to these things a deeper significance. In this fourfold grouping he sees a true relation, in these allegories some mystical revelation. Perhaps the doctrine that general ideas are real in themselves affected his way of thinking and bestowed a weird reality in his eyes upon what seem to us fantastic conceits of the imagination; or, perhaps, these queer interpretations are the necessary consequence when a mystical spirit comes back from the white radiance of eternity to the many-coloured dome of life. When schoolmen mounted on the wings of allegory, trope, and anagoge, they soared high above the regions of common sense.

His other works are the *Breviloquium*, a brief treatise on theology, *De Reductione Artium ad Theologiam*, Upon bringing the Arts back to Theology, commentaries on sundry books of the Old and New Testaments, tracts in defence of the Brothers Minor, short mystical writings, and a large collection of sermons. The Sermons deal either with dogma or with amazing allegorical interpretations of Biblical texts. Bonaventura was profoundly im-

bued with the truth of his ideas. For him this world with its facts (as we call them) was but a small portion of the great reality of creation. Beyond this mortal life was the everlasting reality of human souls expiating their ill deeds or enjoying beatitude; and ranged in Heaven before their Creator stood Angels, Archangels, Principalities, Powers, Virtues, Dominations, Thrones, Cherubim and Seraphim. What was the world of sense in comparison with this great universe beyond the reach of our perceptions? And even in this world, are not the realities of ecstasy (in spite of lip service rendered to Aristotle) more solid than anything else that we possess? Bonaventura, in his heart of hearts, would have answered, yes.

Bonaventura was a mystic, or at least a transcendental philosopher; if we were to charge Emerson's high Platonic musings with superstitious colour and religious warmth, we should find much of Bonaventura there. In his philosophy as in that of the old Hebrew prophets, or of the modern Persian seer, Abdul Baha, "the root of all knowledge is the knowledge of God." "Primum omnium necesse habes, anima mea, altissime, piissime, et sanctissime de optimo Deo sentire,— The first necessity of all, O my soul, is to feel highly, devoutly and holily about the all-good God."

The Church has never quite approved of mysticism, for mysticism, in its essence, is the direct communion between the soul and God, and the mystic has little need of priest or ritual; therefore she prefers to dwell on the other sides of Bonaventura's

character. And it is true that Bonaventura does not lay stress upon direct communion with God; but in his treatise *De Triplice Via* he points out a road to God that leads neither by way of priest or church. On the contrary the way lies by purification, illumination, perfection; on the true comprehension of this hangs life everlasting. For this threefold way we need three aids, — meditation, prayer, contemplation; to turn our minds within we need the prick of conscience; we must torment ourselves by the memory of past sins; we must spur ourselves on by thinking of what is to come. By painful effort and by the grace of God we progress. The whole journey along the threefold road is strangely involved with the mystical number three. And besides his transcendental philosophy, Bonaventura had a certain tinge of the early Franciscan spirit: "Omnis conscientia munda læta est et jucunda — every clean soul is light-hearted and gay." If his philosophy has little or no pragmatic value for us, it had a great deal for him, and enabled him to walk through difficult places and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

The first event that disturbed the even tenor of the scholar's way was the fierce attack upon the mendicant orders by the University of Paris. William of Saint Amour led on the secular clerks. They pounced upon Brother Gerard's unfortunate book, "The Introduction to the Everlasting Gospel," and denounced the friars roundly. John of Parma, then minister-general of the Franciscans tried to smooth matters, but jealousy, envy, and malice were already afoot. William of Saint Amour published his scathing

De Periculis novissimorum temporum. Thomas Aquinas and Bonaventura answered. Thomas Aquinas, Albertus Magnus, and John of Parma went to Anagni to lay the matter before Pope Alexander IV. The libellous book was declared unjust, wicked, execrable; William of Saint Amour was punished; quiet was restored; and in the following year, perhaps as one of the terms of peace between the contending factions, Bonaventura and Thomas Aquinas were created Masters of the University of Paris.

Almost immediately after this disturbance Bonaventura was called away from his university career to become minister-general of the Francisan Order. At the chapter held at Rome in 1257, John of Parma was forced out of office by the lax brethren. Nevertheless he was consulted as to his successor: "Father, you have gone about among the Order, you know the ways of the brothers and what sort of men they are; pick out a fit brother for us to appoint in your place for this work." John answered that in the whole Order he knew no one who was better than Bonaventura. John was right; Bonaventura belonged to the highest type of friar and scholar. He loved justice and hated iniquity. His conversation was kind and gentle; he was tall of stature, of noble presence, and handsome of feature, though his expression was serious; indeed it was said that "his appearance can only be described as that of an angel sent from heaven," and that "this grace the Lord had granted him that whosoever looked on him was forthwith irresistibly drawn to love him." His teacher at the University, the eminent Franciscan philosopher, Al-

exander of Hales, is reported to have said, "It seems that in him Adam hath not sinned." And after his death, one of the brothers (a friend of Salimbene's) whenever he thought of him, of his great learning and all his gracious ways, used from the very sweetness of the memory to burst into tears. Clement IV heaped praises upon him.

Bonaventura was a very proper choice for minister-general because he belonged to neither of the extreme factions in the Order. His health did not permit him to practise austerity, but he had great sympathy with very simple living. One of the zealots heard him say that, from the day when he was elected general, there had never been a moment when he was not ready to be ground to powder, for the sake of keeping the Order to the standard of purity and strictness that St. Francis and his companions had set before themselves. On the other hand Bonaventura was a great scholar and on that score sympathized with the worldly party. As general he followed a via media, but insisted upon the simple ideals of the Order. Almost immediately after his election he sent a letter to the provincial ministers which shows his purpose to hold the Order to a simple life and take from the zealots all justification for their fanatical conduct: —

"I ask myself why the splendour of our Order is become dim, why its outside is not fair and why its spirit within has lost the sheen of its brightness. One reason lies in the mass of business we have taken upon ourselves; that is why we ask eagerly for money, the great enemy of our Order's poverty, why we

receive it unwisely, and use it still less wisely. Another reason is, that some brethren give themselves up to idleness, the cause of all disorderliness; many, steeped in this vice, choose a mongrel condition that has nothing in common either with the active life or with the contemplative life, and drink cruelly the blood of souls. Another reason is, that very many go on useless journeys for their bodies' sake, live at the cost of those who receive them; their example, far from edifying, is the scandal of souls. Another reason is, that our demands are so importunate that travellers are as afraid to meet a Brother Minor as they are to meet a robber. Another reason is, that we build rich and sumptuous edifices; this troubles the peace of the Order; we become a burden to our friends, and expose ourselves to the harsh judgment of the world. Another reason is, that we mix too generally in society, which the rule forbids; this gives rise to suspicion, disrespect and scandal. Another reason is, that various tasks are unwisely conferred on brothers who lack experience, little disciplined in body, little tempered of soul, till burdens are put on them that they can scare bear. Another reason is, that we eagerly covet bequests and burials, and thereby excite the jealousy of clerks, especially of priests. Another reason is the frequent costly alterations in our houses; this vexes the neighbourhood, causes trouble, breaks the rule of poverty, and exposes us to the charge of inconstancy. And finally, there are our endless superfluities; the brothers are not content with little, and the charity of the world grows cool towards them. We are

become a burden to all, and we shall be still more of a burden, unless we apply a prompt remedy to this state of things." He gave fair warning that he would enforce discipline. Nevertheless the zealots were not content. No via media seemed to them tolerable; they would not abate one jot or tittle of the founder's rule. They became greatly indignant when John of Parma was brought to trial for heresy. Cardinal Orsini (afterwards Pope Nicholas III) and Bonaventura sat in judgment. On the trial John declared that he believed in the tenets of the Church and the teachings of the saints; Cardinal Ottobuono dei Fieschi (afterwards Pope Hadrian V) wrote very strong letters in his defence; and John was acquitted. The zealots were not appeased, they charged that during the trial Bonaventura said one thing to the prisoner's face and another thing behind his back; but it is impossible to read even a little of Bonaventura's nine folio volumes and not feel that such a charge is highly unjust.

Bonaventura's last distinguished public service was rendered at the Second Council of Lyons. Pope Gregory X, who, it is said, owed his election to Bonaventura's influence with the cardinals, leaned upon his counsels. He was created cardinal and was called to aid in the great purpose of reuniting the schismatic Greeks to the Roman See. To the good Pope and to Bonaventura, even if a few grains of political leaven entered in, this reconciliation was a matter of religion. And when news was brought from the two papal ambassadors to Greece, Jerome of Ascoli and Bonagratia, both destined to become

ministers-general of the Franciscan Order, that the Greeks had yielded, the Pope hurriedly called the prelates together to render thanks in the cathedral of St. John, the great church in which Frederick II had been excommunicated. Bonaventura preached the sermon of the reconciliation. He took as his text, "Arise, O Jerusalem, and stand on high, and look about toward the east and behold thy children gathered from the west unto the east by the word of the Holy One, rejoicing in the remembrance of God (Baruch v, 5)." He preached once again before the Council, but his course was run. He died on July 15, 1274, some three months after Thomas Aquinas. Everybody mourned him. Cardinal Peter of Tarentaise, afterwards Innocent V, preached his funeral sermon: "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women." (2 Sam. i, 26.)

It seems to be agreed that Bonaventura is on the whole a backward-looking spirit, that he has more in common with the twelfth-century philosophers than with his contemporaries, Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas. That perhaps need not discourage us, and yet the ordinary reader to-day will get little help from Bonaventura's philosophy. We cannot sympathize with his conceptions of deity, his theories of the fall of man, of the redemption, of the sacraments and the symbolic character of visible creation; for we have gone back to prechristian days and agree with the Greek poet that "the more man seeketh to know the mysteries of the gods, the more

shall he miss knowledge." But if we disregard Bonaventura's expositions and allegorical interpretations, we can enjoy the sweet exhalation of his spirit. He fails to prove, unless it be for those who accept the full tale of his premises, anything at all; but his faith, and the faith of such as he, that there is a God, whose essence is perfect goodness, even if such faith be emotional rather than intellectual, and bear no knowable relation to realities, seems to cast a light in this transitory world and to help us see where to plant our feeble feet.

CHAPTER VIII

FROM NICHOLAS III TO BONIFACE VIII (1280–1295)

Thou hast forsaken the fountain of wisdom. For if thou hadst walked in the way of God, thou shouldst have dwelt in peace forever. — Baruch, III, 12–13.

THE policy of the Papacy seemed doomed to flow and ebb as if it were under the sway of an inconstant moon. The clear-sighted statesman, Pope Nicholas, had set in order the household over which he had been appointed steward; the Empire, no longer a rival but "ready at the nod of the spiritual power to draw the sword and sheathe it," had renounced Romagna and confirmed the old imperial grants of the other papal provinces; King Charles had been turned out of his high offices in Rome and Tuscany, and reduced to the position of a mere vassal king, as ordained by the terms of the original agreement between him and Pope Clement; and the likeliest method had been taken to secure a continuance of this independent policy by adding nine cardinals to the college (which had shrunk to seven), of whom six were Italians, three in very close sympathy with the Pope, and but one a Frenchman. And yet Nicholas's death was followed by one of those revulsions to which papal policy has been so often subject.

The election was again held in Viterbo where one of the Orsini family, Orso, was podestà. There were

two factions in the college; one may be called the Italian party, headed by the two Orsini cardinals, the other King Charles's party, led by the French cardinals and by friends of the Anibaldi, rivals of the Orsini. King Charles did not hesitate to go to great lengths in order to secure a Pope satisfactory to him. He intrigued with the Anibaldi, who were furious at having been supplanted in Rome; one of them forced Orso Orsini out of office, took upon himself the supervision of the conclave, broke into the episcopal palace at the head of a mob, seized the two Orsini cardinals and locked them up. This violence cowed the Italian party and secured the election of a Frenchman, Cardinal Simon de Brie, who took the title, Martin IV.

The new Pope was one of the distinguished group of Frenchmen who had been created cardinals by Urban IV. He had been councillor and keeper of the seal to King Louis IX, and treasurer of St. Martin's in Tours; affection for this patron saint probably decided him in the choice of pontifical name. As cardinal his most conspicuous services had been rendered in closing the negotiations with King Charles while Count of Anjou; he had also sat in judgment upon affairs of the University of Paris during the great quarrel between the regular professors and the mendicant orders, and he had been charged with the duty of preaching the crusade of 1270, in which King Louis lost his life. Altogether his experience, as well as his interest, had been centred in France. It is commonly said that Martin was a mere tool in the hands of King Charles. But it is possible,

and indeed highly likely that, from the time of his first embassies under Pope Clement, he had approved the policy of exalting the King, that he believed the best course for the Church and for Italy was to strengthen the Guelf party and put Charles at its head. The opposite policy, of maintaining neutrality between Guelf and Ghibelline, pursued by the two Italian Popes, Gregory X and Nicholas III, had not proved permanently successful; in spite of embraces and peace-makings, they had not been able to reconcile the hostile parties. Such a policy merely kept alive Ghibelline hopes and the flames of mischief. In Martin's judgment the Guelf supremacy must be assured, and that could only be done by giving preponderant power to King Charles. Danger from the Ghibellines was not wholly past; Guido da Montefeltro was a power in Romagna, William of Montferrat was trying to conquer all Lombardy, King Pedro of Aragon by right of his marriage with Princess Constance, Manfred's daughter, kept fresh whatever was left of Hohenstaufen claims. Besides, Charles, with his possessions in Albania, Epirus, and Achaia, and his title to the Kingdom of Jerusalem, was the main stay on which all hopes of a new crusade rested. Different minds reach different conclusions even when they start from the same premises; and Martin had reasonable ground for honestly and conscientiously adopting a strong Guelf and Angevin policy.

Most Ghibellines judged Martin severely; but Dante puts him in Purgatory, and the Guelf historian, Giovanni Villani, speaks of him with great respect:

"he was of humble extraction but a man of large soul and of great courage in Church affairs; and he had no greed of gain either for himself or for his relations; when his brother came to see him as Pope, he sent him straight back to France, with scanty presents, only paying his expenses, and telling him that the papal riches belonged to the Church and not to him." In these respects he was very much like his countryman, Clement IV; and Villani's testimony strengthens the natural conjecture that an intimate counsellor of Saint Louis must have been a good man, even if his policy was not what many Italian patriots would have wished. It must be remembered that the Papacy had not yet become a purely Italian institution, and an attempt to make French influence predominant, though it might give offence to Germans or Italians, was, if I may use the term, perfectly constitutional.

Whether from principle, or from the instinct of a moderate man who willingly leans upon a more self-confident nature, Pope Martin did what the King wished. The Romans, following the precedent established by Nicholas III, conferred upon the Pope the right to appoint the Senator; and the Pope appointed King Charles, who again established his vicars to represent him on the Capitol. Martin also appointed many of the King's French followers as governors in Romagna and other provinces of the Church; and further, acting in complete sympathy with the Angevin policy, he excommunicated the wily Greek, Palæologus, and thereby removed the bar that protected him from the King's ambition.

It is more than likely that the Roman Curia under Gregory X and Nicholas III, in its acceptance of the Greek Emperor's protestations, had not been uninfluenced by the desire to embarrass Charles; and Martin, if he rejected those protestations out of a desire to further Charles's projects, is not more to be blamed than they. But it is also likely that he realized that Palæologus was making fools of them all, and believed that a second Latin occupation of Constantinople was the only way to secure the permanent submission of the Greek church to the Holy See. Whatever the motives, the result of this new papal policy was to make King Charles in substance master of all Italy as far north as the river Po, and to smooth the path for his eastern ambitions.

However, the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley, and the politics of Italy again veered with sudden change. After Nicholas with boldness and dexterity had fenced his royal vassal roundabout with confinement and limitation, and after Pope Martin had undone all that Nicholas had accomplished, had restored the King to his former proud position in Italy and had opened the door to his oriental dreams, suddenly Sicily burst into revolt and pulled out one of the foundation pillars of the King's fortune. While Charles was making ready for his long-planned expedition against Constantinople and had set his face full of hope and bright ambition towards the rising sun, the hot Sicilians flew to arms and massacred the Frenchmen in the island. The immediate cause of these Sicilian Vespers (March, 1282), according to the story, was an insult

proffered to a girl by a French soldier at a festal gathering outside Palermo, when all the people were on their way to evening service. Her friends cried out, "Kill them, kill them"; the crowd took up the cry, and proceeded from word to deed most thoroughly. In short space, through death or flight, not a Frenchman was left on the island.

The real causes of the outbreak had long been maturing. In the first place the French were insolent and overbearing; wherever they went they made themselves detested. Salimbene tells their reputation; "The French are very arrogant, fatuous, horrid, damnable; they despise all nations in the world, especially the English and the Lombards, and among Lombards they include all Italians, every one on this side of the Alps. But in truth they deserve to be despised themselves, and they are despised by everybody. . . . After the French have drunk well they think they can conquer the whole world with one blow. So they are very arrogant and oppress the natives of the southern kingdom, as well as the Tuscans and Lombards who live there; they take food without paying for it — wheat, wine, milk, fish, flesh, capons, geese, chickens, everything eatable. And they are not only not satisfied with not paying the people for what they take, but sometimes they *lay on load* and hurt them badly. One instance will make this plain. A certain man, a native of Parma, had a very handsome wife who asked a Frenchman to pay for the geese which she had sold him; he not only refused to pay but even wounded her severely. He hit her one blow so hard that there was no need

of a second, and then asked if she wished him to hit her again. When her husband heard this he was half wild, and no wonder, because up to that time she had been erect and beautiful, but after the blow she was bent crooked all her life."

In the second place, the Angevin rule was oppressive; French taxes, French barons, French soldiers, made a weighty burden. Taxes were heavy in order to raise money for the King's ambitious projects, and the royal officials while attending to their duties doubtless found means to feather their own nests. Many baronies and estates had been confiscated from the defeated partisans of the Hohenstaufens and bestowed upon French Knights; the adjustment of relations between the tenants and their new lords inevitably caused vexation and ill will. The foreign soldiery was probably the greatest evil; King Charles wished to rule justly, but he had learned by the general revolt in 1268 that he must depend on his French and Provençal soldiers; and they took advantage of the situation. They behaved themselves like an army of occupation, squeezing from both gentry and peasants what they could.

Oppression was worse in Sicily than on the mainland. The King's absence, for he had established his court at Naples, gave a looser rein to the predatory instincts of his officials; besides, the King's first concerns were money and supplies, if these came in he was inclined to ask no questions. Good laws, well considered regulations, were of no avail against the insistent needs of the King and the greed of French adventurers. The oppression became too heavy for

the people to bear. But for this, according to the opinion which Dante puts into the mouth of Charles Martel, the descendants of King Charles and of the Emperor Rudolph would have continued to reign in Sicily (*Par.* VIII, 67–75):—

> E la bella Trinacria. . .
> attesi avrebbe li suoi regi ancora,
> nati per me di Carlo e di Ridolfo,
> se mala signoria, che sempre accora
> li popoli suggetti, non avesse
> mosso Palermo a gridar: Mora, Mora.
>
> And beautiful Trinacria. . .
> Would still have been ready to receive its kings,
> Descended through me from Charles and Rudolph,
> Had not bad government, which always stirs
> The heart of subject people, aroused
> Palermo to cry out: Die! Die!

The feelings of anger and revenge awakened by this oppression were worked upon by many malcontents. Native lords who felt themselves wronged, restless spirits who had much to gain and nothing to lose by disturbance, and old partisans of the Hohenstaufens who had been biding their time since Corradino's defeat, were all on tiptoe for a favourable chance to take up arms. Outsiders, as well, had an interest in stirring the Sicilians to revolt. Chief of these was crafty Palæologus who, having long suspected that his profession of the orthodox Roman creed was a frail protection against King Charles's designs, intrigued to set his enemy's house on fire and keep him busy at home. King Pedro of Aragon, though vassal to the Pope, had been making warlike preparations under cover of a crusade, and was ready

to assert his claims as soon as the moment was propitious. It was even rumoured that the crafty Nicholas III had not been a stranger to the plan of weakening King Charles by taking Sicily from him. More active perhaps than any one else was John of Procida, a scholar and a physician, educated, it seems, at Salerno; he had been a person of consequence at Manfred's court, and had taken part in the uprising in favour of Corradino. After the fatal defeat at Tagliacozzo he fled to Queen Constance, wife of King Pedro, and became one of the King's most intimate counsellors. Nevertheless the revolution does not appear to have been started in the interest of King Pedro; for the first act of the revolutionary government was to acknowledge the rights of the Papacy.

Immediately on hearing of the revolt, King Charles made great efforts to reduce the rebels to obedience; but fortune went against him. Ruggiero di Loria, a most skilful admiral, who like John of Procida had taken service at the court of Aragon, defeated the King's eldest son, Charles, Prince of Salerno, in a sea-fight off Naples, and made him prisoner; and in the Spanish peninsula a French campaign against Aragon came to nothing. The King himself gave further proof of the romantic and chivalrous side of his character. Confident in his right, he wished to put the issue between King Pedro and himself to the wager of battle, and challenged his rival to mortal combat. Pedro accepted. Lists were prepared at Bordeaux, an English possession, under the eye of the English King. Charles was ready and eager to prove himself once again God's

champion, but Pedro evaded the meeting, and the issue was left to the arbitrament of war and politics.

It was a foregone conclusion that the House of Anjou would embrace the policy of reconquest; but the Papacy, when it received the tender of allegiance from the revolutionary government, might have taken a different course. Had Nicholas III been sitting on the pontifical throne, he would have held himself free to follow a course of action in accord with the high judicial character of the Papacy, he would have insisted upon the right and duty of the suzerain to examine the affair with consideration, and determine what would be the best policy for all concerned. But Martin was a Frenchman, not an Italian; he had been trained upon the accepted policy of the French party in the Roman Curia, and naturally applied that policy to the situation that confronted him. He refused to listen to the revolutionary leaders, and gave his whole support to King Charles. Indeed, it would have required a man of uncommon courage to do otherwise. The transfer of the southern kingdom from the Hohenstaufens to the House of Anjou was the outcome of a half century of strife that had put the very existence of the Papacy to the hazard; to turn back upon that policy, to acquiesce in the occupation of Sicily by Manfred's heirs, was to admit that the blood and treasure spent so profusely had been spent for nought.

Martin not only continued the traditional French policy but he even attempted to repeat the precedent set by Urban and Clement. Aragon was also a papal fief, its King also had proved a recreant vassal,

false to his feudal allegiance; Martin excommunicated King Pedro, declared him deposed, proclaimed the throne of Aragon vacant, and conferred the right to take it upon a member of the royal house of France, Charles of Valois, younger son to King Philippe le Hardi. This policy once launched concerned most of western Europe, and the Sicilian question became the great international question of European diplomacy. It is not necessary to follow the tedious course of political intrigues, of battles by land and sea, until in the end the papal policy failed completely and Frederick, youngest son of King Pedro, was firmly established on the Sicilian throne.

The Sicilian Vespers is the last serious political revolution of the century. By it Sicily was definitely transferred to the Spanish descendants of King Manfred, while the mainland half of the old kingdom remained in the House of Anjou. The redoubtable warrior, Charles of Anjou, having occupied the forefront of the stage for twenty years, died in 1285, with his great oriental ambitions lying in ruins about him. His son, Charles II, succeeded him, with less ambition and far less character, on the whole a mean man, who trusted to diplomatic intrigues and dynastic marriages rather than to resolution and valour. Dante despised him (*Purg.* xx, 80–81): —

> Veggio vender sua figlia e patteggiarne
> come fanno i corsar dell' altre schiave.
>
> I see him sell his daughter, haggling as
> Corsairs are wont to do with other slaves.

We may leave him vainly trying in his own unworthy fashion to recover his lost Sicily.

Martin followed King Charles to the grave some six weeks later. He died (*Purg.* XXIV, 23–24) of a surfeit of eels cooked in wine, a dish that perhaps stirred an old man's memories of the French cooking of his youth. Martin was succeeded by Honorius IV (1285–87), a member of the great house of Savelli, grand-nephew to Honorius III; and he, in turn, was followed by Nicholas IV (1288–92), Jerome of Ascoli, formerly minister-general of the Franciscan Order. Both were good men and good popes, but there is little for us to record concerning them; nothing of special consequence occurred during their pontificates. They pursued the policy adopted by Pope Martin towards Sicily; they were on friendly terms with the Emperor Rudolph, but that was of no great matter as he never came to Italy; they did their best to assert papal dominion in the Romagna; and in the city of Rome Honorius IV supported his family, the Savelli, whereas Nicholas helped raise the House of Colonna to high estate. Dante does not mention either pope, probably because he knew nothing evil to say of them; and for us their pontificates are like a peaceful but monotonous valley between two periods of bolder and more exciting interest.

After Nicholas IV died the cardinals quarrelled as they had done during the long interregnum after the death of Clement IV. The need of Pope Gregory's stern regulations became more than ever apparent. Two years and three months had passed in shameless wrangling, when one day Cardinal Latino Malabranca, dean of the college and nephew of Nicholas III, announced that a holy man had prophesied

that the wrath of God would fall upon their heads. Cardinal Gaetani asked if it were Pietro da Morrone; Cardinal Latino said, yes; and all fell to talking of the holy man and his extraordinary virtues. Somebody in a mad moment of enthusiasm proposed his election, and they elected him forthwith.

This holy hermit was an old man, near eighty it is said, who lived in a lonely cell among the crags of Mt. Morrone, a mountain in the Abruzzi, in the kingdom of Naples, near the town of Sulmona, where Ovid was born. From his youth he had devoted himself to an ascetic life. The Benedictine monks were not sufficiently cut off from the world to suit him, so he had gone into the wilderness, and lived like the old monks of Egypt. Disciples followed him; he banded them together into a congregation, and from Pope Gregory X, at the Second Council of Lyons, he received official approbation. The fame of this old hermit's austerity, decked with additions of miracles performed, had travelled far and wide; the unlettered multitude was persuaded that he was a saint. To him in their need the quarrelling, distracted, egotistical cardinals turned.

One must remember that the history of the Roman Curia is not merely a tale of wrangling ambitions and worldly policy; there was wrangling and worldliness in superabundance, but more often than not, underneath, deep in their hearts, though covered up by covetousness and self-seeking, lay the desire to do the right, to make the Church fulfil her great missions: to rescue the Holy Land from the Infidel, to bring back the schismatic Greeks into the way of truth, and to save

mankind from the perdition of heresy. At the threshold of these great purposes, the choice of means, especially the choice of Pope, lay shrouded in perplexity. No Anibaldi believed that an Orsini could pilot the bark of St. Peter on the right course, no Orsini was ready to entrust the helm to a Colonna; but once these difficulties were removed by mutual interference, the cardinals showed themselves men of simple faith, longing that the power of righteousness should come to help them. Animated by such a feeling they had chosen the good Gregory X, and now in a flood of self-reproach at their own ambitions, meanness, and little faith, they flung themselves on the fundamental Christian dogma, that the power of a holy life can work miracles. If they had not possessed deep in their hearts this belief, these men of arms and of affairs, Matteo Rubeo Orsini, Jacopo Colonna, Benedetto Gaetani, Latino Malabranca and the rest, would never have yielded to an emotional impulse to put an ignorant, superstitious peasant on the papal throne. The consequences were such as anybody, not possessed by a blind hope that self-mortification is a sovereign qualification for great affairs, must have foreseen.

The deputation of cardinals, hoping perhaps that they were going like the Three Kings towards the dawn of a holy day, climbed the lonely mountain path, approached the cell and on their knees announced their mission. The poor, bewildered, old anchorite, believing that he was heaven's chosen instrument, and that the innocence of a child would serve instead of experience to set all things right,

accepted the great office. His starved, ill-treated, body was clothed with pontifical robes, his foot was kissed, and he was led away in triumph, as Pope Celestine V.

King Charles II saw his opportunity; he and his son Charles Martel, Dante's friend, hurried to the spot, seized with affected humility the reins of the poor old man's ass, and carried their prize to Naples. Celestine was like a timid, fluttering creature of the night suddenly trapped and brought into the blazing light of noon. Unworthy self-seekers surrounded him and preyed upon him; first the crafty King, at whose bidding he created a dozen cardinals, of whom seven were French; then lawyers, scribes, secretaries, heads of departments, subordinates, all seeking their own advantage, who crowded round him, bidding him sign decrees and documents that meant nothing to him; last not least, delighted, superstitious brethren of his Order — Celestini as they called themselves — pressed upon him. The enormous business of the Curia was thrown into hideous confusion; matters that required trained minds and long familiarity were left to greedy self-seekers or to the chance decision of the visionary old hermit. The spectacle of this ignorant, rude peasant on the throne of Nicholas III, of Innocent III, is both comic and tragic to a high degree. A Florentine man-of-letters — not a kindly critic of such a sight — caught a glimpse of him at Naples: "Celestine was walking through one of the rooms of his palace, holding a slice of bread in his hand and occasionally taking a bite of it; he was followed by a servitor who carried a pot of wine,

out of which the Pope drank, saying that bread and wine was the best diet in the world, his mother had told him so." The poor Pope himself felt the impossibility of the situation, and aggravated his own woes by the fear of wrecking the papal government. Murmurs of discontent began to be heard; some of the cardinals openly urged him to resign, telling him that the Church was going to ruin.

The old man prayed and took counsel, first of Jacopone da Todi, a Franciscan friar, of whom we shall hear more, and then of Benedetto Gaetani. This cardinal, a nephew of Alexander IV, came of the noble house of the Gaetani; he was born in Anagni, probably early in the pontificate of Honorius III, and was now an old man. He had had a distinguished career, first as lawyer at the Roman Curia, and then on embassies of great consequence. He had gone on the mission to England with Cardinal Ottobuono dei Fieschi, when that prelate was sent by Alexander IV to offer the crown of Sicily to Prince Edmund. Afterwards he went with another distinguished diplomat, Matteo di Acquasparta, afterwards minister-general of the Franciscans, to disentangle and compose affairs in Provence between the Emperor Rudolph and King Charles of Anjou. He was raised to the cardinalate by Martin IV, and had taken part in matters concerning the thorny Sicilian question. He was a proud churchman, bred upon the decretals of Innocent III and Gregory IX, skilful in affairs, experienced, learned, eloquent, able and astute, but he made the mistake of attaching too much weight to the lawyer's point of view; he could not

believe all the world would not bow to the authority of the canons, once they had been properly expounded. After the death of Cardinal Latino Malabranca, who died soon after the election, Gaetani was the most commanding figure in the Curia, and Celestine attached great weight to his advice. He advised the Pope to resign; others, however, who found their profit in the old man's tenure of office, urged him to stay. The sorry Pope, distracted and miserable, could not endure the situation longer; he issued a decree that it should be lawful for a Pope to resign (for that was a matter hedged about by grave canonical doubts), and then resigned, poor man, little thinking that this escape from the world and the devil, from the pains and burden of an office which his simplicity was undoing, would cause a young poet in Florence to stigmatize him to unnumbered generations as: —

colui
che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto.

One good thing the poor hermit had done, and that was to re-establish the Gregorian laws regulating the conclave. In obedience to these laws the cardinals met after the ten days' time prescribed had elapsed since the resignation. There was no doubt as to the leader among them; Cardinal Gaetani was elected, and took the title Boniface VIII. Villani, the Florentine, says that Gaetani intrigued with King Charles II and made a bargain, that in return for royal support in the conclave he when Pope would make himself useful. Calumny always dogged the Roman Curia and in especial the arro-

gant priest, just elected Pope. It is probable that the story as to a bargain is false. The facts that gave rise to it are merely these: beyond any question Cardinal Gaetani was the best man to undo the evils which Celestine and the long interregnum which preceded him had wrought; and the King must have perceived that a strong man like Gaetani, who accepted the Angevin policy as to the Sicilian question, would be of infinitely more service to him than a feeble, ignorant, and superstitious old hermit. Boniface's strong hand immediately made itself felt; he left Naples, where for a few months the Curia had had a foretaste of the captivity at Avignon, and went back to Rome.

The sad part of the story of the relations between Boniface and Celestine remains to be told. The poor old man had dreamed that resignation would procure him liberty to worship his God on the old familiar mountain, in his beloved cell, with the stars overhead and the winds blowing fresh through the tree tops. But Pope Boniface, his legal mind brooding over the possible defect in his title, decided not to let Celestine wander at large. On the way to Rome the old hermit escaped, got a donkey by the help of a friendly priest, and rode off towards Mt. Morrone. The news that the Pope's men were in pursuit frightened him away from his mountain home; he fled to the seashore, hoping to be able to cross to Dalmatia; but contrary fortune frowned. He was detained; the King's officers arrested him, and delivered him to the Pope. Boniface imprisoned him in a fortress, and built within it (so later his-

torians say), a cell like that in which the old man had lived upon the mountain; there, after nine months' imprisonment, the unhappy hermit died, a victim of the greatness thrust so recklessly upon him. Boniface celebrated a requiem mass in St. Peter's basilica, and issued a bull conferring favours on the Order.

CHAPTER IX

LOMBARDY, ROMAGNA, AND PIEDMONT (1260–1300)

Ahi serva Italia, di dolore ostello,
nave senza nocchiero in gran tempesta!
. . . . . .
ed ora in te non stanno senza guerra
li vivi tuoi, e l' un l' altro si rode
di quei che un muro ed una fossa serra.
Cerca, misera, intorno dalle prode
le tue marine, e poi ti guarda in seno,
se alcuna parte in te di pace gode.

Purg. VI, 76–87.

Oh slavish Italy, the baiting-place of woe,
Ship without pilot in a mighty storm!
. . . . . .
And now within thee, do not stand in peace
Thy citizens, but neighbour neighbour rends
Of those whom one wall and one moat enclose.
Search, wretched land, along thy coasts and shores
And then within thy breast, to see
If any part of thee in peace rejoiceth.

THE political history of Italy at this time is very different from that of other countries of western Europe. In them there were wars, feuds, riots, more than enough; but in Italy the demon of civil strife ranged at will. In other countries the political goal was to centralize the powers of sovereignty and create a nation; monarchy was the means, while the feudal nobility, which was the very embodiment of disunion and disorder, put what obstacles it could in the way. Everywhere but in Italy the monarchical principle maintained itself; the King played off one great feudatory against another or made common cause with

the people, and so established his power. In England the Plantagenets, and in France Philippe Auguste and his successors, had achieved a fair measure of success in consolidating sovereign powers; in the Iberian peninsula little kingdoms seemed on the eve of union by marriage or inheritance; in Germany the principle of monarchy, however imperfectly put into operation, was unquestioned. In all a tendency to centralization, as the means to order and economic development, was more or less actively at work. But in Italy the only hope of unity had lain in the Holy Roman Empire, and with the overthrow of the Hohenstaufens that hope had perished. From the reign of Theodoric the Goth to that of Victor Emmanuel, the Papacy was able to thwart every project of a united kingdom; the popes would not risk degradation to a mere ecclesiastical position under the shadow of a temporal monarch, such for instance as that of the Patriarch of Constantinople or the Archbishop of Canterbury.

In consequence of the Empire's failure to maintain itself the several parts of the peninsula became hopelessly divided from one another, and in each several part the forces of discord rose up more furious than ever. In the north, anarchy seemed let loose; cities, towns, nobles, politicians, soldiers of fortune wore even a more truculent bearing than before. Every city coveted more of the territory near it, the larger cities coveted seigniory over their smaller neighbours, each faction was obstinately determined to rule or ruin, while lords and adventurers intrigued and fought to increase their power and place. Am-

bition, envy, jealousy, revenge, cropped up on the grave of the Empire more luxuriant than before. But we look at these years through Dante's eyes, and perhaps things appear worse than they really were.

Indeed it was hard to see that out of this chaos a new and better world was preparing. With the ruin of the Hohenstaufens the long contention between *Imperium* and *Sacerdotium*, between the rule of Cæsar and of priests, for the world as prize, had passed into the limbo of antiquated things; but peace and good will among men were farther off than ever. Quarrelling neighbours not only sought new grounds for quarrel, but also held fast to ancient enmity and continued to use the old names, the Party of the Church, the Party of the Empire, though they had ceased to have any relevance. And this persistence of old names persuaded passionate souls, like Dante, that the old things which those names had once represented really existed; and old ideas, long rendered impossible of realization, continued, side by side with new quarrels, to fight a ghostly battle, and worse confound confusion.

Dante, as a passionate partisan of the Empire and as an aristocrat, was disposed to take a most gloomy view of the political condition of Italy; he could not see that the genius of Italy had already pronounced the command *Fiat lux*, and that this very excess of individualism, this riotous independence, this inability to compromise, was preparing the way for the glorious new birth of the human spirit and for his own prodigious renown.

With the political dismemberment after the fall

of the Empire, in which Dante saw mere anarchy, a new period begins. When a wide-spreading tree, that has sucked up the nutriment from the soil underneath and drunk in the sunshine from above, has fallen, then a host of seedlings, stunted and dwarfed by its overshadowing presence, put forth their leaves and stretch out their roots, in jealous rivalry for the bounty of earth and sky. Just so, in northern Italy a troop of ambitious men cropped up and struggled, each for himself, to lay hold of the good things of the earth. The fall of the Empire made room for them. In order to deal justly with these turbulent spirits they must be divided into three classes: first, the political leaders who rose to power in the interest of law and order, protectors of business; next, soldiers of fortune, precursors of the *condottieri;* and third, the feudal nobility, who were particularly strong in what is now Piedmont, Venetia, and Romagna.

The first class is the most important; its members are much more characteristic of their own generation, and of the generations to follow, than either soldiers of fortune or feudal nobles. This class shows the pattern of development by which professional podestàs grew into petty princes; they were the friends and guardians of manufacture and trade, the others were its enemies. Manufacture and trade were the forces that governed politics; underneath warfare and riot, behind apparent anarchy, lay the economic motive. Traders, and especially the great merchants and bankers, had need of security and of stable government; the seesaw of parties, confusion raised to a system, — the victors of to-day banished to-morrow

— was intolerable. The tyranny of a single lord was vastly better for the interests of business than the tyranny of faction, for his maintenance in power compelled a certain steadiness of government.

The most conspicuous seigneur of this class of political leaders is Uberto Pelavicini. He came of a noble family which had estates in the borderland between Parma and Piacenza. In person he was slight; and he had but one eye, for when he was a baby, lying in a cradle, a cock came and picked out the other. His brave spirit, keen intelligence, and unbounded ambition more than made amends for any defects of body. As a young man he had been in the Emperor's service and had held offices of distinction. Afterwards, in Manfred's time, he acquired dominion over Piacenza, Cremona, Brescia, Tortona, Alessandria, Bergamo, Parma, Reggio, Modena, Pavia, and Vercelli, and for five years he was seigneur of Milan (such strange combinations took place in Lombard politics), and likewise on the best of terms with the city of Asti. He was (according to one chronicler) a man of great political experience, more than any other Lombard had ever possessed, a generous, high-bred, honourable man, and a skilful general. Uberto made the most of his opportunities. One city invited him to be podestà because the party in power, having prevailed over its adversary, wished to make its tenure of office secure through the talents of a powerful soldier; another, because it wished stability and continuity of policy in carrying out public works; a third was tired of the riot and disorder of unchartered freedom; and so city after city put themselves into

his hands. His administration justified expectations; for instance, one of his measures was to get together a convention of representatives from Cremona, Parma, Brescia, Pavia, Bergamo, Tortona, and Piacenza, to agree upon a common coinage. But after the triumph of Charles of Anjou, Pelavicini's seigniory melted away. Buoso da Dovara turned against him and got possession of Cremona; intriguing churchmen succeeded in detaching Piacenza; malcontents drove him from Brescia; one by one all his towns deserted him. The year after the battle of Tagliacozzo he died, with but a few fortresses left of a lordship in the north greater than the Emperor Frederick had ever possessed; and the cities he had ruled tendered their obedience to King Charles, the conqueror.

In Parma, which was beginning to assert her preponderant power in the Emilia, as Milan, Bologna and Florence were doing in their respective provinces, a lesser man, Ghiberto da Gente, established his dominion. As a member of the Church party he stayed in exile while the Imperialists under the poet podestà, Arrigo Testa, held the upper hand; after the city had been captured by the Guelf partisans of Innocent IV, he came back and must have been there during the siege, and at the time of the momentous defeat inflicted upon the Emperor. His rise to power is typical. He was first elected podestà of the *Mercadanza*, that is, governor of the confederated guilds; next he was elected podestà of the *Popolo*, the popular political organization; and then podestà of the Commune, the highest office in the state. Finally he took upon himself these several

offices for life with reversion to his heirs, as if he held the government in fee; all this he accomplished by means of the guild of Butchers, the most powerful guild in Parma. He established a political ring, which undoubtedly profited by gross misuse of the city government. Once firmly seated he did his best to make himself secure. The very titles of his laws show how much this wary ruler feared bribery, conspiracy, and sudden attack: On the penalty for giving or lending food or drink or anything else to servants of the Podestà; On the penalty for harbouring an infamous person; On the penalty for carrying dangerous weapons, or for resisting search for them; On the penalty for coming into the presence of the Podestà or of his judges with too many attendants. In foreign politics Ghiberto da Gente, although he nominally belonged or had belonged to the Church cause, steered his way between the two parties, and did his best to stay on good terms with the swelling fortunes of Pelavicini. His single aim was to keep himself in power, but the task was too difficult even for his craft or good judgment, and in a few years he was pushed aside.

Brother Salimbene, who was a native of Parma, speaks frequently of him in his memoirs. According to him Ghiberto da Gente did only two good things, — to establish peace among the citizens of Parma, and to wall up some of the gates of the city, — and a great list of evil things: he did not hold firm to the Church party, but leaned towards Pelavicini; he was covetous and avaricious; though originally a poor

knight, he built out of the riches of his fellow-citizens great palaces, both in the city and in the country; he condemned some persons unjustly, while he pardoned others for money, and threatened those who refused to give; he took far too great a salary as Podestà, much more than the city was accustomed to pay; he assumed for himself the lordship of Parma, for himself and for his heirs forever; he tampered with the coinage and lowered its value, and did more damage, so the bankers said, than the worth of a quarter part of the town; he had, as his guard of honour, a band of five hundred armed men who attended him with candles to the cathedral on the vigil of the Assumption of the Virgin. But undoubtedly, for a time at least, the majority of the townsfolk held a very different opinion of their distinguished fellow-citizen. Perhaps Bro. Salimbene was a little prejudiced by a slight rebuff which the fallen politician administered to him. Salimbene went to see him in his country house and asked rather impudently: "'What do you do with yourself, Lord Ghiberto, why don't you join the Order of the Brothers Minor?' He answered: 'And what could you do with me now, I am sixty years old?' 'You will give to others a good example of doing right, and you will save your soul'; but Ghiberto answered, 'I know that you are giving me good advice, but I cannot listen to you, because my heart is busy with other things.' —He was thinking [adds the friar] how he could take revenge on the people of Parma who had deposed him." But as he remembered both the Brothers Minor and the Dominicans in his will, Salim-

bene felt more kindly towards him, "By God's mercy may his soul rest in peace."

In Milan the della Torre family played the part of popular leaders, and gradually mounted the steps of power. It is said that they laid the foundation of their greatness by the help which they extended to the Milanese after their defeat by the Emperor Frederick II at Corte Nuova. In 1240 Pagano della Torre was podestà of the *Popolo;* in 1247 his nephew, Martino, under the modest title, Ancient of the Credenza of St. Ambrose, held the substance of supreme power, but during the five years of Pelavicini's seigniory of the city, he was reduced to second place; by the time of Anjou's invasion another member of the family, Filippo, had become Perpetual Lord of Milan, and Podestà and Lord of the communes of Bergamo, Como, Novara, and Lodi; Rudolph of Habsburg recognized Napoleone della Torre as his vicar in Milan. But then followed the great struggle with the archbishop, Otto Visconti, head of the nobility, in which, after several veerings of fortune, the archbishop finally came off victorious (1277) and planted his crest,

la vipera che il Milanese accampa,

on the castle's walls and founded the great Visconti family.

In Verona, after the fall of Ezzelino, Martino della Scala established his power; but, like Martino della Torre in Milan, he kept the simple title of Podestà of the Mercadanza, although he was really lord of the city. In this way these rich and power-

ful families mounted the princely ladder; in the beginning they sought the people's voice, and took the humble office of podestà of the guilds, then podestà of the Commune, at first only for a single year, then for several years, finally as a proprietary right, and so rose to be lords of the cities committed to their charge, and founded little principalities. And all the time their rising state depended upon the approval and support of the bankers, merchants, and prosperous traders, who (as such men say) had a stake in the country, and much preferred a stable tyrant to the restless ebb and flow of partisan government.

In the second class of political leaders, the soldiers of fortune, Guido da Montefeltro, the most brilliant champion of the Ghibelline cause in the north after the death of Pelavicini, is easily the first. He was "homo nobilis et sensatus, et discretus, et morigeratus, liberalis, curialis, et largus, strenuus miles, et probus in armis et doctus ad bellum — a man of noble birth, of good sense, intelligence and decorum, an educated man, a gentleman, generous, a strenuous soldier, an honourable warrior and a good tactician." His noted career begins with the ill-fated expedition of Corradino. Don Arrigo, the Senator, left Rome in his charge while he himself led his Spanish troops to the field of Tagliacozzo. After the defeat Guido refused to harbour poor Corradino, but no blame seems to have attached itself to him for this. Then, making the best of a sorry affair, he surrendered the Capitol to King Charles for four thousand gold florins, and took his way back to Romagna. A few years later, when the exiles from Bologna made

common cause with the Ghibellines of Romagna, Guido was appointed general of their allied army, and inflicted a great defeat upon the Guelfs, who were led by Malatesta da Verruchio, il mastin vecchio, the old mastiff, as Dante calls him. The battle was fought on the feast of St. Anthony of Padua, June 13, 1275, and so great was the slaughter and shame of the Bolognese, that thereafter they would not hear the saint named in Bologna. For several years Guido was master of Romagna and maintained the Ghibelline cause there against all the power of Bologna and the Guelfs. But Fortune proved fickle. Without his fault his party lost Faenza, for Tebaldello Zambrasi (whom Dante met in the lowest depths of hell with Ganelon, Buoso da Dovara, Bocca degli Abati and other traitors), out of spite against the exiled Lambertazzi, opened the city's gates while all slept, "apri Faenza quando si dormia" (*Inf.* xxxii, 123), and let in the Geremei. Not long after, the Ghibellines had their revenge. Martin IV, who had reversed his predecessor's policy of reconciling Guelfs and Ghibellines, and was resolved both to maintain Guelf supremacy and assert the newly acquired sovereignty of the Church in Romagna, sent a French general and an army to enforce that sovereignty. The two armies met at Forlì; Guido da Montefeltro gained a glorious victory, and piled the ground with the French dead,—fe' de' Franceschi sanguinoso mucchio (*Inf.* xxvii, 44). But the resources of the Church were greater than those of the Ghibelline cities of Romagna. Martin sent more mercenary troops, got together from all over, who

(according to Salimbene) "destroyed vineyards, crops, apple-trees, olive orchards, figs, beautiful pomegranates, houses, cattle, vegetables, as well as everything that grows in the fields." Forlì made submission, and the rest of Romagna followed her example. Guido likewise made terms and departed from Romagna. For a time he lived in Lombardy, and then went to Pisa, at the request of the Ghibelline faction. The most famous episode of his life belongs to a later chapter. Villani says of him that he was "il più sagace e il più sottile uomo di guerra ch'al suo tempo fosse in Italia,—the most resourceful and ingenious soldier of his time in Italy."

In the third category come the feudal lords. In Romagna merchants had made but little progress, and the barons, lodged in their feudal castles or in their strongholds on the narrow streets, easily maintained their power. Indeed, the whole province was a breeding place of little tyrants, who were quite willing to take any oaths of allegiance but equally resolute to be masters in fact. In Ravenna the Polenta family held the seigniory, having discomfited the Bagnacavalli and what remained of the once great house of the Traversari; and before the century was out they had got possession of the little town of Cervia (*Inf.* XXVII, 40–42): —

> Ravenna sta, come stata è molti anni:
> l'aquila da Polenta la si cova,
> sì che Cervia ricopre co' suoi vanni.
>
> Ravenna is, as she has been for many years:
> The eagle of Polenta broodeth there,
> So that it covers Cervia with its wings.

Ravenna is near the coast of the Adriatic, south of the Po's mouth, or as Francesca dalla bella persona, daughter of Guido Vecchio da Polenta, describes the site (*Inf.* v, 97–99):—

> Siede la terra, dove nata fui,
> su la marina dove il Po discende
> per aver pace co' seguaci sui,

> The town, where I was born,
> Sits on the sea-coast where the Po goes down
> To seek for peace with his attendant streams,

and it was from there that she went to Rimini, for the sake of patching up a peace between two warring families by marrying the deformed Gianciotto, son to Malatesta da Verruchio, the old mastiff; to read the romance of Lancelot du Lac with Paolo, his handsome brother, and to die; and then to live forever in the most tenderly beautiful passage in poetry.

According to Boccaccio, after the heads of the two families had agreed on the marriage, it was suggested that if Francesca were to see Gianciotto before the rites were celebrated she would never consent. A trick was hatched. Paolo, the bridegroom's younger brother, handsome, agreeable, and of pleasant manners, went to act as proxy. As soon as Francesca, thinking that he was to be her husband, saw him, she gave him "l' animo e l' amor suo." She learned her deception too late. Of how their love first betrayed itself Boccaccio knew nothing except what Dante said; he was inclined to think, however, that Dante's account was the creation

of his poetic fancy. But Dante knew a nephew of Francesca's intimately, and probably heard the story that was current in the family (*Inf.* v, 133–6): —

> Quando leggemmo il disiato riso
> esser baciato da cotanto amante,
> questi, che mai da me non fia diviso,
> la bocca mi baciò tutto tremante:
>
> When we read how her beloved smile
> Was kissed by such a lover,
> He, who never from me shall be parted,
> Kissed my mouth, all atremble.

Boccaccio goes on to say that Gianciotto caught the guilty lovers in her chamber. Paolo tried to escape by a trap-door, and Francesca thinking him safe hurried to let her husband in; but Paolo was caught by his cloak. Francesca flung herself between them and received the first stroke of Gianciotto's sword; the second stroke killed Paolo. These details are of no great matter; Dante has told us the essential truth, the lovers loved one another passionately and were not parted in death.

The other cities of Romagna had their tyrants, but they have left little remembrance outside of Dante's scanty references (*Inf.* xxvii, 45–51). Mainardo Pagano set up his blazon, a lion azure on a field argent, in Faenza, Forlì, and Imola, the Manfredi, the Ordelaffi, and others, fought, murdered, triumphed or fell, during the closing years of the century; they were mere political brigands of ancient quarterings and after their stormy lives may well sleep the sweet sleep of oblivion.

In Ferrara the house of Este maintained its do-

minion. Azzo VII, the lifelong rival of Ezzelino da Romano, was succeeded by his grandson, Obizzo II, for his son, Rinaldo, had died in Apulia, where he had been carried a hostage by the Emperor Frederick. His captivity was not cruel, for he had freedom to fall in love with a Neapolitan lady, or, as some said, a washerwoman, who became the mother of Obizzo. The baby was carried back to Ferrara. Pope Innocent IV made him legitimate; and on his grandfather's death Pope Urban supported his claim to the seigniory. Obizzo repaid this prudent friendship. He stoutly supported Charles of Anjou, and defended the cause of the Church against Uberto Pelavicini and the Ghibellines of the North. He married a cousin of Cardinal Ottobuono dei Fieschi (Pope Adrian V). Obizzo was not a man of high character. He was a harsh, even a cruel, ruler; and according to the story, probably a slander, which made him out to be the son of a washerwoman, he drowned his mother from shame at her low condition. He was a man of loose life; Dante speaks of his seducing Ghisolabella, daughter of Alberto Cacciane-mici, chief of the Geremei of Bologna, with the help or connivance of her brother. Nor could he give as excuse that all the nobles lived as loosely as he, for his friend Count Louis of San Bonifazio, son of Count Richard, when going through the city never lifted up his eyes to look at any woman, though (so Salimbene, who ought not to have had any opinion on the subject, reports) there were most lovely women and ladies to be seen. He was a handsome man, as were all the house of Este, except that he

was blind of one eye, which he had lost in a tourney, while tilting in honour of some woman of little worth; his spear handle shivered and a splinter put out his right eye, peccatis suis facientibus, as Salimbene says, "it served him right." Obizzo was a man of courage and shrewdness; for nearly thirty years he maintained his power in the northeast and established his dominion over both Modena and Reggio. He died in 1293. Calumny alleged that his son Azzo VIII, surnamed "the most magnificent," smothered him to death with a pillow. This sounds like a tale told by Ghibelline enemies; but Azzo VIII was far from scrupulous. It is certain that, out of revenge for political opposition, he caused the murder of Jacopo del Cassero, at one time podestà of Bologna (*Purg.* v, 77–78). He married twice, purely for political considerations; first Joanna dei Orsini, a relative of Pope Nicholas III, and secondly, one of the daughters of King Charles II of Naples. Dante hated him, and says that when he blew his horn, it sounded, "Come, ye murderers; come, ye traitors; come, ye followers of avarice." Azzo was always engaged in some intrigue for enlarging his power, and for a time he was a most redoubtable tyrant; but justice overtook him, and he died at last in misery.

In the northwest corner of Italy the counts of Savoy were dominant. They held sway on both sides of the Alps, and controlled the high-road over the mountains at Mont Cenis and other passes in that region. In Piedmont their authority extended as far as Ivrea and Turin. Their one object was to

increase their dominions, and in particular they wished to possess Turin; this ambition brought them into collision with neighbours also endowed with appetites for dominion, chiefly the rich and prosperous city of Asti. Their uninteresting history is one confused story of border warfare. Like other nobles they played fast and loose with their loyalty to the Empire. The Hohenstaufens made great efforts to win them to their side; Frederick II created Count Thomas II his vicar general from Pavia to the Alps, and granted him investiture of Turin and half a dozen other towns in that region; Manfred married Princess Beatrice of Savoy. But Count Thomas was brother-in-law to Raymond Berenger IV, Count of Provence, and therefore uncle by marriage to King Henry III of England, Richard Earl of Cornwall, King Louis IX, and Charles of Anjou, and speedily forgot the benefits received from the Hohenstaufens. He and his brothers were much petted by the weak English monarch, one of them, a turbulent soldier, was made archbishop of Canterbury, to the scandal of the pious; and in return they became strong English partisans. Count Thomas gave his support to the plan of putting Prince Edmund of England on the throne of Sicily and Richard of Cornwall on that of the Empire. But he died in 1259, leaving little children, too young to take part in political life, and the house of Savoy became wholly eclipsed for the time by the house of Montferrat, its vigorous rival to the South.

The head of the house of Montferrat was the marquis, William V (1254–92), (*Purg.* VII, 134–36), —

Guglielmo marchese,
per cui ed Alessandria e la sua guerra
fa pianger Monferrato e Canavese;

The marquis William
For whose sake embattled Alessandria
Makes Montferrat and Canavese weep.

So Dante spoke of him, and put him in antepurgatory beside the Emperor Rudolph and the contemporary kings of England, France, Bohemia, Navarre, Aragon, and Naples, negligent rulers all, but lower down as became his inferior rank. The house of Montferrat was one of the noblest in Italy. Its marquisate was situate between the upper reaches of the Po and the river Tanaro, in what is now the southern half of Piedmont; but the chief towns, Asti, Casale, and others, early asserted their commercial independence and laid hold upon wide strips of territory that once belonged to the marquisate; besides, the cities of the neighbourhood, Alessandria, Vercelli, Chieri, hemmed it in, and the marquises sought a larger sovereignty in the romantic east. Marquis William III (1135–1188) accompanied the Emperor Conrad III on the Second Crusade, upon which Dante's ancestor, Cacciaguida, received knighthood at the hands of the Emperor. Three of his sons, adventurous gentlemen, followed him, hoping by politic marriages to increase their fortunes. The eldest, William (d. 1177), "a soldierly man of handsome person, strenuous, panoplied in virtues and renowned for strength" married Sibylla, sister to Baldwin IV, King of Jerusalem, and "begot a choice son — filium elegantem," Baldwin V, who

while still a boy became King of Jerusalem, reigned three brief years and died. The fifth son, Rainerius, married a daughter of Emperor Manuel of Constantinople and received as dowry the Kingdom of Thessalonica, but both he and his wife were murdered a few years later in one of the bloody revolutions of the imperial house. Conrad (1188–1192), the second son, also grasped at high-sounding titles by the right of marriage, and became Prince of Tyre and upon the death of his nephew, young Baldwin V, titular king of the lost Kingdom of Jerusalem. He served worthily on the crusade led by Richard Cœur de Lion and Philippe Auguste, and in no wise deserves the ill treatment he has received at the hands of Sir Walter Scott in *The Talisman*. Those were stirring times in Syria, for Saladin, King of Kings, was pressing the Christians hard. The old marquis, William III, had gone to fulfil his pilgrim's vow, and was with the Christian army at the time when Saladin attacked. In the battles of Tiberias and Hittin, the Christians were terribly defeated ; the marquis and many others of note were made prisoners. Within a few months Jerusalem was taken. Other cities fell, and it seemed as if the conquering Moslems would carry all before them. Conrad of Montferrat was then at Tyre. Saladin marched thither and demanded surrender of the city as the price of his father's ransom. The old marquis himself bore the summons, but Conrad, at his father's urging, answered that he would not yield a single stone of the city. Saladin threatened to set the father up as a butt for bowmen to shoot

at, to which Conrad replied that he would let fly the first shaft. Tyre was not only defended with heroism and success, but by a daring raid the Christians captured the fortress in which the old marquis and other Christian captives were imprisoned. So the gallant old man ended his days in freedom.

His third son, Boniface II (1192–1207), won honourable renown as friend and patron of Pierre Vidal, Raimbaut de Vacqueiras, Almeric de Pegulhan, and other troubadours, at a time when Frederick II was a babe in arms and Italian poetry had not yet been born. Boniface was one of the leaders in the misdirected Fourth Crusade, and when the allies divided the Byzantine Empire and he was disappointed in his hope of becoming Emperor, he took the Kingdom of Thessalonica, to which he had a family claim. His son, William IV, aided young Frederick on his adventurous journey north to win an empire. William V, mentioned by Dante, was the grandson of William IV, and together with the marquisate had inherited the empty title of King of Thessalonica. He possessed the fighting qualities of his race, and earned the nickname Longsword. Ghibelline by descent, he shifted his friendship to catch the breezes of fortune. One year he joined with the Guelfs of Alessandria in order to gain the lordship of the city; the next he made an alliance with King Manfred, who was in the heyday of his power; three years later he abandoned Manfred, made friends with Charles of Anjou, and prepared the way for the French invasion. However, when he found that King Charles, now firmly established not only in

his new kingdom, but also in Rome and in Tuscany, was trying to make himself master of Lombardy, William Longsword turned about, joined the Ghibellines, and, true to the matrimonial policy of his ancestors, married the daughter of King Alphonso of Castile, the imperial claimant, and gave his daughter in marriage to Alphonso's son. For twenty years he rode the wild storms of party warfare with alternate fortune. At one time he made alliance with Otto Visconti, received the seigniory of Milan, and became head of a Ghibelline league, with power as great as that once possessed by Uberto Pelavicini; curiously enough — so wanton were the tricks of Fortune, so dead was the old issue between Church and Empire — Cremona opposed the Ghibelline league as champion of the Guelfs. But Longsword soon fell out with the Visconti, and his allies and dependents deserted him. In order to strengthen himself he married his daughter to the son of Palæologus, Emperor of Constantinople, and gave her as dowry his shadow kingdom of Thessalonica, in return for Byzantine gold and the promise of five hundred knights to fight his battles in Lombardy. But after years of guerilla warfare, Longsword, quite as much as ever his marquisate, had cause "to weep," for he was taken prisoner by the people of Alessandria, locked in an iron cage like a wild beast and exhibited as a show for seventeen months until he died. He was succeeded by his young son; but the house of Montferrat was shorn of its power, and the Visconti of Milan became the chief nobles of Lombardy.

The period is a period of transition; the political problem was how to establish peace, law, order. The Empire had failed; the little commonwealths had failed; the whole plane of civilization had been raised, and yet city fought with city, faction with faction, as badly as before or worse; manufacture and commerce insisted upon the trial of some new system, and the system they adopted was that of petty principalities, tyrannies, as they are called. This system, by operation of the general law that causes things of a kind to unite into one body, would have led at last to the union of all Italy into a kingdom, if it had not been for the Papacy. So long as the temporal power of the Papacy lasted, a kingdom of Italy was impossible.

CHAPTER X

TUSCANY (1260–1290)

Al tempo che Fiorenza
Fiorío e fece frutto,
Sì ch' ell' era del tutto
La donna di Toscana.

BRUNETTO LATINI.

At the time when Florence
Flourished and bore fruit,
So that of all she was
The Lady of Tuscany.

THE fortunes of Tuscany, although the Malaspini, the Aldobrandeschi and the Conti Guidi still lorded it in their respective territories, — in the Lunigiana, at Santa Fiora, and about Porciano in the Casentino, — were wrapped up with the fortunes of the great cities. Neither count nor baron was to become so powerful as to be comparable in importance with Pisa or Siena, and much less with Florence. These three cities were so much within the main current of Italian affairs that the French invasion and the fall of the Hohenstaufens produced a most momentous effect upon them. After the battle of Montaperti almost the whole province had become Ghibelline, and for six years the lords and gentlemen of that party basked in the sunshine of victory. But Fortune turned her wheel; the battles of Benevento and Tagliacozzo cast the Ghibellines down and raised the Guelfs to power. Tuscany became more Guelf than

she had ever been Ghibelline. Even imperial Pisa, though not overthrown, was shaken.

Pisa's foreign affairs, aside from her commerce, were usually wars with Florence and Lucca on land, and with Genoa at sea. In breathing-times of peace, political and commercial rivalry was scarcely less cruel than war. Within her walls, her domestic affairs were little more than a struggle for political power among her politicians, and a struggle for commercial power among her merchants. Factions in Pisa had always been fierce, but the stress of Guelf victories seemed to add to their fierceness. The struggle for power among the great nobles now, more than ever, meant a struggle for safety, for life, perhaps, at least for home and property. One of these nobles, Ugolino della Gherardesca, now comes conspicuously forward in the city's history. He had been a Ghibelline, but seeing which way the wind blew turned Guelf. The Ghibelline faction was strong enough, however, to expel him; he went to Florence and asked for help. The Florentines with their confederate Guelfs seized the opportunity, and forced Pisa to open her gates and admit the renegade. By these dealings with his country's enemies, Ugolino greatly strengthened his position at home; and by the same methods he continued to rise.

Hardly had Pisa made peace with her savage enemy by land than she was involved in a desperate war with her savage rival by sea. She and Genoa were competitors in Corsica and Sardinia, in the Black Sea, in all parts of the Mediterranean; the struggle between them was inevitable and could only end with

the destruction of one or the other. Sea-fight succeeded sea-fight, and at last the decisive battle was fought near Leghorn off the little island of Meloria (1284). The Pisans were outnumbered and terribly defeated. Seven Pisan galleys were sunk, twenty-eight captured, and near ten thousand men taken prisoners; barely a thousand odd ever went home again. Count Ugolino commanded one of the three divisions of the Pisan fleet, and when the battle was going hard against his countrymen gave the signal for flight, in order, his enemies thought, to be able to profit at home by the catastrophe. At the news, Florence, Lucca, and other Guelf enemies swarmed about the fallen city, like vultures. Pisa, in desperation, felt that her only hope was to detach Florence from the league against her; as a proof of Guelf sympathy, she appointed Count Ugolino podestà and through his intervention, at the cost of severe sacrifices, made peace first with Florence, then with Lucca. In consequence of these events Ugolino became master of the city.

But though victorious, the Guelf party was split by internecine broils; it divided into two factions, one led by Count Ugolino, the other by his nephew, Nino dei Visconti (*Purg.* VIII, 53). Nino had married a daughter of Marquis Obizzo II of Este, and seems to have been a man of much higher character than his uncle, at least so Dante thought. In order to secure the mastery, Ugolino intrigued with Archbishop Ruggieri degli Ubaldini, nephew of the famous Cardinal Ottaviano and chief of the Ghibellines. These two political leaders made common cause against the

other Guelf faction and expelled Nino dei Visconti from the city. Having conquered their adversary they fell out with one another. The facts are not clear. There was fighting in the streets and in the palace of the seigniory; the archbishop triumphed, Ugolino, with his sons and grandsons, was taken prisoner, July, 1288.

As you go north from the river at its most northerly point before it turns southwest towards the sea, past the old Romanesque church, San Frediano, and a few yards to the east of San Sisto, where the Great Council used to meet, is the Piazza dei Cavalieri, formerly degli Anziani, the old central square of the town; on the north side of this piazza stood the Torre dei Gualandi. There the prisoners were locked in, and there they stayed. In the following March, for the Ghibellines were now in power, Guido da Montefeltro was appointed commander of the Pisan army; and after his arrival, or possibly before, as we may hope for the sake of his good name, the keys of the locked tower were flung into the river.

Dante says that in the depths of hell, among the wickedest traitors (*Inf.* XXXII, 125–29): —

> Io vidi due ghiacciati in una buca
> sì che l'un capo all' altro era cappello;
> e come il pan per fame si manduca,
> così il sovran li denti all' altro pose
> là 've il cervel si giunge con la nuca.
>
> I saw two so frozen in one hole
> That one head was a cap for the other,
> And as men gnaw bread for hunger,
> So he above fixed his teeth in the other
> Where the back of the head joins the neck.

At Dante's questioning, the one on top, Ugolino, lifted his mouth from the fell repast and told why he took this wolfish revenge upon Ruggieri (*Inf.* XXXIII, 46–49): —

Ed io sentii chiavar l' uscio di sotto
all' orribile torre: ond' io guardai
nel viso a' miei figliuoi senza far motto.
Io non piangeva, sì dentro impietrai.

And I heard the keys turn in the lower door
Of the terrible tower: at that I looked into
The faces of my children, without saying a word.
I did not weep, for I had turned to stone within.

There Ugolino, his sons and grandsons, starved to death; but the fearful implication that he had fed upon their bodies, inferred from the line,

poscia, più che il dolor, potè il digiuno,

Then fasting had more power than grief,

is not correct. So terrible a grief might well wreck the human soul and leave nothing but a hungry beast, but mercifully starvation put an end to Ugolino's terrestrial agony. The bodies were taken out and buried in the Franciscan church. The prison at once received the name, "Tower of Hunger," and the dreadful story set a foul blot on the city's reputation (*Inf.* XXXIII, 79–84): —

Ahi Pisa, vituperio delle genti
del bel paese là dove il "sì" suona,
poi che i vicini a te punir son lenti,
movasi la Caprara e la Gorgona,
e faccian siepe ad Arno in su la foce,
sì ch'egli anneghi in te ogni persona.

Oh, Pisa, insult to the people
Of the beautiful land where 'sì' is said,
Since thy neighbours are slow to punish thee,
Let Capraia and Gorgona move
And dam the Arno at its mouth,
So that it may drown every man in thee.

If Pisa deserved such punishment and the two islands failed to inflict it, Genoa and Florence were quite ready to be the instruments of justice.

For several years Guido da Montefeltro commanded the Pisan forces in a defensive war with the Tuscan Guelfs, but all the combatants grew tired of fighting; so peace was made and Guido dismissed. He went back to his own country, received a pardon from the Holy See and the restoration of his estates. Pisa, Guelf once more, also turned humbly to Rome, begged for absolution, and granted the seigniory of the city to Pope Boniface VIII.

In Siena, as well as in Pisa, the victories of Charles of Anjou shook the government. A sharp quarrel with the Papacy and the fierce enmity of Florence cost her dear; in 1269 her famous leader, Provenzano Salvani, was defeated at Colle in the Val d' Elsa by the Florentines, and put to death. The Ghibelline rule fell; the rich merchants and bankers, seeking the best means to butter their bread, shifted to the Guelf side; the Guelf exiles were recalled. The dominant party then altered the government to suit themselves. A council of thirty-six, afterwards reduced to fifteen and then to nine, was established as the seigniory, and limited "to good merchants of the Guelf party." This concentration of power in the

hands of the wealthy burghers did not lead to peace; the nobles resented it, the petty traders and artisans struggled against it; and Siena, though for a time her riches increased, sank from her high estate as rival to Florence, and accepted her inferior destiny. But the fate of Siena or Pisa is of little interest compared with that of Florence, not merely because she far outstripped them afterwards in intellectual renown, nor because she was already the *Donna di Toscana*, as Brunetto says, but chiefly because young Dante, born the year before the battle of Benevento, was passing his boyhood and youth within her walls during these stirring years.

The city of Florence had been crushed, in fact nearly destroyed, by the defeat at Montaperti, and for six years she lay under the heel of the Ghibellines, restive but impotent. The Guelf cavaliers were in exile, but they were far from supine; a band of them supported the French at the battle of Benevento. This victory rendered the position of the Ghibellines in Florence precarious. Count Guido Novello, who had been King Manfred's vicar, and his advisers were at a loss what to do. They appointed to the office of podestà as joint tenants two gentlemen from the democratic city of Bologna, Catalano de' Catalani, a Guelf, and Loderingo degli Andolò, a Ghibelline. Both were men of rank and position at home, both members of the Ordo Militiæ Beatæ Mariæ; this was done in the hope that so obvious a manifestation of the spirit of compromise might bear fruit. Count Guido was a man of no great courage and little statesmanship; and his Bo-

lognese podestàs accomplished nothing. The restlessness of the people increased, a riot took place, and Count Guido with his German troopers, fearful of attack in the narrow streets, fled from the city. The podestàs were turned out of office, leaving behind them such a reputation that Dante puts them into the circle of hell with Caiaphas, the high priest, and other hypocrites (*Inf.* XXIII).

Nevertheless, the Ghibellines were still strong, and both sides courted the spirit of compromise. The help of Hymen was invoked; young ladies of one faction were betrothed to young gentlemen of the other. Among these couples Guido Cavalcanti, son of Cavalcante Cavalcanti, plighted his troth to Beatrice degli Uberti, the daughter of Farinata, whom death had spared from seeing the Guelfs come back to power. Very likely Lady Cunizza da Romano, who had been living with the Cavalcanti the year before, was still there and present at the ceremony. But these hymeneal expedients could not stay the reaction against the oppressive domination of the Ghibelline nobles, and absolute supremacy was assured to the Guelfs by the arrival of Philippe de Montfort, sent by King Charles with a regiment of French cavalry. The Ghibellines were driven out; the Guelfs gave the seigniory of the city to the King for ten years, and reorganized the constitution in the interest of the rich burghers.

The first object which these burghers set before them was to prevent the government from falling into the hands of a small group of nobles, as had been the case under Ghibelline rule. Their second

was to obtain as broad a base for the government as was consistent with the oligarchical notions of democracy current in those days: in order to secure this broad foundation there were two expedients, first, to give to each district in the city representation in the government, and, second, to make terms of office of short duration, partly, to be sure, in order to avoid any danger of treason from long-termed officials, but principally to induce influential citizens to be loyal to the government by the likely prospect of holding office. Their third object was to secure the support of the nobles, at least of such nobles as were well affected to the Guelf cause, and yet not to impair the dominant control of the upper bourgeoisie. The science of popular government was in its infancy, and these Florentine constitution-makers did not attempt to embody in their new institutions any new theory. They took most of the constitution that they already had, and made only such innovations as they deemed necessary; their main difficulty was to adjust conflicting rights, ambitions, and pretensions. There were three distinct bodies to be regarded: the whole city considered, from an imaginative point of view, as a body politic rising above faction; the *Popolo*, the upper middle class, organized as an independent society; and the Commune, which embodied what was left of the old aristocratic régime. These three separate organizations were merged into one body, and each given a share in the government. That part of the new government which may be looked upon as representing the city consisted of a cabinet of twelve worthy men, two

from each of the six districts of the city, a council of an hundred, and a general parliament of all the enfranchised citizens. The share of the *Popolo* consisted of the captain of the People, with his two councils, a smaller council of about eighty or ninety, and a larger council of about three hundred; while the Commune was represented by the podestà and his two councils, which were made up of about the same numbers as the captain's councils. Nobles were admitted to the councils of the podestà but to no other. Measures of greatest moment were first approved by the cabinet of twelve, and then submitted in turn to the councils of the captain of the People and to those of the podestà. Matters of less consequence appear to have had a shorter legislative course to run. As members to all these councils were usually elected every six months, all the enfranchised citizens had an opportunity of taking part in the government. The difficulty of random and interminable debate was avoided, as in Bologna, by imposing strict limitations upon the right of discussion, and by confining to the magistrates the prerogative of proposing measures. In addition to these regular component parts of the city government, a corporate body, termed "The Guelf Party," was established and charged with the duties of promoting Guelf interests, of persecuting Ghibellines, of taking care of confiscated property, and of superintending sundry matters of public concern. This body, on account of its wealth and intolerant party spirit, possessed great political influence.

The new constitution, like that of 1250, is the

political expression of the triumph of the upper middle class. For economic reasons the burghers had long been organized in their guilds, and now, thanks to their organization and to the military prowess of Charles of Anjou, they had again become the real power in the state. The guilds were of two kinds; the greater guilds, seven in number, and the lesser guilds, of which, either then or a little later, there were fourteen. Of the greater guilds the most important was the *Calimala*, composed of the merchants who imported woollen cloth from foreign countries, — France, Flanders, and Brabant, — dressed it, dyed it, and exported it again; its name appears to have been derived from the street upon which its warehouses stood. This guild had its four consuls, its special and general assemblies, its chamberlain, its notary, its investigating accountants, its committee on the revision of rules, and its commercial agents abroad. These officers and councillors were elected for six months or a year; and the consuls, or some of them, were *ex officio* members of the councils of the captain of the People and, usually, they were also admitted to those of the podestà. The other guilds were organized in the same general way as the Calimala.

The primary object of organization into guilds was to benefit trade — statutes provided that cloth must conform to prescribed measures and come up to the requisite standard of quality, minute supervision watched over counting-room and warehouse — nevertheless a guild was not merely a corporate body constituted for economic advantage, but also a

training school in statecraft and public affairs. All the greater guilds had business in foreign countries as well as at home; this business was often of great pecuniary importance, requiring experience, shrewdness, foresight; discussion and action upon the conduct of these affairs fitted the members for participation in the city's government. Through these guilds, in spite of prejudice and narrowness, a career was made possible for all members of the upper middle class; the door of opportunity was flung open to men of talents, and by means of capacities thus brought to light, prosperity spread its quickening influence through the city and summoned her to fulfil her glorious destiny.

The complete triumph of the Guelfs did not remove all difficulties from the management of foreign affairs. Florence had two great protectors, who wished to exercise their high office, in part at least, for their own advantage. The Papacy, while it was guided by the policy of Gregory X and of Nicholas III, wished to recall the banished Ghibellines, reconcile the two factions, and bring the citizens into amity with one another, like brethren in a loving household. The admired precept of rhetoric, taken from Tully, was its appropriate motto: "De le compangnie neuna è più graçiosa ne più ferma, che quando i buoni huomini, somillianti in costumi, sono juncti di familiarità e d'amore — No society is more delightful, or more stable, than when good men, who are in accord as to their way of life, are united in affection and familiar intercourse." One cannot doubt that the Curia wished to do its Christian duty; but it

wished to kill two birds with one stone. From a policy of reconciliation it would derive the double advantage of checking King Charles and of holding the balance of power in Florence. So, at papal instigation, there were ceremonious reconciliations of great solemnity, with sacred offices, embraces, and copious protestations of brotherly love. In the pontificate of Nicholas III, Cardinal Latino Malabranca assembled the heads of both parties in the piazza of Santa Maria Novella; all the important men of Florence were there, for instance, Brunetto Latini, Folco Portinari, and the poets, both Ghibelline and Guelf, Guido Cavalcanti, Schiatta Pallavillani, Federigo Gualterotti, Pacino Angiolieri, and Migliore degli Abati, who must have had this meeting in his mind, when he wrote: —

> Ché faccio vista d' amare e sembianti,
> e mostro in tale loco benvolglienza,
>
> For I make the semblance and show of loving,
> And in such places display good will.

No doubt among the youngsters crowding round the notables were Dino Compagni, Giovanni Villani, Dante Alighieri and another lad, a little younger, Giotto di Bondone. Decrees of banishment and confiscation were cancelled; the benedictions of the Church descended like the showers of spring, bidding the buds of friendship swell and blossom. But the ground was stony; the rain fell and the sun shone in vain.

On the other side King Charles did not believe in any such namby-pamby policy; he believed in the

undivided supremacy of the Guelfs and the utter abasement of the Ghibellines. Doubtless in this policy he saw his own advantage; with bands of Ghibelline exiles threatening the gates of a town he would be needed to champion the Guelf cause; where he came as champion he might stay as master, and on these stepping-stones rise to the heights of his ambition. The Florentine Guelfs, for the most part merchants, manufacturers, traders, shopkeepers, were violent partisans, they wished the expulsion and destruction of the Ghibelline nobility, and yet they did not wish to imperil their right to manage their own affairs; when the Ghibellines were dangerous, they were glad to have King Charles for seigneur of the town, but when the Ghibellines were weak, they wanted to get rid of him. Their attitude towards the Papacy was the same; they desired its help, but not its control. They gathered together on the piazza of Santa Maria Novella, they bowed their heads to Cardinal Latino's benediction, they submitted to the papal reconciliations; but as soon as the blood of partisan passion swelled again, they tore the reconciliation to tatters. Yet the Pope protected them from King Charles; and they could not afford to break with him. Under such besetting difficulties, the city's policy followed a zigzag course, but with sails bellied out by the winds of good fortune, the Florentine ship of state seemed to sail faster on every tack.

Even in internal matters the expulsion of the Ghibellines did not procure quiet. The tendency of a rich society to produce an overbearing, insolent class asserted itself anew; Guelf nobles, aspiring

members of wealthy, mercantile families, new knights of King Charles's creation, remnants of the old Ghibelline houses, fashionable folk of one kind or another, combined to make a new aristocracy, the *Grandi*, as arrogant and domineering as the earlier Ghibelline nobility had ever been. The struggle of the middle classes to reduce this hectoring aristocracy to subordination constitutes the domestic history of the last decades of the century. The division between the two discordant classes was not clean-cut; it was crossed by a dozen diverse cleavages. Quarrels, jealousies, ambitions, induced some of the nobles to join the popular side; reasons of family, of neighbourhood, of business, led burghers to one side or the other; artisans and shopkeepers, who were or believed themselves to be dependent upon the expensive habits of the rich, sided with the nobility; but on the whole in Florence, as in most of the manufacturing and trading cities of Tuscany and Lombardy, the political division was between the middle class and the *Grandi*.

This division was increased and emphasized by the growth of the city's power in Tuscany; the Ghibelline towns were pushed to the wall, and Florence became cock of the walk. Siena was forced to join the Guelf league; Pisa was brought to her knees. Arezzo, which had become the headquarters of the Tuscan Ghibellines, showed fight. She with her allies, nearly ten thousand strong, met the Guelfs in the decisive battle of Campaldino (1289), still memorable because young Dante Alighieri served in the Florentine army. The Ghibellines

were put to rout; Count Guido Novello saved himself by flight, but many of their leaders lost their lives, among others Buonconte, son of Guido da Montefeltro. An imp from hell came exultant for Buonconte's soul, but the angel of God rescued it, because at the last he shed a little tear, *una lagrimetta*, of true repentance and called on Mary for help (*Purg.* v, 88–129). Perhaps it was in revenge for his son's death that Guido allowed the keys of the Tower of Hunger to be flung into the Arno.

Both outside and inside the city walls, events moved surprisingly fast; it was the growing time of adolescence; and as the city grew in wealth and the guilds increased in power, the political constitution also changed. The Florentines were like the people of Athens, always desiring new things; and they were very self-confident. Dante inveighs against them (*Purg.* vi, 133–51): —

> Many refuse the public burden;
> But your people eagerly speaks up
> Without being asked and cries: "I take it upon me."
> Now make yourself happy, for you have good cause:
> You rich, you at peace, you with wisdom!
> The consequences shew if I speak truth.
> Athens and Lacedæmon, that fashioned
> Laws so long ago and were so civilized,
> In well living made a puny mark
> Compared with you, who lay up provision
> So nicely reckoned, that up to mid-November
> Doth not last what you in October spun.
> How often in the time within our memory
> Laws, money, offices and customs
> Have you changed, and made yourself anew!

> And if you will think back and see light,
> You shall see yourself like to a sick woman
> Who cannot on her feather mattress rest,
> But turns about and tries to ease her pain.

Dante does not exaggerate. At the time of the famous reconciliation in the piazza of Santa Maria Novella, under the direction of Cardinal Latino Malabranca, the board of twelve worthies was enlarged to fourteen, and its powers increased. It became the seigniory, the administrative board of the government; and, as the suspicious Florentines were fearful lest this added power might bring the means, as well as the temptation, of compassing tyranny, they ordained that its members should be elected every two months. This practice of a shift every two months became a settled principle. A few years later this body of fourteen was superseded by a board of six priors, taken from the principal guilds, one representing each of the six districts of the city; and they held the supreme executive powers. Again in the course of a few years, when the *Grandi* had become more turbulent, especially after the victory at Campaldino, which they ascribed to their valour, the popular party, under the leadership of Giano della Bella, a man of great spirit and resolution, enacted laws of extreme severity against them. These laws were styled the "Ordinances of Justice." Nobles were excluded from all share in the government; if they wished for such civic privileges they were obliged to lay aside their rank and enrol themselves in a guild. Very severe penalties were imposed for offences committed by a noble against a burgher;

and if the offender escaped, his family was held responsible in his stead. To enforce these laws a new officer, the *Gonfaloniere di Giustizia*, the Standard-Bearer of Justice, was appointed, who was associated with the six Priors, and was furnished with a guard of a thousand armed citizens. But after barely two years the restless populace turned about, sided with the *Grandi*, denounced Giano della Bella, pillaged his house and drove him from Florence. Nevertheless the popular constitution stood; the *Grandi* were too busy with their own dissensions to unite long against it.

Political progress was irregular and spasmodic but, on the whole, there was a definite movement transferring power from the nobility to the mercantile classes. One of the steps that mark the change is the legislation in favour of serfs. That legislation differed in different communities; in some it was more radical than others. The Florentine servile act of 1289 merely forbade buying and selling slaves apart from the land, and proceeded more from a desire to abase the feudal nobility to whom the serfs generally belonged than from any sentiments of human fraternity and equality; the references to natural rights in the preamble are due rather to notarial knowledge of Roman law and notarial love of rhetoric than to devotion towards the fundamental principles of Christianity. Indeed, in Florence and Bologna the abolition of serfdom, so far as it was abolished, was primarily a war measure in the struggle with the landholding class. Though these acts count among the surest evidences of the triumph of the burghers

over the nobility, they were not very far reaching; the great body of serfs still remained fixed to the soil, and passed with the soil, whether the soil was transferred by deed or by will, and fugitive serfs were subject to capture and return.

In spite of all this turmoil within the city and without, for in history the clang of arms has always made more noise than the loom of the weaver or the trowel of the mason, the growing wealth and prosperity of the Guelf democracy expressed itself in making the city beautiful. The Palace of the Podestà (now the Bargello), the Church of Santa Trinità, the Ponte Rubaconte (now Ponte alle Grazie) belong to the vigour of the *Primo Popolo*, and the Church of Santa Annunziata was begun in 1262. But the cornerstone of Santa Maria Novella was laid about the time when Cardinal Latino Malabranca altered the constitution of the state and endeavoured to reconcile Guelfs and Ghibellines; the hospital of Santa Maria Nuova was founded by Folco Portinari, the father of Dante's Beatrice, in 1287; San Marco was begun in 1290; and in the year after the reforms carried by Giano della Bella, during the popular government known as the *Secondo Popolo*, the great architect Arnolfo di Cambio began the Franciscan church, Santa Croce, the new cathedral, Santa Maria del Fiore, and four years later the palace of the Seigniory, now the Palazzo Vecchio.

CHAPTER XI

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

Men's thoughts are much according to their inclination; their discourse and speeches according to their learning and infused opinions; but their deeds are after as they have been accustomed. — Lord Bacon.

The cities of Italy in the thirteenth century, some crowning the hilltops, some seated by a river's bank, and others by the sea, individual as they were, and diverse in customs and in inheritance, present, in their contrast with cities of to-day, a certain likeness one to another. All, except for a few chance exceptions, were girdled about with great walls and a moat beyond. Turrets at frequent intervals guarded the ramparts. Four great gates or more, flanked by towers, marked where the principal roads from the country ran into the town. Outside the walls, first groups and then a scattering of dwellings and cabins, proved the growth of the city; beyond the suburbs stood isolated granges in vineyards and orchards, and farmhouses with stables and cattle sheds, all fortified against robbers and raiders. And, further out in the country, where there are now cultivated fields or barren hills, were forests, tenanted by wild beasts.

Near rich cities such as Bologna, these granges were often elaborate villas, at least towards the end of the century. The enclosure, covering an acre or more, was in the form of a rectangle; it abutted

Giovanni Pisano — Alinari, phot.

THE SERF

Panel from Fountain at Perugia

upon the high-road and was carefully arranged according to system. A ditch with an embankment, and on the embankment a wall, a stockade or thick hedge of barberry or other thorny tree, encompassed the court; the protection was made especially strong if the place was lonely. A drive was laid from the high-road through the court cutting it in two, and leading into the pastures, vineyards, and grain-fields behind. A stout gate guarded the entrance, with some sort of penthouse over it so that the ironwork of the gate should not rust from the rain. The master's house was situate immediately to the right or left as you entered the court; it fronted on the driveway and presented its side to the high-road as part of the enclosing wall. The better sort of house was roofed with tiles, the poorer with thatch. The half of the court on the master's side was treated as a garden; vines, some eight or ten feet high, climbing on pollarded trees or on a trellise, were planted all around along the inside of the wall or hedge. Within this species of pergola and nearer the centre of the court was an orchard filled with low fruit trees, such as figs, or medlars, or with nut trees; and among these little trees at distances of twenty feet apart tall apple and pear trees were set. In the centre came the vegetable garden and flower-beds, with dove-cotes, rabbit-hutch and bee-hives.

The half of the court on the other side of the roadway was set apart for the farm buildings, — the cottages and huts of the hands, barns, stables and outhouses, — which were ranged along the hedge or wall on that side. The open space in the middle

of this half court was used in various ways; there was the well, the kiln, and, at the most remote spot from the master's house, the dung-heap. If it was beneath the master's dignity to live in the yard himself, his farmer or bailiff occupied the principal house and managed the farm. With a good-sized farm to take care of, the bailiff's duties were not light. There was the kitchen garden to be dressed, hoed, and weeded, with its beets, gourds, cabbages, onions, fennel, lettuce, spinach, and asparagus; there were the fields, with their crops to be sowed and harvested, oats, rye, wheat, flax, hemp, barley, buckwheat, millet, vetch, peas, and beans; there were the vineyards, with endless clipping and pruning, and the gathering of the grapes; there were the orchards, with apples, pears, cherries, figs, pomegranates, apricots, almonds, filberts, plums, peaches, and quinces; there were the olive groves and the hay; there was the live stock, horses, oxen, cattle, sheep, mules, asses, goats, and pigs, as well as pigeons, chickens, geese, ducks, peacocks, dogs, and bees. The bailiff's duty was to superintend all the farm; he must keep the servants, serfs, and slaves at work; he must not accept the excuse of illness, for if the hands are ill, it is his fault for having given them too much to eat. He must oversee the sheep-shearing, he must sell old oxen unfit for service, old cattle, old carts, and old slaves. Altogether, the grange or villa, with its cultivated fields, was an important part of the environs of a city.

This description I take from the treatise on agriculture written by Pier de' Crescenzi, a native of

Bologna and a contemporary of Dante; nevertheless in reading of such smiling prosperity, at the very time when the carroccio issued forth every spring as regular as the seasons, it is hard to shut one's mind to the suspicion that the writer's pen flows with milk and honey learned from the study of rhetoric, or else that he puts into his book descriptions of some villa or farm, once belonging to Pliny or Cicero, which he has taken from Varro, Columella, or Palladius. If this be so, at least we learn from him, as we do from a score of other witnesses, how the influence of the great classic past still maintained its hold on the mediæval imagination and only awaited a favourable opportunity to burst into new life.

The pictures that we get of the interior of a city are less agreeable. The main streets were perhaps twenty feet broad, but the alleys that connected them were barely twelve feet across or less, and both dark and crooked. Some alleys were so narrow that a swaggering horseman, who thrust out his legs to right and left, took all the space from wall to wall; or, sometimes, the second storeys of the abutting houses projected so far over the street, that a religious procession winding through the town would be obliged to bend their banners this way and that in order to pass. In many places, owing to the condition of the road, the steepness of the ground, and the darkness of the alley, it was more prudent for a horseman to dismount and lead his steed.

Streets and alleys were very dirty. Domestic animals crowded about; pigs ran at large; dye-works

and tanneries poured their befouled waters out of doors; butchers contributed the blood of slaughtered animals. The lack of places of public convenience added to the filth; so that the dirtier alleyways must have resembled a barnyard. When some great personage came to town, the main streets were swept; but the alleys were left to be cleaned by the pigs and the rain. The great square of the town and the streets frequented by the gentry were no doubt better kept, especially after the middle of the century, when it became the custom to pave the squares and principal streets with brick or stone; but the smaller squares were mere grazing places for swine.

The town itself looked like a feudal fortress. The towers of the nobles shot up one hundred, two hundred, or three hundred feet high, and so thick that Siena is said to have looked like a canebrake and Lucca like a grove. Other cities counted their towers by scores, some by hundreds. But as the mercantile classes became more powerful and the bourgeoisie got the upper hand of the old nobility, many of the towers were cut down a third of their height or more, and many were torn down altogether. In Rome, when Brancaleone of Bologna was Senator (1252–58), it is said that more than one hundred and forty were demolished. Sometimes a great mercantile establishment had its own enclosure, protected by the massive backs of houses, that fronted on a court within, and by battlemented walls; in this enclosure were dwellings for masters, employees, and servants, stables for horses and pack animals, and open spaces and shops for displaying merchandise.

Rich noble families had strongholds of somewhat similar character. The lesser houses, too, with their massive doors and solid blinds, were like little fortresses, built as if to proclaim that a man's house is his castle. In the earlier years many of the houses were built of wood, and the roofs were shingled with wood or thatched with straw, but, as wealth multiplied, wood gave way to brick and stone, and the houses were generally tiled. The red tiles of the roofs, the grey, grim towers, the open belfries, the church pinnacles, the loggias on the tops of lofty houses, all crowded within battlemented walls, made the mediæval Italian city a most picturesque spectacle.

The great square was the centre of town life. Upon it fronted the cathedral, the bishop's palace, the baptistery, the town hall perhaps, and the houses of eminent families. The square itself was the real home of people whom blue skies urged out of doors; it was the unroofed family room for the whole city. There tournaments were held, candidates for knighthood exercised their hospitalities, singers, ballad-mongers, mountebanks exhibited their accomplishments, friars preached, pedlars cried their wares, heralds trumpeted and shouted their proclamations, hucksters chaffered, young men and boys played their games, trainbands drilled, the general council of citizens assembled, children romped and made mud pies; altogether, knights in armour, prelates in vestments, public messengers in red jackets, heralds on horseback, friars in corded smocks, merchants in robes, shopkeepers in leathern jackets,

artisans in jerkin and hose, rich women clad in scarlet cloth, poor women in green, young women with fillets round their heads, mothers with swaddled babies on their backs, horses, mules, asses, cows, goats, chickens, dogs, cats, and pigs, with bells clanging and all the population talking at once, must have been a very gay and jolly scene. The piazza was also a great public school. There the people met every day, bargained, haggled, disputed, discussed, listened to monks, pilgrims, or troubadours from afar, heard the news of the Pope, of the Emperor, of Ezzelino da Romano, of Bro. Elias, and argued on this side or on that. It was the debating forum, the assembly room, the outdoor club, for all the citizens. There they rubbed off the rudeness of earlier times, and acquired a quickness of wit, a readiness of speech, and an ingenuity that distinguished them broadly from the country folk. The piazza ranks with the guilds as a factor in the development of Italian civilization.

That the piazza played so great a part in ordinary life was in a measure due to the dreariness of the houses. The windows had no glass; the panes were of linen or sheepskin, soaked in oil to render them translucent. The floors were sometimes furnished with carpets or mattings, but in the houses of the poor they were merely strewn with sand or rushes. The bedroom furniture consisted of a great bed decked with curtains, a long footstool (the predella), a bench, a three-legged table, a strong-box, and at times a wedding-chest. Several persons slept together in a bed, and sometimes as many as ten in a room.

The dining-room had table and benches. The table was set with wooden trenchers, spoons, bowls, saucers, and a double-handed drinking-goblet, and cups; in palaces there were dishes of silver, and vases of silver or gold, as well as tablecloths and napkins of fine linen. In most cities, especially in northern cities where the winters were cold, as in Venice, the houses of the rich had fireplaces not only in the kitchen, with hood and chimney, but also in the sleeping-rooms. Sometimes, no doubt, apartments were heated by means of a brazier; and the old Roman fashion of a furnace with radiating flues seems not to have been forgotten. But in the one-storey houses of the poor the fireplace had no hood or chimney and the smoke made its escape either by an opening in the roof or as best it could. The fire, however, was probably made of some fuel that gave out a not disagreeable smoke, and served the useful purpose of expelling fleas.

Food, of course, varied with the classes. Sometimes it was the custom to have but two meals a day, breakfast towards ten or eleven, and supper about four o'clock; sometimes there was a meal after dark. The poor ate beans, chestnuts, millet flour, macaroni, oatmeal, soups of bread and vegetables, and broths, but mainly bread with olive oil and slices of fat. The rich always eat well; they had pork, kid, chicken, veal, beef, mutton, pheasants, wild geese, partridges, quail, hares, venison, salmon, eel and trout, cakes, candies, pastry, and fruits, such as oranges, lemons, citrons, and dates.

Manners at table in the days before forks were

matters of consequence, especially where a large company assembled from motives other than the mere pleasure of dining together, as in the refectory of a monastic order. A set of precepts concerning good manners, put into rhyme by a schoolmaster, Bonvesin of Riva, a little place near Milan, has come down to us: "First of all remember the poor, that inasmuch as you give food to one of them you give to the Lord; then wash your hands carefully; do not be in a hurry to be seated; bless yourself; sit properly without crossing your legs or twisting them about; don't lean your elbows on the table or stretch your arms over it; eat neither too much nor too little; do not take too large mouthfuls, or talk too much; be nice about drinking out of the common mug, never forget to wipe your lips first, and have a care not to drink too much, for a sot commits three offences, he harms his body, he hurts his soul, and he wastes the wine. Don't suck your spoon; turn aside when you cough; do not treat delicacies as if they were bread, — it is not commendable to appear greedy for meat, eggs, or cheese; don't find fault with the food, or say this is ill-cooked, that badly salted; cut the common loaf neatly; don't dip your crusts into the common wine mug; if a friend is dining with you, give him the best pieces; don't scratch a cat or pat a dog at meals, as your fingers go into the common dish; don't speak when your mouth is full; don't ask a question of your companion who is drinking; don't tell bad news, but try to say pleasant things; don't make a fuss, and if you feel ill, don't show it; if you see something disagree-

able in the food, a fly, for instance, don't mention it; don't touch the rim of the drinking-cup with your thumb, take hold of it below; keep on eating as long as your guest eats; and when dining in company, don't put your knife back in its sheath too soon; and when finished, wash your hands again and give thanks to the Lord Jesus."

The business of life, for men, lay in war, in mercantile affairs, or in the Church. Only the nobles devoted themselves wholly to the practice of war and martial exercises, and in trading communities even nobles often entered into mercantile pursuits; the trainbands underwent a moderate drill and discipline. Young men destined to be merchants, after their first schooling, plunged into practical affairs and learned the details of their fathers' occupations; many of them travelled across the Alps in company with pack trains, to Lyons or to the famous fairs in Champagne, or even to Flanders or England. Lads who were to become artisans were apprenticed for a term of years upon conditions that varied very much in different trades and in different cities. After having finished their apprenticeship and become masters in their craft, they joined a guild, commonly that of their fathers, for admittance to a guild was primarily regarded as a right of inheritance.

Women seldom went to school, unless they were put in a nunnery; at home they learned nothing except sewing, embroidery, taking care of flowers, and household duties. The poor, no doubt, were burdened with too much to do, while those of the shopkeeping class were busy enough; but the ladies

of the upper classes had ample leisure to be extravagant and wasteful, especially toward the end of the century. Even mothers had much time to spare, for they did not nurse their babies, but handed them over to a wet-nurse. Fashionable women wore fine linen, silks and brocades, trinkets of silver and gold, jewelry of all sorts, trimmings and gewgaws. Their gowns were cut low in the neck, to the scandal of the austere; they wore false hair and painted and powdered to a most reprehensible degree; they laced and they fasted in order to make their figures fashionably slim.

The Church discountenanced this extravagance and did what she could to stop it. Pope Gregory X, for instance, bade women give up pearls, ornaments of feathers, and gold and silver fringe, during Lent. Cardinal Latino, sent by Nicholas III as legate to Lombardy and Romagna, went still further. Brother Salimbene gives an account of his attempts at reform: "He disturbed all the women by a set of regulations that women should wear dresses only to the ground or barely a handsbreadth longer. Before this they used to wear trains that trailed on the ground a yard long. Patecchio [a poet of the time] says of them: —

et trappi longhi ke la polver menna,

and long skirts that take the dust.

"And the legate had these regulations proclaimed in the churches and bade the women obey, under injunction that, unless they did, no priest should absolve them; and this was bitterer to the women than any death. One woman said familiarly to me, 'that her train was dearer to her than any other garment

that she had on.' And, besides, Cardinal Latino in the same regulations bade all women — girls, young ladies, married women, widows, matrons, — wear veils over their heads. This was intolerable to them. They could do nothing about the trains; but this tribulation they found a way of getting round, for they made veils of linen and silk, shot with a gold thread, in which they appeared ten times better-looking, and drew the eyes of those that saw them still more towards wanton thoughts." The lawgivers, also, — fathers, husbands, brothers, — made laws to check this display of vanity. The primary object of this legislation was to prevent extravagance; but it seems likely that some of the guilds took advantage of such puritanical opinions to protect their own industries against foreign competition.

Women married very young, from the ages of twelve or fourteen to twenty; and among the upper classes the marriages of girls were almost always arranged by their parents for social or economic reasons. Often a girl barely saw her husband before betrothal. The wedding itself was a great occasion. In Dante's time it was the custom to hold a wedding feast in the new house of the young couple; the bride invited ten friends and the bridegroom fourteen, while the invited guests were permitted to bring others with them, one or more according to rank and relationship. Weddings gave so much opportunity for wasteful vanity that the government passed laws to limit the numbers in the wedding retinue, the amount of food at the banquet, and the value of wedding presents.

Funerals, too, were matters of extravagant expense. Many bells were rung, torches and candles carried, loud cries and lamentations uttered in street and church, mourners were hired, special garments were worn, a crowd attended at the house and at the service in the church, mourning was displayed for an immoderate length of time. In this case, as with weddings and women's dress, old, frugal, puritanical notions strove to check the luxury and show introduced by the great increase of wealth. Laws were passed to moderate these practices and in this fleeting world to substitute a more reasonable show of grief. Naturally the funeral of a person of consequence was attended with greater pomp than that of a private citizen. Salimbene describes the funeral of Count Lodovico di Bonifazio, who died at Reggio in Emilia, where he had once been podestà. He was the son of Count Riccardo. "He had made excellent preparation for his soul, and the citizens of Reggio made excellent and noble preparations for his body." They were reckless of expense. All the monks in Reggio were there and many nuns; indeed the whole city turned out, and foreigners as well. Gentlemen of highest rank carried the bier. The body was clad in scarlet cloth with beautiful fur, and covered by a handsome pall; it was girt with his sword; gold embroidered shoes were on the feet, a silken purse at the belt, and on the head a very handsome cap of scarlet cloth and fur. The body was finally laid in a rich tomb, made at the public charge, and buried beside the church of the Brothers Minor.

Games and sports were played hard. The nobles

held tourneys. The point of the lance was blunted or some device to take away the peril of the thrust adopted, and commonly no worse harm was done than splintering spears; nevertheless these jousts were dangerous and bad accidents happened; sometimes, for instance, a splinter put out an eye. There were other fashionable entertainments of a mock military order in which ladies had a part. Rolandino of Padua, one of Boncompagno's pupils and chronicler of Ezzelino's doings, gives an account of a fête which took place when he was a boy of fourteen. The Podestà of Padua, who was fond of gayety got it up. All the principal gentlefolk of Padua and Venice, as well as of Treviso, were invited. A scaffolding, like a mimic fort, was erected, hung with furs, silks, samites, brocades, and rich stuffs of various colours and strange names. Twelve ladies, the choicest in Padua for birth, beauty, and playfulness, constituted the garrison; their helmets were coronets blazing with precious stones, which Rolandino enumerates with all the ardour of earliest memories of splendour. These ladies were squired by their handmaidens. Two bands of young gentlemen, Paduans and Venetians respectively, then tried to take the fort by assault; their weapons were roses, lilies, violets and all sweet-smelling, pretty-looking, flowers, fruits too, and sweetmeats. The Venetians displayed a rich banner of St. Mark's and fought "with good manners and great fun." But while Venetians and Paduans were struggling to be the first to force the gate of the fort, one of the Venetians, a foolish fellow, with angry and malignant

look insulted the Paduans, who thereupon lost their tempers, snatched the banner of St. Mark's and tore it. A fight followed, and the rulers of the city were obliged to rush in and put a stop to the game. Some such fêtes were kept up throughout the century, for in one of the sonnets by Folgore da San Gimignano, a young man of fashion who belonged to the *Brigata Spendereccia* of Siena, occur the lines,

> fruit go flying up
> In merry counterchange for wreaths that drop
> From balconies and casements far above;

and as manners grew more subdued with the revolving years, these peltings with fruits and flowers dwindled into the throwing of confetti at the carnival.

Other fêtes, introduced by the French, belong to the latter end of the century. Giovanni Villani describes one of these that took place at Florence in his boyhood when Dante and Giotto were young men. He says that, in one of the districts across the Arno, a company of young gentlemen and ladies was formed in the early summer to drive dull care away. They all dressed in white, and chose a lord called the Lord of Love. There were games, parties, dances, marchings through the streets with music, banquets and suppers for two months. Many gentlemen and strolling players came from far and near to take part in the revels and were handsomely treated. This was the very year in which Beatrice "that wonderful lady" appeared to Dante clothed in purest white, between two gentlewomen, who were older

than she, and looked at him with a greeting of such wondrous power that he seemed to see the utmost ends of blessedness. Beatrice's white dress, and her being in the street with two other ladies, make it seem as if she must have been one of a band of merrymakers, similar to those of which Villani speaks.

The sports of the other classes were simpler and less expensive, but as rough and dangerous as tournaments. Some of these games were more played in some cities than in others; for instance, Pisa was noted for the Game of the Bridge, Perugia for the Battle of Stones, Florence and Siena for special kinds of football, Arezzo for the Game of Apples, Venice for archery, and all Tuscany for Elmore. The last was a mêlée or mimic battle; the players wielded wooden swords and lances and were protected by shields of leather and helmets woven from rushes. Players were often wounded and sometimes killed; and in Siena, at least, the game was finally forbidden by law. The Pisan game of Bridge was of much the same sort. The players fought on a bridge over the Arno; they were armed with two-handed wooden implements about three feet and a half long, used both for stroke and parry, and knocked one another into the river to heart's content. *Pugna*, fisticuffs, was another of the games. Young fellows divided into two bands, one at one end of the piazza the other at the other end, and punched and pounded till one side drove the other from the field. There was also, of course, hunting, hawking, horse-racing, and foot-racing.

The quiet games were chess and dice. Chess was played by staid and sober citizens. In the time of Guido Novello, a wonderful Saracen player came to Florence, and in the palace of the People played three games of chess at once with the best players of the city; he looked at one board and kept the plays on the other two in his head. Villani records that he won two games and tied the third. There were various games of chance, some of which were played with a board, as backgammon. The game of *Zara*, to which Dante refers (*Purg.* VI, 1), was played with three dice; it seems that the players before each throw guessed at the aggregate of spots, and that he who guessed aright, or came the nearer, won the throw. All sorts of people gambled. At the University of Bologna, games of dice were not allowed; and, at a synod in Milan, it was even found necessary to forbid the clergy to play. In order to prevent cheats from fleecing the inexperienced, statutes enacted that games of dice should be played only in public, and dice-throwers were appointed who presided over dice boards in public booths on the piazza.

Gay young men in those days were very like gay young men in any other, and every Italian town offered the opportunities of Eastcheap. Folgore da San Gimignano and his comrades of the *Brigata Spendereccia* were more splendid in their spending and perhaps more elegant in their tastes than their fellows with leaner purses, but love of pleasure and recognition of pleasure as an end worthy of unflagging loyalty, marked the idle poor as well as the

Giovanni Pisano

Alinari, phot.

THE CAVALIER

Panel from Fountain at Perugia

idle rich. Cecco Angiolieri, another Sienese poet, older than Folgore and about contemporary with Guido Cavalcanti, sums up their case: —

> Tre cose solamente mi son in grado,
> le quali posso non ben ben fornire:
> ciò è la donna, la taverna, e l dado;
> queste mi fanno l cuor lieto sentire.
>
> Only three things give me pleasure,
> And them I cannot well procure:
> They are woman, wine and dice box;
> These the heart of care can cure.

Drunkenness, however, was not a common vice. There were many wineshops, too many, perhaps. Bonvesin da Riva computed that in the city of Milan in 1288 there were a thousand wineshops to thirteen thousand houses. On the other hand, waves of temperance swept over a town; for instance, in Siena shortly after the victory of Montaperti, a law was passed forbidding any wineshops in the city. The Italians as a matter of course drank wine with their meals; but there was neither rigour of climate nor stress of economic conditions to push them to excess. As for women of the town, they existed in great numbers, and as usual they, the weakest members of society, were adjudged solely responsible for their own existence and were harshly treated; but each town had its own laws. The usual method of dealing with these women was to expel them from a decent neighbourhood or else to expel them from the city. In one town it was provided that if such a woman should insult respectable persons, or say anything that displeased them, the

persons offended were at liberty to beat her even to drawing blood, without penalty.

Criminal punishments were generally severe, but they varied in different jurisdictions and apparently according to the moods of those who administered the law. Heretics, witches, and false coiners were burned. Murder was punished with death and various kinds of torture and dishonour. If the murder was committed in a church, the offender was drawn and burned; the dust of a parricide was blown to the winds; for a specially brutal murder the criminal was first thrust in a barrel, studded with nails pointing inward, and then put to death. Traitors were drawn and beheaded; robbery was punished by hanging. A wound inflicted upon the gonfaloniere of the People was punished with death, an insult to an ambassador with amputation, an affront to a podestà with exile during his term of office. Amputation was not uncommon. Almost all the penalties seem to be founded on the vain hope that severity would establish peace and maintain order.

Virtues and vices are usually very stable in this shifting world; but there has been some change in the attitude for better, and also for worse, towards certain vices. The gross vice of gluttony — la dannosa colpa della gola — was common. It included both eating and drinking. A book, translated from French into the Sicilian dialect, that had great vogue both in France and Italy, defines it: "la quali est in biviri et in mangiari, lu quali est unu viciu ki multu plachia lu diavulu et multu displachia deu — it lieth in drinking and in eating, it is a vice which much

pleaseth the devil and much displeaseth God." From Dante's indignation it would seem that a much larger proportion of people indulged themselves in that sin then than now. Brother Francis Pipin says, "Verum deus noster est venter noster, — of a truth the belly is our God." But perhaps austere idealists, such as Dante and this Dominican monk, had a higher standard than we have; — "if sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked!"

Accidie was then recognized to be a serious offence, and was ranked with wrath, avarice, and prodigality; men befogged by the smoke of their sullen thoughts, who do not welcome the sweet air and glorious sun, who refuse to rejoice in the myriad opportunities for the exercise of muscle and intelligence, are prone to evil suspicions, blasphemous thoughts, and malign detraction, they become traitors to society and by their presence make the world a poorer place. Usury, also, was a sin; because there were but two honest ways of earning a livelihood, one by cultivation of the earth, the other by some craft or profession, and usury made barren metal breed. Both Aristotle and the Bible forbade it. And, though money-lenders ran dozens of desperate risks that no longer exist, still a rate of interest that sometimes mounted to sixty or seventy per centum a year seemed not without reason wickedly extortionate.

In all these matters laws and customs differed from province to province, from city to city; and, moreover, there was a great change between the beginning of the century and its end. With the increase of

wealth, comforts and luxuries increased, and, instead of ministering only to the pleasure of a few nobles, spread to the upper mercantile class. It is hard to tell how great this increase was. Dante, Villani, Riccobaldi of Ferrara, and Bro. Francis Pipin have left pictures of what they believed to be the simple, plain, sober, and virtuous mode of life of earlier generations; but all that they say must be taken with a grain of salt, for three of them at least make use of old ways and customs as a foil for the luxurious extravagance of their own times. In those days men had not learned to put the golden age, in which temperance, fortitude, prudence, and justice bind a world of brothers together, into the future; they looked backward, and in their need of something better than what they saw all round about them, fancied that in an earlier time there had been a brave old world peopled by goodlier men. Dante looked back to the time of his ancestor, Cacciaguida, when Florence, within the first circuit of walls, was at peace, and lovely in her temperance and modesty. Then there were no chains of gold nor coronals, ladies were not all tricked out, nor was a girdle better worth a look than the lady's face; dowries were moderate, oriental luxury was unknown; the first gentlemen in Florence went about in skin jerkins with leathern belts and clasps of bone, and their wives did not paint their cheeks. Then ladies spun, or tended the cradle, or told old stories of the Trojans, of Fiesole and Rome (*Par.* xv). But Dante was an uncompromising aristocrat, an old Tory, passionately devoted to his dreamed ideals, and despised

the newly enriched traders who had become the masters of Florence.

Villani chooses the time of the *Secondo Popolo* to hold up to his degenerate contemporaries: "At that time the citizens of Florence lived soberly, on simple food, and with little expense. Many of their ways were simple, even rude; both men and women dressed in coarse garments, often made of leather without any cloth to cover it, the men had caps, and all wore rough boots. The Florentine women dispensed with ornaments; a lady of rank was content with a scant gown of scarlet cloth, girded with an old-fashioned belt and buckle, and supplemented by a cloak, which was lined with fur and tasselled; women of the people dressed in green cloth of Cambrai. It was usual to give a dowry of a hundred pounds [a sum sufficient to liberate ten serfs]; two or three hundred was regarded as very large. Girls did not marry until they were twenty or more. Though the Florentines of those days had simple clothes, simple manners and led a simple life, they were true to one another, their hearts were loyal, they earnestly wished to see the affairs of the Commonwealth managed patriotically; and with their simple and frugal ways of living they brought more good and honour to their homes and to their city than is done to-day when we live more luxuriously."

Riccobaldi of Ferrara, a subject of the noble Marquis of Este, Azzo VIII, pretends to describe the state of society in the time of Frederick II. Men and women, he says, dressed in the plainest fashion;

men wore leather jerkins and a stout cap, fit to protect the head from blows as well as from the cold; women wore tunics and cloaks of homely materials, and plain ribbons round their heads; little gold or silver was ever seen in their dress; the table was ill supplied with utensils and food; a family had but few plates, never one for each person, and but one or two drinking cups; a stew served for dinner, cold meat for supper; there were no candles, and at supper a servant held a torch; wine cellars were few and storerooms scanty. In short, Riccobaldi describes a poor artisan's house of his own time. But the rich lived differently. When Bro. Salimbene, who was travelling in France in the year 1248, dined at the court of the Countess of Auxerre, twelve courses were served, and washed down by the white wines of Auxerre, goldenish, sweet-smelling, comforting, and of excellent savour. He also partook of a sumptuous banquet which King Louis IX provided at the Franciscan monastery at Sens. First the guests had cherries, then the whitest bread, and wine worthy of a king, fresh beans stewed in milk, fishes, crabs, eel pasty, rice with milk of almonds and powdered cinnamon, eels seasoned with excellent sauce, tarts, junkets, and fruits of the season, all served in the most finished manner.

Riccobaldi had not the same purpose in mind as the *laudatores temporis acti*. He draws a simple picture of the past in order to vaunt the material progress and the modern comforts of his time. Brother Pipin, the Dominican of Bologna, on the other hand,

looks at life more from Dante's point of view. He quotes what Riccobaldi says and draws a melancholy contrast. To-day, he says, all is changed: —

"We love show and foreign things; we drink wines from abroad, and hold cooks in the highest esteem; all our life is one struggle for luxury; the vain pomps of the world that our sponsers renounced at baptism we now insist upon; the belly is our god; and so, we are all for usury, fraud, and rapine."

> O Friend! I know not which way I must look
> For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,
> To think that now our life is only drest
> For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
> Or groom!

Brother Pipin is undoubtedly right in thinking that wealth and luxury had multiplied, but the decencies and comforts of life had multiplied as well; and this society, eager for enjoyment and show, curious for new things, and greedy for a larger life, prepared the conditions necessary to produce a Dante. Had the ambitious, covetous, garrulous, hard-working Florentines, fond of a jest and fond of a florin, not struggled to do what they deemed bettering themselves, the *Divine Comedy* would not have been written.

There is another class of society of which history says little; for the historians of those days were like children, whose interest is bounded by the sound of trumpets, the clash of arms, the comings and goings of kings and great noblemen. They said nothing of the people at the base of society: of peasants, serfs, and slaves. Peasants held their little plots of land on

all sorts of terms; they were to do so many days' labour, draw so many loads of wood, give so many bushels of oats, or packets of peas, a portion of animals killed in the hunt, a part of the catch of fish, or pay rent in other kinds of service and produce, or in money. The slaves were chiefly Saracens, taken in war or bought in the East; most of them were in the sea-coast cities, Venice, Genoa, and Pisa. There was but little slave trade until after our century. The greater number of rural labourers were serfs, who were attached to the soil, and passed as appurtenances in the sale of land. If a serf ran away he was captured and brought back to his native place, unless he had the good fortune to find refuge in a city and remain unclaimed for a year and a day, or some such period. He was not allowed to enter the priesthood without permission from his lord. He was not allowed to serve as a soldier, to hold the office of judge or notary, to become a master in any trade; nor could he marry his daughter, or send his son to school without permission of his lord; yet he was possessed of such property as was left to him after he had complied with his lord's demands, and he was sometimes able to purchase exemption from many of his disabilities. There is a bitter poem written by one of these serfs, or perhaps by some one in sympathy with them, that tells their condition far better than chroniclers or random legal documents. The poem has come down to us in a very imperfect condition and presents episodes in servile life in a fragmentary form. The poet in some preliminary doggerel announces that his name is Matazone, that he

comes from a village near Pavia, is the son of a serf, and then proceeds: —

"Rather I needs must tell the mode of life that villeins have, as I have experienced it. Do you know what the villein does for his good lord? He shall never give the lord so much but that the lord shall take from him as much again: then he goes complaining to the lord and says, 'Sire, you have done me wrong and I bear it patiently. Neither your father nor your uncle was ever so harsh to me, they never did me any harm, God bless them; you are very wicked to do this to me; and I have good hope in God that I shall leave your domain and that I shall get a new lord who will treat me better.' . . . But the lord gave his orders, speaking angrily: 'Take this churl, bind his hands, put him in prison; he knows no law, reason, nor good manners, the scurvy patch. See that he is put to work on a path for the people who wish to reach the high-road; for according to the law of the Emperor the fief and the serf belong wholly to me, and so it is with every good lord who bears himself honourably.' But the churl complains because he has no shame, for if he had any shame, he would remember. . . I want you to listen to the story of his birth. [He then narrates a very gross allegory of the serf's birth.] This is to show what kind of a life he shall lead. It is already settled that his food shall be coarse bread, raw onions, boiled beans, garlic, and raw turnips. His breeches and shirt shall be of rough canvas — he was born naked — made in queer guise; he shall be girt with a leathern strap, and he shall have a shovel

and a pick to break the glebe, and a pitchfork on his shoulder to clean out the stable. The suspicious churl does n't believe my words, but I intend that he shall know that they are all true. There is never a donkey that jogs along the road but there is always a villein (or two) that goes beside him and comforts him and talks to him, because they are of kin, born of the same class: 'Get up, brother mine, you belong to me. Go straight along the road! Keep the highway' —

"And while Matazone was telling his tale before some gentlemen who were listening with interest, up spoke a villein, proud and bold, right before his lord, noisily: 'And you, how were you born, beautifully dressed cavalier? I should like to know wherefore you should have so many luxuries as you demand, pleasure and amusement, right or wrong?' The gentleman answered: 'I will tell you cheerfully what I know and what I have seen. The other day in the fresh dew, in the month of May when the weather is delightful, I got up and went into a garden. I looked about the garden; there was a fountain with a pipe of fine gold, and there I sat down and stayed awhile. There were two flowers of different colours, one white and the other red, a lily and a rose. I do not know for what reason the rose went close to the lily and took counsel with her; when they separated I saw appear a gentleman clad in very handsome garments. His clothes were of silk, fresh and gay in colour; he wore a jacket laced behind, in his hand a pennant, on his back a cloak fur-lined, very white and brilliant; he was girt with a belt richly wrought, his

boots were of deep scarlet, tightly laced; on his head was a chaplet of flowers. He sat astride a steed; a hawk perched on his wrist; greyhounds and hunting dogs stood in the slips. Then seven [six] lovely maidens appeared, Joy, Gayety, Prowess, Generosity, Beauty and Daring, who came to wait upon him. They surrounded him with songs and merriment; they courtsied to him, and made salutations: 'Welcome to you, with great joy we receive you. You are a gentleman. We know what you need. A serf is born; it is our pleasure that he be given to you; you shall be well served by him, and feared even better. He shall drive your oxen; you shall get out of him what you want. Every month of the year you shall lay a burden on him. In the month of Christmas take a good porker; leave him the entrails (they may be poisonous) and the sausage meat, but not all, for roasted sausages are good if they're cooked quickly. Mind that you don't leave him the good fat hams. In the month of January make him walk if you have need, no matter how much he grumbles. In the month of February, since that is the season of the carnival, take a capon every day; that's fair. In the month of March, make him go barefoot and trim the vines, so that you shall have a good crop. In the month of April your spirits should be blithe; let him bring you junket every morning. In May, to pay for his privilege of having your grass, take from the rude churl a sheep every day, after it is shorn; don't bother to take the wool, it is not properly dyed. In June, cherry-time, make the hound toil in the orchard, a good bit every week

(confound him!). Then have a search made on the farm to see if you have some strong, sour wine; give him some, there's no harm in that. In July and August, though it may seem a hardship to him, let him lie out of doors till he has stacked the grain. In the month of September, so that he shall stretch his limbs, make him harvest the grapes, and then work at the wine press: leave him the skins to make his wine out of the lees, but have him first trample out the pulp well — so that he shan't get drunk. In October, so that he shan't have a rest cure, make him dig about the vines and pull up the weeds; let him keep the roots with the clay stuck to them. In November, in order that the cold weather which comes shan't be disagreeable to you, don't let him rest; send him for wood, make him fetch it often and bring it in on his back, — that's the way. And when he comes up to the fire make him change his seat. With this manner of treatment the good-for-nothing churl will be punished.' Thanks be to God. Amen."

This cruel irony may well serve as an appendix to Pier de' Crescenzi's comfortable view of a Lombard villa, and to remind us of what the chroniclers forget, that their society, as well as ours, was based on the daily toil of the working-class.

CHAPTER XII

SCULPTURE

Va! . . . all' Ideale la barra!
Va! . . . all' Ideale, ch'è un punto,
ch'è un nulla; e la morte lo sbarra;
ma quando sei giunto . . . sei giunto!

G. Pascoli.

Up! . . . and at the Ideal!
Up! . . . At the Ideal! It is a point,
It is nothing; and death bars the way;
But when thou hast attained, thou hast attained!

The new architecture of the thirteenth century is not a reawakening but an invasion, it is an unmannerly attempt of the arrogant Gothic style to impose itself on the alien taste of Italy. The beginning of Italian literature is the story of Provençal poetry and Provençal poets winning an audience and imitators in Italy. In political history, too, the French invasion, the first since the reign of Charlemagne near five hundred years before, is not the least important chapter. In fact the history of Italy in the thirteenth century may, in many respects, be described as the working of French influences on Italian soil. The story of Italian sculpture is on the whole a story of Italian genus; nevertheless even here French influence imprints itself upon accessories and outward trappings and in the end, so it seems, upon the inward spirit of the art.

At the beginning of the century there was no established school of sculpture that might hope under

favouring circumstances to become dominant throughout the peninsula, as the Gothic style did in architecture, or as Giotto's art was to do in painting. In Rome and its dependent territories there was no sculpture except such bits as the Vassalletti carved in the Lateran cloisters. In the south there was a school, attributed, on hypothetical grounds by his enthusiastic admirers, to the encouragement of Frederick II, which has left but a fragmentary and uncertain record of its achievements. It is to the north that we must look for such sculpture as the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth century have bequeathed to us. Here we find various carvings, reminiscent of the Lombard taste for sculptured beasts, that give proof of vigour if not of artistic sensibility. In several cities, Verona, Modena, Ferrara, Pistoia, and Pisa, sculpture had served as the handmaid of architecture to beautify the outside of churches. The names of some of these sculptors have survived and by their barbaric syllables suggest the rudeness of their work: Wiligelmus of Modena, Nicolaus of Ferrara, Biduinus of Lucca, Gruamons of Pistoia. But the work of these primitive sculptors belongs to the twelfth century. In the beginning of the thirteenth there are but two names that interest us, Benedetto Antelami of Parma, and Guidetto of Lucca.

Like other artists of the time, Benedetto Antelami was both architect and sculptor. He (it is believed) designed the baptistery at Parma. His best works are the bas-reliefs and other figures on the outside of the baptistery there, and the statues and bas-reliefs on

Benedetto Antelami — Alinari, phot.

EZEKIEL

the cathedral at the neighbouring town of Borgo San Donnino. There are also bas-reliefs by him in the church of Sant' Andrea at Vercelli, and a little early work inside the cathedral at Parma. Some of these statues catch the eye at once and imprint themselves on the memory: for instance, Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, two prophets, two draped and winged angels, upon the walls of the baptistery at Parma; and David and Ezekiel at Borgo San Donnino. These figures are of heroic size and great dignity, and though the drapery in places is heavy, they present the repose, the calm, the solidity, of noble art.

Benedetto Antelami belongs to the Lombard school of Romanesque sculpture; his art begins where that of Nicolaus of Ferrara and of Wiligelmus of Modena left off. Critics perceive certain qualities in common between him and those sculptors who carved the reliefs on the portals of St. Trophime at Arles, and infer that he was influenced by Provençal art; otherwise they do not see their way to explain his immense superiority over his predecessors. Another influence also affected him, which indeed had affected his less richly endowed predecessors, only they lacked the skill to avail themselves freely of its lessons; that influence emanated from the scattered fragments of ancient sculpture found here and there in the cities that survived from Roman days. It shows itself, for instance, in the head of King David at Borgo San Donnino, or in the two draped angels on the baptistery at Parma. He was also perhaps influenced by certain bits of sculpture, or maybe by artists, from Verona; and it is not unreasonable to imagine that

he learned something from the four angels set on pillars in the basilica of St. Mark's at Venice.

Benedetto endeavoured to express repose, dignity, massiveness, and beauty, and, by abstraction, by generalization, by adherence to the typical, to escape from trivial detail and the importunities of petty things. At the end of the century other ideals and other principles carried the day; imitation of nature, dramatic expression, became the dominant rules. And with the achievements of Giovanni Pisano at the beginning of the three brilliant centuries of Italian sculpture, and the masterpieces of Michelangelo at the end, one cannot regret the triumph of other principles; but had the example set by Benedetto Antelami been consistently followed, Italian sculpture would have renounced the temptation to express passion in marble and bronze, and with a single mind would have aspired to ideas of serenity, peace, and dignity. Benedetto, however, had no successor. He died about 1233. Several years before his death the Lombard cities had renewed their League, and war had broken out between them and the Emperor. Parma was dragged into the thick of the fight. Then followed the famous siege and the imperial rout, and from that time on, the city, distracted and divided by fears from without and quarrels within, seized by Ghiberto da Gente, coveted by Uberto Pelavicini, was no place for the muses; and the brilliant beginning of art in Parma was snuffed out almost completely.

In Tuscany the principal early works in sculpture are to be found in Pisa, Pistoia, and Lucca. Gruamons in Pistoia and Biduinus in Lucca carved rude

and heavy bas-reliefs; but the noble architecture in those two cities necessarily stimulated the sister art. And an outside impulse came from Como, the little town on the southern bay of the lovely lake of Como. Sculptors went from Como to the western part of Tuscany, and carved a pulpit here, a font there, or decorative bas-reliefs for the outside of churches, and educated local artisans. Of these migrating sculptors the most notable is Guidetto of Como. About the year 1233, the masters of the works upon the cathedral at Lucca, wishing to make its gay and fanciful front still richer and more charming, employed Guidetto to carve bas-reliefs of St. Martin, the patron saint of the church. These bas-reliefs are not very interesting to anybody but the historical student; neither are those that concern St. Regulus, which are also ascribed to Guidetto. But out on one of the spandrels of the portico, in full relief, there is a noble statue of St. Martin on horseback, cutting his cloak in two for the benefit of the beggar who is standing by, expectant. This group is very striking: St. Martin himself is an heroic figure, the pitiful beggar, lean and lank, is fairly well done, and the horse is admirable, the head both handsome and natural. It might be put over a portal at Chartres or Rheims without fear of the comparison; it is indeed so well modelled and executed that, in spite of the critics, credulity balks and finds it hard not to believe that the group is really some two generations later. To be astonished by its merits one has only to compare this horse and rider with the statue erected in honour of Oldrado da Tresseno,

the great burner of heretics, on the Palazzo della Ragione at Milan in 1233. The main interest, however, in the sculpture at Pisa and Lucca is that it immediately precedes the great period of regeneration; for while Guidetto was carving his bas-reliefs or perhaps finishing his equestrian statue, Niccola Pisano, with apprentice hand, was beginning his earliest work, which decorates the left doorway of the cathedral at Lucca.

Romanesque art, if one may give that name to the old order, had now reached the end of its tether. But for untoward circumstances it might well have hoped to continue a career of steady progress. The architecture that had created the cathedrals of Emilia, San Zeno of Verona, the glorious edifices at Pisa, the baptistery and San Miniato at Florence, the cathedrals of Palermo, Monreale, and Trani, might well seem able to hold its own. Benedetto Antelami and the sculptor of St. Martin's horse were worthy progenitors of any school of sculpture. The unknown painters of Subiaco and Anagni were groping for the light. The Notary and his fellow poets had laid the foundation of Italian poetry, and in time would have given it a national stamp. But social forces were changing their currents. The development of art was split in two by the wars of the Popes with the Hohenstaufens and the events that accompanied those wars. All, or almost all, was to be changed; the old art went out, and in its place came in the new art — the ogival arch, the sweet new style in poetry, and the young schools of sculpture and of painting.

Guidetto da Como

Alinari, phot.

ST. MARTIN AND BEGGAR

Cathedral, Lucca

The new school of sculpture, Gothic sculpture as it is sometimes called, announced itself to the world in 1260, the year in which the troubled Joachimites had hoped to see the coming of a new era, the dispensation of the Holy Ghost. In that year Niccola Pisano finished his famous pulpit in the baptistery at Pisa. This pulpit is supported by six columns, of which every other one rests on the back of a lion. Between these columns are archivolts with the trefoil arch. On the capitals of the columns stand statues. The panels of the pulpit are carved with religious scenes; the Nativity, the Adoration of the Three Kings, the Presentation in the Temple, the Crucifixion, and the Last Judgment. These bas-reliefs have called forth an immense amount of admiration; almost every critic has emptied his pannier of praises. From the time of Vasari it was assumed that in this pulpit genius suddenly presented itself full grown, like Athene from the forehead of Zeus, with no explanatory cause. But with the prevalence of the doctrine of evolution the general theory that genius is inexplicable has fallen into disfavour; critics now hunt for causes, preliminary steps, preparatory stages, predecessors, a school, or at least a master, and this they have been at some pains to do in regard to Niccola.

It was obvious first of all that Niccola Pisano had been powerfully influenced by ancient sculpture. His Madonna is a recumbent Juno, his horses are Roman, his magi are emperors or senators; and in the Campo Santo, not a hundred yards away, stand the Greek vase and the old sarcophagus that gave him

some of his models. So the theory went that his genius had been kindled into life by Promethean fire from the antique. But in the early part of the nineteenth century a document was discovered which described him as "Nicolaus Pisanus Petri de Apulia," that is Niccola the Pisan the son of Peter who came from Apulia, or "de Apulia" may qualify Nicolaus, and the phrase will then mean Niccola from Apulia, citizen of Pisa and son of Peter. Acting on this hint critics developed a theory that there was a school of sculpture in Apulia in existence before Niccola, and that he owed his technical skill, his appreciation of the antique, and the higher qualities of his art to this Apulian school.

Since then this theory in some respects has been much strengthened. At Capua, Amalfi, Ravello, Acerenza, and other southern cities, heads and various bits of sculpture have been studied, and they show or seem to show that at the beginning of the century there were southern sculptors, who were imbued with the belief that their true path lay in imitation of the antique. The traditions of this school were well fitted to give to a young sculptor or stonecutter, who began to learn his trade under its influence, a reverence for classic art, such as Niccola Pisano felt so strongly. Another bit of evidence has been furnished by M. Bertaux, a French architect and scholar. In the hall of Frederick's celebrated castle, Castel del Monte, near Andria, a town not far from the Adriatic sea, is a simple set of architectural members, an architrave supported by two columns; and these members, so put together, have a markedly

individual character. M. Bertaux has found that these members, reduced to a miniature scale, have been almost exactly reproduced in the architectural part of Niccola's pulpit in the baptistery at Pisa; this coincidence apparently shows that Niccola must have been familiar with certain building formulas current among the Apulian builders. And, finally, another document has turned up in which the great sculptor signs himself Nicolaus Apulus, Niccola of Apulia. Upon this evidence we may accept the theory that, though a citizen of Pisa, Niccola came originally from Apulia. But as nothing further issued from the southern school, as the evidence still leaves Niccola his own best teacher, and as he would surely have attained a full expression of his talents whether he had been born in Apulia, Lombardy, or Tuscany, the question of his birthplace seems of little value, except that this solution confirms the evidence that there was a southern school of sculpture in the reign of Frederick II.

It is probable that the first work by Niccola which we know is the bas-relief of the Nativity on the architrave over the left door of the cathedral at Lucca; it represents the scene very much as it is shown on the panel of the pulpit at Pisa. In the lunette over the same door there is a Deposition from the Cross, also carved by him, a dramatic work of great power, so good in fact that it seems as if it must have been executed after the Pisan pulpit. It was the pulpit, however, that established his reputation; and Siena, having recently completed the cupola of her new cathedral, engaged Niccola to

make another like it. The contract, dated September 29, 1265, still exists; it provides for the employment of Niccola, of his two assistants, Arnolfo di Cambio and Lapo, and, at his father's pleasure, of his son, Giovanni, at half wages. This second pulpit, which was finished in 1268, was an even greater success. It has the same architectural form as that at Pisa, except that it is eight sided instead of six. The bas-reliefs on the panels also show classical qualities, but there is here evidence of a greater desire to copy nature. Perhaps this marked change is due to maturity of power, to the share which the younger sculptors had in the work, or perhaps to northern influences. The figures at the corners of the pulpit, and especially the Madonna and Child, bear marked traces of French influence; and altogether there is less calm, less repose, less classical unconcern, and in exchange an eagerness, an impatience even, to express dramatic action. One wonders whether this sudden leaning toward the French manner was not a consequence of political events.

Siena and Pisa were Ghibelline cities, but at the very time the contract for the pulpit was made, Charles of Anjou was already in Rome and his army on the march through Lombardy. In February, 1266, the victory of Benevento shook all Italy; Charles became King of Sicily, Senator of Rome, lord protector of Florence; Pisa and Siena made submission. Military success throws a glamour over the victor's arts of peace as well as his art of war; the young genius of Giovanni Pisano may well have

Niccola Pisano — Alinari, phot.

PULPIT

Pisa

been strengthened in its natural inclination for the foreign style, and the mature genius of his father not left untouched. But military success merely gave an added impulse to forces already at work. French prestige had long been running its brilliant career. Benedetto Antelami was not unaffected by the sculpture of Provence; Guidetto of Como, when he carved St. Martin on horseback for the front of the cathedral at Lucca, must have had some inkling of northern craft.

The roads across the Alps from Provence into Italy, the course over the sea from Marseilles to Pisa, were too familiar to merchants, monks, heretics, poets, and prelates, not to be known to artists and artisans. Cistercian monks and Franciscan friars were carrying the Gothic vault and the pointed window far and near. Where architecture went, its handmaid, sculpture, would be likely to follow. It was natural that the great school of sculpture, which had already been at work on the portals of Chartres, Rheims, Paris, and Amiens, should shed an influence even as far as Siena.

Niccola's next great work is the fountain at Perugia, which consists of two large basins, one above the other, and a central ornament surrounded by a group of figures. It was begun in 1273. Father and son both worked here; but Niccola was old and perhaps did no more than create the design and carve some panels of the lower basin. Other panels were done by Giovanni, and a little later Arnolfo di Cambio also worked on the fountain, while an artist named Rubeus designed, or at least cast in bronze, the

griffins and nymphs of the central ornament. This fountain was Niccola's last work. He died soon after, leaving a reputation which, on account of the consideration deservedly bestowed upon pioneers, is inferior only to that of Donatello or Michelangelo.

CHAPTER XIII

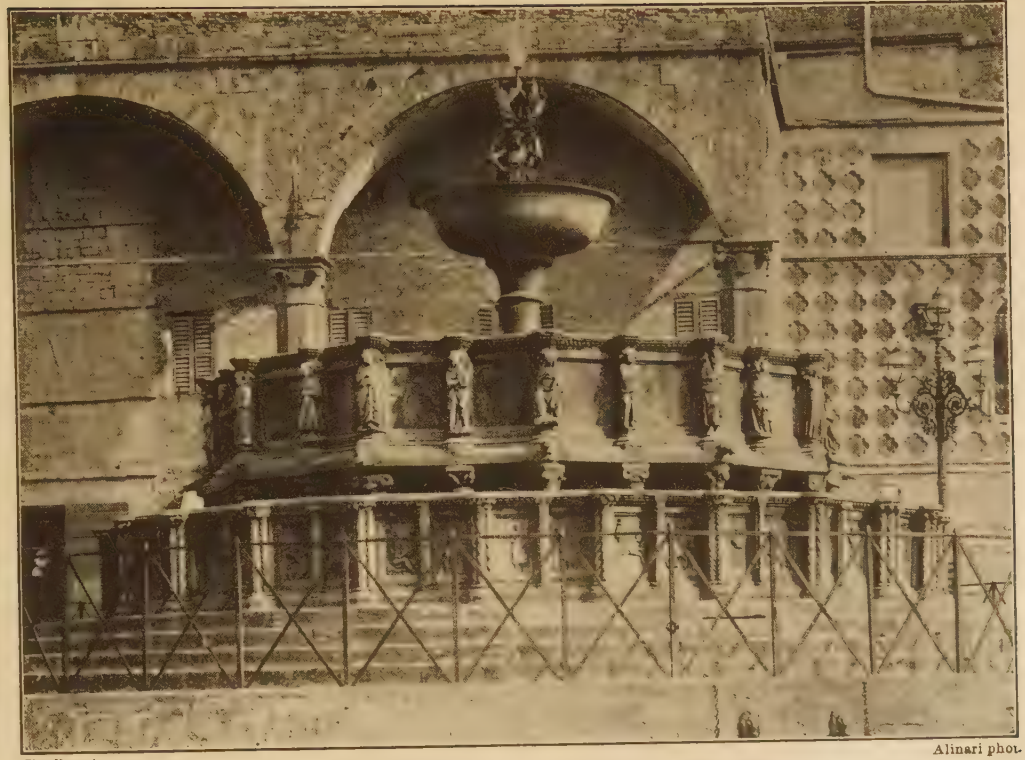
NICCOLA'S PUPILS

> Diviner hauntings of the mind,
> Gods, goddesses, the forms of men but far
> More beautiful, from the creative chisel
> Do receive a marble immortality.
>
> O. SHEEPSHEAD.

NICCOLA is a very great figure in the history of art. Tastes differ; men like this style or that according to their nationality, their generation, or their personal experience. Niccola has the advantage of a great weight of authority, and it would be foolish to question the wisdom of that authority; but if we were ignorant or unmindful of it, we might find him cold and unsympathetic. Many of his figures are awkward, their heads are too big, they seem indifferent to the rôles they play in the respective scenes. Rich details mar the elegance of his designs. In some panels there is crowding and confusion, such as Niccola found on late Roman sarcophagi; episodes and figures are huddled together. The sculptor seems to be filled with a passionate desire to tell a whole chapter of Luke in a single panel. Perhaps the remembrance of St. Luke and his way of telling the story prevents us from doing justice to Niccola's scenes. For example, St. Luke says that while the shepherds were making known abroad the saying which was told them concerning the child,

all they that heard it wondered, "but Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart"; and the reader thinks of the mother, forgetful of all else, losing herself in the sacred privacy of motherhood. But Niccola's Junonian Madonna in the Nativity pays no more heed to her new-born baby than a fashionable hostess to what may be going on in her nursery; she is a pagan queen in the midst of adoring kings, glorifying shepherds, and many another object. He gave in fact scant heed to the deeper meaning of his subject, so bent was he upon following the classical footsteps of the men who had carved the old Roman sarcophagi. There is beauty, great vigour, and some good modelling; but Niccola falls into the snare spread for sculptors who wish to tell a story. He neither evokes a mood, nor does he let the beholder's mind rest on what he sees, on modelling, on play of shade, on curved lines, on varying planes, on the arrangement of masses, on the accord and harmony of the design; no, the beholder is given as it were a book which he must read. And when, as in the panel of the Nativity, he finds the spirit of the gospel scene changed from holy calm and holy joy, from a sense of a wondrous revelation of something glorious and loving, into a spirit of unrest, hurry and scurry, he is vexed by the discrepancy, and cannot do full justice to the excellencies before him.

Niccola has the restless Gothic spirit, whereas the true sculptor should set his heart on tranquillity and peace, and pay due rites to the Cherub Contemplation. Romanesque art had these calmer



The Pisani

Alinari phot.

FOUNTAIN

Perugia

qualities, and Benedetto Antelami had perhaps a truer ideal than Niccola; but Benedetto Antelami's fame has been overcast because he left no school, no disciples, to carry on his art, and repeat the noble repose, the Romanesque stateliness, of his prophets and angels. Niccola came in a happier hour and his reputation was spread abroad far and wide by his pupils and his pupils' pupils, who carried the new style to many a city far and near.

Among these pupils Arnolfo perhaps has left the most famous name because of his work as architect, for most critics think sculptor and architect one and the same person, although some propound the theory that there were two different men; but Giovanni, Niccola's son, was the greater sculptor. After his father's death, Giovanni (1250?–1320?), whose reputation was firmly established by his work on the pulpit at Siena and the fountain at Perugia, was employed by his native city to build the Campo Santo. Holy earth had been brought from Mount Calvary to make a graveyard fit for the noblest Pisans, and the city wished for a cloister worthy to enclose the sacred spot. Giovanni worked at this for five years (1278–1283), but it was not finished till much later. It exhibits the influence of two mingled currents, the classical that had descended through the Romanesque from the ancient world, and the Gothic that had come south across the Alps from France. The long arcades of round arches that border the grass-covered yard, have all the charm, the delicate tenderness, the calm, of what is best in the arcaded Pisan Romanesque; and each round arch is divided

by three slender mullions that express the eager Gothic spirit. The rich tracery unites with the slim columns to cast their lacework shadows on the cloistered walk, while melancholy cypresses drop their black shadows on the grass. In this graveyard, if anywhere, the art of man has matched architecture to the sweet memories of things that are no more.

Giovanni also carved the Madonna over the door of the baptistery, a second Madonna, now in the Campo Santo, a third, a little figure in ivory, now in the sacristy, as well as much besides. These Madonnas are interesting because they bear a strong likeness to the French Madonnas. There is something noble in the mother's countenance, as she looks, questioning the future, in her baby's face; but we miss the tenderness, the winsomeness, the simple, human motherhood of the Gothic Madonnas.

The Campo Santo was virtually finished in 1283; the next year the crushing defeat, inflicted upon the Pisans by the Genoese in the sea-fight off Meloria, stopped short ambitious hopes of further architectural glory. The great days of Pisa had been numbered. Ten thousand Pisans sickened in Genoese prisons, and there was little place in Pisan hearts for interest in art. Giovanni Pisano went to Siena, where he was made master of the work on the cathedral. He stayed at Siena for a dozen years or so, with irregular visits to Pisa; on one occasion he was called there to give advice with regard to the dangerous tilt of the Campanile. Concerning the sculpture on the façade of the cathedral at Siena, critics do not agree as to what is due to his hand, nor

whether the actual façade is in whole, or even in part, after his designs. But an artist of his power and energy, of his passionate eagerness, of his sympathy for the great French sculpture, was sure to exercise a strong influence upon his fellows and successors; marked traces of his style are to be seen in many of the statues that remain.

His next famous work is the pulpit at Sant' Andrea, Pistoia. This pulpit shows how fast the new art was travelling along its road; there is less classical stateliness here than in the pulpits at Pisa or Siena, but the figures are more mobile, more natural, more life-like. Giovanni, however, even more than his father, was taken up by a desire to tell a great deal in a small space. The little panels are crowded with events. In the Crucifixion and the Last Judgment dramatic emotion is pushed to the uttermost. With both father and son, the whole scheme of profuse decoration in these pulpits is disquieting and distracting. The interest is never concentrated on a central point. There is little or none of what one calls Christian sentiment; the mind is too much importuned by dramatic details to be able to receive and measure the significance of a great scene; solemnity needs more repose; there is no hush. If one were to judge Christianity from these panels one would suppose it to be a religion of great agitation. Both Niccola and Giovanni laboured under the burden of thinking themselves obliged to accomplish what fresco painters accomplished; they sought to narrate episodes of sacred history dramatically, and turned their backs on a task that was more within

the domain of their art, the evocation of a religious mood.

From this time on Giovanni's history lies outside the limit of our century: part of his time he was at Pisa, where he was master of the works for the cathedral and where he made another famous pulpit, part of his time at Padua, and perhaps he went to Florence to carve some statues for the beautiful cathedral that his old fellow-apprentice, Arnolfo di Cambio, had designed. We must leave him at the height of his powers, and turn for the moment to another sculptor, who although several years his senior, had also been a fellow-apprentice with him, Fra Guglielmo, a Dominican friar.

Guglielmo was a man of taste and sentiment. He profited well by his study and work in his master's atelier; there he learned ideas, rules of composition, and a good technique, but nature had not endowed him with power as she had endowed Niccola, nor with passion as she had endowed Giovanni. The chief question of importance concerning him is whether or not it was he that carved the bas-reliefs on the tomb of St. Dominic in the Dominican church at Bologna. St. Dominic had died in that city forty years before, and since then his bones had been resting in a temporary tomb. Perhaps the brethren had been prevented by the wars with Ezzelino da Romano from making ready a suitable lodgment for those hallowed relics; perhaps they had been too busy with their practical duties as inquisitors, ferreting out heretics, or perhaps they had felt that since Benedetto Antelami's death there had been no

Giovanni Pisano

Alinari, phot.

CAMPO SANTO

Pisa

sculptor worthy of the task. But on the completion of the pulpit at Pisa, the fame of Niccola and his atelier spread to Siena and Bologna, and the monks must have asked Niccola either to carve the tomb himself or have it done by a suitable sculptor under his direction.

The sarcophagus is adorned on the sides and ends with bas-reliefs that represent episodes in the saint's life. The carving was done probably between 1265 and 1267, and then the holy bones were lodged therein with due ceremony.

The question is how much of the work is due to Guglielmo, and how much to his master. Some critics assign the general design and the bas-reliefs on the front and at the two ends to Niccola, and those at the back, which are obviously inferior, to Fra Guglielmo. But the composition is too symmetrical, the figures too soft and too smooth, for Niccola's style; both composition and figures, however, are all so immensely superior to the bas-reliefs that precede Niccola's time that there would be little derogation in attributing them to him. In addition to the character of the workmanship, there is an outside argument in favour of the theory that all the bas-reliefs are Guglielmo's work. In Niccola's contract for the Sienese pulpit, Arnolfo, Lapo, and Giovanni are named, but Guglielmo is not named, and, although Niccola reserves the right of going to work at Pisa, he says nothing about going to Bologna. It seems fair, therefore, to assume that Niccola, giving counsel perhaps for the general design, handed over the task to Guglielmo. A few years after this Fra Gu-

glielmo executed his well-known pulpit in San Giovanni Fuorcivitas at Pistoia, which shows a close adherence to the lessons he had learned in his master's studio. Not much is known of his later career; he had something to do with the cathedral at Orvieto, and shortly before his death he designed the façade for San Michele in Borgo at Pisa. Fra Guglielmo was a man of no great capacity; both as sculptor and as architect whatever he did well was because he had been well taught.

Far more important than Fra Guglielmo is Arnolfo di Cambio, who is said to have come from Colle di Val d'Elsa, to the south of Florence, not far from Siena. His great fame is as the architect who planned Santa Croce, the Palazzo Vecchio and the cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore; but before his career as an architect he enjoyed a high reputation as a sculptor and designer, always supposing that Arnolfo the sculptor is the same man as Arnolfo the architect. Most uninstructed travellers will care little for his sculpture, in fact they will prefer the gentle and graceful figures on St. Dominic's tomb, but nobody would deny that even as a sculptor Arnolfo had a far more interesting personality than Guglielmo. He certainly had far greater influence, for it was he that carried the decorative Gothic style to Rome.

Arnolfo was first in Rome about 1277; he was then in the service of King Charles, who was still Senator. It is not known what Arnolfo was doing there at this time; perhaps he had been sent for to carve the statue of the King which now stands in the Palace of the Conservatori, on the Capitoline

Hill. Some critics feel confident that this statue is by him. The King must have wished for the best sculptor he could get; Niccola was too old, Giovanni was bound by contract to work in Pisa, and Arnolfo would naturally have been the next choice. But the main stretch of his career in Rome did not begin till the pontificate of Martin IV, when he made the canopy over the high altar in St. Paul's basilica. This elaborate structure is very different from the old-fashioned, light and graceful canopy of the Roman school. It is wholly Gothic. The trefoil arches, the rich capitals, the statues on the columns, the reliefs in the spandrels, are all of the same general style as in Giovanni's pulpit at Pistoia. On top is a pointed roof, with lantern, finials, crockets, and all the gewgaws of the new fashion. In order to satisfy Roman taste, glass mosaic was added; but perhaps this is due to Arnolfo's assistant, Peter, who shares the honour of being mentioned in the inscription on the canopy. There are excellent details, but the whole is pompous, ostentatious, and quite out of harmony with the long columned nave and stately semi-dome of the tribune. Here more than anywhere else, perhaps, appear the evil effects of Gothic influences in Italy. Some ten years later Arnolfo made another canopy, for the high altar in Santa Cecilia in Trastevere, less heavily encumbered with decoration but not a whit more graceful on that account. One must ascribe the Gothic canopy in St. Paul's to Pope Martin's taste or policy; and also, we may believe, the canopy at Santa Cecilia was due to the canons and priests of the church,

who had become thoroughly impressed with French ideas during the long incumbency of the two titular French cardinals, Simon de Brie (Martin IV) and Jean Cholet. Perhaps Cardinal Cholet, who did not die till August, 1292, approved the design himself. Nothing could be less in keeping than these ornamented Gothic canopies with the general spirit of a Roman basilica; but the new style arbitrarily overrode good taste.

Arnolfo was also instrumental in bringing the fashion of Gothic tombs to Rome. The old custom had been to make use of a Roman sarcophagus and put over it a simple canopy, similar to those over the high altars. The new fashion was to carve the effigy of the dead man, as in France, at full length on the top of the tomb, and design the canopy over it according to the new Gothic style, with trefoil arch, crockets and finials, like the canopy over the high altar at St. Paul's. This new fashion established itself wherever papal influence was supreme, in Rome, Viterbo, and Orvieto. To Arnolfo, who was compact of vigour, and somewhat ruthless in his energy, is due, but only in second place, this pushing aside of the traditional style for tombs and canopies, and putting the Gothic style in its stead; he was merely the means, the instrument, set in motion and directed by the compelling force of French influence. In itself indeed the Gothic style was the most potent artistic energy that had ever appeared in the world of European art; but it swept down across the Alps less like an army of permanent occupation than like a harrying band of raiders who impose their will here

and there during a temporary invasion; and although it established its control over outlying matters of art, the Gothic style never wholly overcame the old, tenacious, native, classic spirit of Italy.

It is easy to see why the Roman Curia turned Arnolfo's talents to the Gothic style. The Curia was dominated by Frenchmen who had French tastes. Urban IV was born and bred at Troyes, in Champagne, and there had seen the choir and lateral portals of the great cathedral building, stone by stone; he had been archdeacon at Laon, where the cathedral was already built and decorated with sculpture; in 1262 he himself founded a Gothic church at Troyes. His nephew, Cardinal Pantaléon Ancher, was also born and bred at Troyes; he, too, had been archdeacon at Laon and many a time had heard the sister bells, Marie, Bridaine, Capelaine, Manière, and Anieuse, ring out from the Gothic steeple. On Urban's death Ancher continued the work upon the Gothic church at Troyes. Guillaume de Braye, whom Urban also raised to the cardinalate, came from near Sens and was archdeacon of Rheims at a time when, the main body of the cathedral having been already built, stone-cutters and sculptors were hard at work on the great west façade. Clement IV, though he may have preferred the Provençal art of his native cathedral at St. Gilles, had been much in Paris, both while he pursued his studies and while he practised law, as well as upon later visits, and must have become very familiar with the cathedral of Notre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle. Gregory X, though a native of Piacenza, was at one time bishop of Liège.

Martin IV, both as a student and as papal legate was for years in Paris; he had probably been a canon at Rouen, he had certainly been stationed at Tours. Innocent V, a Burgundian, had been archbishop of Lyons. The famous French lawyer, Guilielmus Durandus, who afterwards led a very active career in the papal service, had been a deacon at Chartres; and various other Frenchmen, who were raised to the cardinalate by French popes, had been brought up under the triumphant northern style and had learned to admire its restless beauty. Moreover, Charles of Anjou had built several Gothic churches in Naples, and from them Arnolfo may have learned the details of Gothic ornament.

When these French prelates came to die, naturally their friends erected Gothic tombs to their memory. Some of the tombs, those of Urban IV and Martin IV among the number, have been destroyed and lost; others have been moved and mutilated, so that it has become difficult if not impossible to trace the first beginnings of the new fashion. Pope Clement's tomb is now in the Franciscan church at Viterbo, and near it, across the nave, is that of Hadrian V, both in the new style, but neither very rich nor beautiful. The former, according to an inscription upon it, was designed by Pietro Oderisio, the latter, it is surmised, by Arnolfo. Of all these monuments the most elaborate is that to Cardinal de Braye in the Dominican church at Orvieto. This tomb has been moved and mutilated but it is still stately. There are several stages or storeys: first, the base all panelled with familiar Roman cos-

Arnolfo di Cambio

Anderson, phot

TOMB OF CARDINAL DE BRAYE

Orvieto

matesque work; next, the columned and arcaded tomb, inlaid with heraldic shields and mosaic; higher up two young acolytes draw curtains aside and show the cardinal lying at length in his robes, his head propped on two cushions. Higher still, in two niches to the right and left, are figures, the cardinal kneeling, with a saint beside him, and, opposite, St. Dominic, looking up at the enthroned Madonna who crowns the monument. The face of the recumbent cardinal is evidently a portrait; the big, smooth jowl, the snub nose, the broad placid brow, the determined, pugnacious chin, tell a lively tale of the cardinal's character. Originally there was a Gothic canopy over the tomb which ostentatiously displayed the pride of the Curia and of the Dominican Order; but of the canopy only fragments now remain. Nevertheless, even in the lonely, half abandoned church, the monument is noble, in its way magnificent.

In the cathedral at Viterbo a recumbent figure on a sarcophagus, now hidden behind a door, is all that remains of the monument to John XXI. In Santa Maria in Aracœli at Rome, is the tomb of Honorius IV, which suffered sadly in the course of its banishment from St. Peter's. Cardinal Ancher's tomb, uncanopied, neglected, thrust aside, lies in Santa Prassede. Then, these churches were full of life and animation, Arnolfo was the centre of fashion, and the very eminent personages who were deemed worthy of his commemoration did not look forward to dust and forgetfulness.

The Gothic style was so triumphant that nobody thought of going back to the old Romanesque.

Roman artists and artisans bestirred themselves to master the new method. The Vassalletti had disappeared, but when Arnolfo went to Florence and to architecture, the Cosmati succeeded to his place as tomb-makers to the Roman Curia. Giovanni, the son of Cosmas, was the most gifted sculptor of the whole family. He followed Arnolfo's models closely; but he added a Romanesque grace, moderation and harmony that bettered his teaching, as the beautiful tombs of Guilielmus Durandus in Santa Maria sopra Minerva, of Cardinal Gonsalvo in Santa Maria Maggiore, and of Stefano de Surdi, chaplain to Boniface VIII, in Santa Balbina, testify. Giovanni's brother Adeodatus, who designed the canopies over the high altars at St. John Lateran and at Santa Maria in Cosmedin, copied in a simpler form Arnolfo's models in St. Paul's and Santa Maria in Trastevere.

Although the Roman school had been overpowered by the taste of French prelates, supported by the genius of Arnolfo, it had not completely succumbed. It imposed its fashion of bright mosaics; Arnolfo's tombs and his canopy at St. Paul's both show how he blended Roman decoration with the Gothic forms. Even in the monument to Cardinal de Braye at Orvieto, now that the Gothic canopy is gone, there is little or nothing but the deacons who pull aside the curtains that reveals northern influence. Had there been a line of Roman Popes, like Nicholas III and Honorius IV, instead of the French, the story of Roman art would have been different. The ateliers of the Cosmati and the Vassalletti might well have

produced sculptors and decorators able to hold their own against the successors of the Pisan school; but the tragic end of Boniface VIII (1303) and the transfer of the seat of the Papacy to Avignon, crushed the revival of art in Rome.

CHAPTER XIV

PAINTING IN THE LATTER PART OF THE CENTURY

Ce sont choses crépusculaires,
Des visions de fin de nuit.

VERLAINE.

In this half-century Italian painting makes its first brilliant efforts. Long enough the insipid, ill-drawn, monotonous manner of painting, that flattered itself with Greek or Roman lineage, had held the field; the new Italian spirit now lifted its head. Many influences encouraged it. The patronage of the Papacy, the Franciscan movement, opulence, freedom, technical inventions, and the discovery that the instinct of imitation need not stick to the models of an incompetent and bigoted past, but may lawfully concern itself with life and tangible reality, all worked together to break the chrysalis for the young genius of Italian painting and help it spread its tremulous, iridescent wings.

Painters now began to feel their own personality; they were no longer mere implements to record again and again the traditions of the ateliers, but individuals with private taste and personal imagination. Nevertheless the sense of individuality, of a right to look with one's own eyes and test for one's self what is interesting, stimulating, agreeable, or ennobling, was slow to assert itself; for a long time it seemed powerless to budge respectable conven-

tions. The art of painting lay like a stagnant pool, so mantled with scum that it could not mirror the gracious shapes bending above it; then slowly as if under the push of a new-stirring current, it began to clear, brushed aside the muddy cover, and exposed its glassy surface to the fair world above. This current was the resultant movement of a thousand young energies, all restless with curiosity and agog for new things; it detached the merchant, the manufacturer, the banker, the craftsman, the artisan, the apprentice, from the dry banks of the past, and sweeping on its breast the crowds of the piazza, of the university, of the council halls, bore along the painter and the patron of art as well. To us, as we look back lengthwise through the foreshortened centuries, this current looks like a freshet, but the contemporaries were merely aware of dissatisfaction with what seemed an intolerable sluggishness, and not till a generation had passed did they realize that a great change had come.

If one cares to see the scum-mantled pool still stagnant, one may go to Parma. This little town, proud of its baptistery, designed and adorned by the great sculptor, Benedetto Antelami, determined to make the interior aspect worthy of the structure. At some uncertain time, probably after the famous siege, possibly in the days of Ghiberto da Gente, or maybe some years later, an unknown painter was employed to decorate the walls and vaults. The painting is the most considerable that there is in Upper Italy during this period; and yet the great rows of frescoes — Christ enthroned, episodes con-

cerning St. John the Baptist, St. Francis receiving the stigmata — are all in the old degenerate Greek manner, and present the extraordinary awkwardness that comes from childlike ignorance of anatomy. Much the same may be said of the old frescoes in the church at Grottaferrata, near Rome.

From these lazy, scum-mantled tarns, in order to find more of the same kind, we must go to the monastery of Sacro Speco at Subiaco. There a painter, who proudly signs himself Master Conxolus, painted various pictures upon the walls of what is now known as the lower church; the upper church being of later date. Conxolus repainted the portrait of Innocent III; he painted the Madonna and Child on the adjacent wall. She sits between two angels who, in spite of their adoration, are ready to support the canopy that threatens to come tumbling down upon her head. He also painted scenes from St. Benedict's life, as Gregory the Great has recounted them. Master Conxolus was trained in the school of popular Roman art, but he was still very Byzantine; and he, as well as the painters in the church at Grottaferrata and the baptistery at Parma, show how ineffectual were even conscious efforts towards the light, when there was not a powerful, emancipating force behind them, such as the Papacy or the Franciscan Order.

There is nothing of consequence to be found in the south, so we shall turn to Tuscany where, in the sister art of poetry, Guittone of Arezzo and Bonagiunta of Lucca were at work. Here, scattered about in various churches and museums, are still to be seen

sundry old Madonnas, and portraits of St. Francis. The painters that painted them now live shadow lives in the limbo of prologue that precedes learned disquisitions on Italian painting, but in those days they were men of repute: Giunta of Pisa, Bonaventura Berlingheri, who it is said was born in Milan, Margheritone of Arezzo, and Coppo di Marcovaldo of Florence. All the pathos of oblivion carelessly and imperfectly arrested hangs about these precursors of the early masters. In their day they were called to this city and to that by the canons of a cathedral or the clergy of a parish church, to paint the panels for an altar, the walls of nave and choir, or a crucifix to be hung aloft. They wrote their names proudly upon their works; and now only the inquisitive student stops to wonder whether they could have had any influence on Giotto, Duccio, or Cavallini. Giunta Pisano painted a crucifix for Brother Elias in the sunny days of the latter's prosperity, while he was minister-general of the Order. At almost the same time, indeed the year before, Berlingheri painted a portrait of the great founder of the Order. Margheritone, whose hideous pictures have stirred M. Anatole France to untender raillery, painted numerous pictures a little later. Coppo the Florentine, who was made prisoner at the battle of Montaperti, painted for his conquerors the Madonna that now hangs at Siena, in the church of the Servi.

Coppo left Siena soon afterwards and went to Pistoia. In Siena Florentines were regarded with scant favour; but if Coppo had the choice between going and staying, as a Florentine he may have been

right to leave Siena for Pistoia, but as an artist he was wrong, since Siena was well ahead of all Tuscan cities in the art of painting. There was a community of painters there: the archives yield a long list of forgotten names, even the covers of municipal ledgers show miniature portraits of comptrollers and bursars. One early name attached to a Madonna, once in the church of St. Dominic now in the palazzo pubblico, is still to be seen, Guido of Siena. The date of this Madonna has been the subject of heroic controversy; it was probably 1271. The picture has been repainted and repainted, so that all its interest now lies in its concealed antiquity, and in that it represents, like the Madonnas of Master Conxolus or of Coppo di Marcovaldo, the type of Madonna that was painted everywhere before the triumphant Giotto substituted his new conception. The Sienese painters were very pious; they studied the illuminations in old missals and books of hours, and learned to love with all the ardour of early affection those flat figures of saints glorified by rich colours and gold backgrounds. They had little or no share in the love of the antique or in the early feeling for nature; Niccola Pisano and Giovanni left them cold. They held fast to the old Byzantine traditions; indifferent to modelling, heedless of light and shade, they nursed their delicate Sienese sensibility and their mediæval affections. Here at least was devotion to beauty; and here, high above the others, steps forth the great painter and lover of beauty, Duccio of Buoninsegna.

Duccio is the earliest great figure in Italian painting. Owing to the force of tradition at Siena, to the

conservative teachings in the studios there, or perhaps to study in his youth at Constantinople, Duccio always remained steadfast to the great Greek school that had come down from classic times by the crooked and stumbling way of Constantinople. He is Byzantine in theory and in manner; not at all like Giotto, a son of the morning. Duccio was a master of colour, of a rude almost barbaric splendour of colour, and like all Sienese painters he was fond of a golden background; perhaps he had once been a painter of missals himself and kept true to what he deemed the reverent treatment of sacred subjects. His most famous work is the Madonna, with a series of panels that depict episodes in the life of Christ, done for the high altar of the duomo; but it lies a dozen years or so beyond the limit of our century. His later painting surpasses that of earlier date, but both are essentially alike. To the ordinary eye, Duccio's great Madonna is not very different from the pregiottesque Madonnas; the panels, however, are enchanting in their simplicity and force. They are sacred tales twice told, visions of a mind that knew no guile, which the painter transferred to his panels without a thought of himself. His figures do not counterfeit reality. The stuff of dreams, however heavenly, cannot furnish bodies for terrestrial things; yet these pictures assert that two dimensions, if the painter will choose rich and glowing colours, are quite enough to glorify God. Duccio had a spiritual mind, as we say, of the sort that deems it not wholly reverent to set forth the images of Christ and the apostles as if they were creatures of common clay.

He stood between the older generations, whose highest task was to produce glorious symbols, and the men to come who were to throw symbol to the winds and set their hearts on copying nature. To his way of thinking symbolism might be a nobler method of portraying holy things than any attempt to make them solid. How (he thought) can spirit be a solid thing? And so, while he was willing to give his figures a setting of perspective, he rested content to make the figures themselves flat. But, given flatness, the portraiture is sometimes exact. The most indifferent traveller stops before his St. Peter: —

> This is the Jew
> The Gospels drew.

The glory of Siena at this time is to have produced Duccio, and the glory of Duccio is not merely his own painting but the school that he founded; nevertheless, Siena is almost as much away from the new movement in art as Parma or Subiaco. Her painters were destined to paint beautiful pictures, but to live close to the borders of dreamland; whereas the new school was all on edge with interest in the real world of men and women. This new movement centred where the Roman Curia and the Franciscan Order had the most control, at Rome and at Assisi; but first we must cast a look towards Florence, where, preceding the Florentine painters, the poets of the *dolce stil nuovo* were brilliantly at work.

It was not only on the field of Montaperti that Siena triumphed; in painting she was distinctly ahead of her rival, and yet the future lay with Flor-

Duccio (?) Alinari, phot.

THE RUCELLAI MADONNA

Florence

ence. In Florentine pictorial annals the first name we come upon is that of Cimabue. If ever a name was surrounded by the fogs of uncertainty and the dust of controversy, it is that of Master Cenni di Pepo or dei Pepi, familiarly known as Cimabue. The Florentines, so modern critics say, in their arrogant patriotism, gradually formed a legend which attributed the whole new movement in painting to themselves. Vasari, in particular (they say), though two hundred years later, fixed the legend, making out Cimabue to be the first to break away from the Byzantine manner, describing him as the morning star of the new day and Giotto as its rising sun. But to-day Cimabue's name is written in doubtfully, as if he were the creature of legend, and some critics say that there is nothing to be ascribed to him with certainty except portions of a mosaic, which has been much restored, in the duomo at Pisa. The Madonna of the Louvre, she in the Belle Arti at Florence, even she of the Rucellai chapel in Santa Maria Novella, as well as the frescoes in the basilica at Assisi, have all been doubted or denied. The predatory critics have feasted on him: —

> Ye 'll sit on his white hause-bane,
> And I 'll pike out his bonny blue een:
> Wi 'æ lock o' his gowden hair
> We 'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

Others, however, give him back all but the Rucellai Madonna, which they assign to Duccio. So shift the favours of these gods. But apart from the paintings once ascribed to Cimabue there is satisfactory proof that he was in his day a great figure in

Tuscan art. In the first place there are records that he was in Rome in 1272 and in Pisa in 1301. Both facts are important. It is fair to infer that he went to Rome either because he was summoned as an artist of renown by some member of the Curia, or because he felt within himself the possession of powers that justified a visit to Rome for their development. The mosaic in the duomo at Pisa is a *majestas*, the Saviour enthroned in glory between the Virgin and St. John the Evangelist; it would hardly have been entrusted to an artist not of high repute. But the chief testimony to Cimabue's distinction is the famous passage in the *Purgatorio* (XI, 94–96): —

> Credette Cimabue nella pittura
> tener lo campo, ed ora ha Giotto il grido,
> sì che la fama di colui è oscura.
>
> Cimabue thought to hold the field
> In painting, and now Giotto has the cry,
> So that the former's fame is dim.

Dante was not indifferent to art and his testimony is conclusive that, according to local judgment, Cimabue was once the recognized head of the painters in Florence. The second witness is Francesco da Barberino, a notary, a man of letters and a fair draughtsman himself, who was born in Val d' Elsa in 1264. He lived in Florence from 1297 to 1304 and again from 1314 to 1348, and must have known his fellow-citizens Cimabue and Giotto, either personally or through their friends; he classes them together as painters of great worth: "Ridiculum esset picturam Cimabovis et Giotti in accessionem vilissime tabule cedere, — it would be ridiculous to

displace paintings by Cimabue and Giotto, for the acquisition of some very poor pictures." This remark is not a mere echo of Dante's lines; and the book which contains the reference, Francesco's comment on his own *Documenti d'Amore*, was in all probability written, and also published, before the *Purgatorio*. The third witness is the author, believed to be a Florentine, of the commentary on Dante, known as the *Ottimo Commento* and probably written about 1334. In his gloss upon these lines in the *Purgatorio*, this writer says that Cimabue was so proud and sensitive that if a visitor criticised something in his painting he immediately rubbed it out. This is the sort of anecdote recounted of eminent painters, and owes its interest solely to their eminence. Besides this testimony, a nephew of Giovanni Villani the historian, Filippo Villani, in the brief sketch of Giotto's career contained in his *Lives of Illustrious Florentines*, speaking of the painters who revived the art of painting says: "Among these the first was Giovanni, called Cimabue, who by his skill and genius called back the art of antiquity which had wandered far from nature and indeed had lost its way; before him Greek and Italian painting had been going wrong for many centuries as the figures painted on panels and walls plainly show. After him came Giotto."

It seems certain, therefore, from these literary sources that the body of tradition which Vasari accepted, no doubt in too great detail, must have been right in giving Cimabue the rank of foremost painter in Florence prior to Giotto; and it seems equally

certain that Cimabue, though he may have struggled in his own way towards the light, must have adhered closely to the Byzantine style of painting. His Madonnas must have been like those attributed to him. The stately mother sits on a formal throne, her child in her lap and angels on either side adoring them; the mother's cloak falls in loose drapery over her knees, her hooded head turns slightly toward her child, her left arm supports his body while the right touches his foot, or with a gentle wafture seems to say, "Here he is." Her face, with its big eyes, its curving nose, its little mouth, and the sweeping oval contour of cheek and chin, has a sad, far away expression. And yet there is a dignity, a touch of grandeur, a majesty, a truth to a supernatural order, that are lacking in Giotto's Madonnas, noble mothers though they are.

Inferior to Siena in early achievement, Florence was more in the central current of life, more concerned with modern ways, more ready to welcome the new spirit in art, and knowing better whither to turn. Duccio may have gone to Constantinople, Cimabue went to Rome; and Cimabue, not Duccio was right. Roman art was lifting its head and preparing to take the lead in a renaissance. For two score years adverse circumstance had shed its blight on Rome. The Papacy had neglected her, almost abandoned her. But at last Romans were again elevated to St. Peter's chair, and their patronage stirred the arts to new life. Pride of family, pride of tradition, and pride of city, fortified their purpose to make the arts serve papal ambition. Architects, artisans, decorators, were

again set to work on Roman churches and palaces; St. Peter's basilica, Santa Maria sopra Minerva, Santa Maria in Aracœli, the chapel Sancta Sanctorum, the Vatican and the Lateran, felt the rush of artistic energy. This zeal for the fine arts was at first directed to building and renewing, but a little later it summoned artists in fresco and mosaic to work. Pope Nicholas IV, though not a Roman by birth, shared the Roman spirit, through the influence, perhaps, of his friends, the Colonna cardinals, Jacopo and Pietro, and stands out as a precursor of those famous patrons of art, Sixtus IV and Julius II. During his pontificate three Roman artists in especial won great renown.

Of these three the greatest is Pietro Cavallini. Cavallini's youth is wrapped in obscurity; some critics think that he is the Pietro who worked as assistant to Arnolfo on the Tabernacle in St. Paul's, others that he is the Pietro who decorated the tomb of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey. His first certain work is in Santa Maria in Trastevere, where at the bidding of a Roman nobleman, Cardinal Stefaneschi's brother, he laid the mosaics which represent episodes in the life of the Virgin. The designs are good, the light and shade well done, the colours agreeable, and though the master has not departed from Byzantine tradition, nevertheless he has infused new life into his scenes. These mosaics make us feel that the change is coming. Here is the twilight that precedes the dawn. We may miss the dark majesty of the pure Byzantine symbols, but we are on the road to fresco and the day, to the painted

pleasure of our beautiful world and its stock of goodly creatures.

Cavallini's next work, the frescoes in Santa Cecilia, was painted in 1293. At some time or other they were walled up by a baroque generation and have but lately been restored to the view of permit-bearing travellers. Thanks to this long sojourn in the dark, they exhibit their "unwithered countenance as fresh as on creation's day." On the back wall is the Last Judgment. Christ is seated in the centre, with Mary on his right, John the Baptist on his left, and six apostles on either side. Round the throne archangels and cherubim with gorgeous wings flutter celestial; lower down, angels blow the last trumpet, and to right and left stand the joyous troop of the elect and the terrified troop of the damned. On the side walls are remnants of smaller pictures. The colours vibrate in fresh intensity, and for noble beauty the heads of the angels rival those ascribed to Orcagna on the wall of Santa Maria Novella. The heroic dignity of the figures, the power of design, the antique freedom of the whole, reveal the new birth of art. We know that the change has come; "the cock doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat awake the god of day." In Cavallini's hands fresco has thrown off all the Byzantine restraints that still controlled mosaics. No wonder that Lorenzo Ghiberti, a great lover of beauty, in whose time the paintings were still uncovered, admired this "most noble master." Cavallini did many other works, in mosaic and in fresco, for Roman churches, but they lacked the kind protection erected by alien taste and have

Cavallini

Alinari, phot.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST

Santa Cecilia, Rome

been destroyed or else damaged past pleasurable recognition. It is said that he drew the designs for a great cycle of Biblical pictures in St. Paul's, and superintended their execution. They perished in the great conflagration that destroyed the old church in 1823. It may be that Cavallini lacks tenderness, delicacy, the hovering charm of thought half uncertain where it shall alight, that one finds in the Sienese school; indeed these are not Roman qualities and Cavallini is essentially Roman. He has the antique Roman traits, boldness, largeness of gesture, heroic manner, that easily excuse an over-emphasis upon triumphant force. He is a real forerunner of the classical renaissance.

Under Nicholas IV two other great decorative works were undertaken, in St. John Lateran and in Santa Maria Maggiore. The tribune of St. John Lateran was a most sacred spot, for there according to tradition Constantine had proclaimed Christianity as the state religion. In this tribune was a mosaic, which included a head of Christ, said to have been made when the church was originally built and always held in deepest reverence. Serious restoration was necessary both to the church and to the decoration. The mosaic was entrusted to a Roman artist, Jacopo Torriti. This artist made the whole tribune anew, but it seems that he either restored or imitated the old mosaic. The design is full of symbols. In the middle is the cross, the central sign of the Faith; by the cross the dove pours forth a flood of grace at which the faithful flock quench their thirst; a little town stands below, — the New Jerusalem of eternal

life, — guarded by an angel, and within its walls are tiny figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, and a palm tree with a phœnix, symbol of the resurrection, upon it. To the right and left of the cross, and on a lower row, are figures of saints and apostles; and in among these mighty images of the early Christian Church, have been tucked tiny figures of St. Francis, St. Anthony, Nicholas IV, and Bro. Jacobus de Camerino, who (such is the inference) assisted Torriti with the mosaic. Nothing has been omitted to show that this work is due to Franciscans.

The same Pope remade the back of the choir of Santa Maria Maggiore. He did not live to restore the interior mosaics; but his friends, the two famous Colonna cardinals, Jacopo and Pietro, carried on the work and employed Torriti. The subject is the coronation of the Virgin. Christ says: "Veni, electa mea, et ponam te in thronum meum, — Come, my elect, and I will set thee upon my throne." The saints below worship, saying: "Exaltata est sancta dei genetrix super choros angelorum ad celestia regna, — The Holy Mother of God is lifted up to the kingdom of heaven above the choirs of angels." These mosaics sum up the three great periods of Roman art: here are the antique ornaments, children, fishermen, boats, swimmers, swans of imperial Rome; here are the figures of Byzantine tradition; and here a sense of liberty testifies that new conceptions have come, that young Phœbus Apollo has overthrown the decrepit Titan of Byzantium. Here, as in St. John Lateran, Torriti accepted the antique background of the old design, or imitated it. At all

events he showed that mosaics can rival fresco as mere decoration.

On the façade of Santa Maria Maggiore is a mosaic, now in great part done over, of Christ in an oval, and below are other mosaics that tell the legend connected with Pope Liberius, the reputed founder of the church. The moment that mosaics attempt to tell a story they abdicate their true office, challenge comparison with fresco, and fail; and these story-telling mosaics are very inferior to those within the church. Yet the artist who did them, Filippo Rusuti, was a master in his way; he is the third of the great artists to show how full of achievement as well as of promise the Roman school had become, and what Roman art might have done under the patronage of the Curia, had not fate been unpropitious.

CHAPTER XV

THE FRESCOES AT ASSISI

Coglierò da quì innanti i fior novelli,
La primavera del tempo migliore,
Quando son gli anni leggiadretti e belli.

POLIZIANO.

From now on I shall gather flowers new,
The Spring of better time,
When years are young and beautiful to view.

ROME has the honour of having reared the painters and mosaists who led the way back to antiquity. Siena may well be proud of Duccio and his spiritual school; Florence gave birth to Cimabue and to Giotto; but there is a fourth city, far inferior in power and general importance to her three sisters, that can claim an equal rank in the history of primitive art, the Umbrian Assisi.

The basilica of St. Francis had been consecrated by Innocent IV in 1253, and though Bro. Elias had been driven away in disgrace, his ideas of making a noble and beautiful church, worthy of the sanctity of the founder and of the greatness of the Order, had been fully accepted. Money had been begged from far and near, from France, Germany, and Bohemia, from the Christians of Morocco even, as well as from Italy, money in heaps, to the scandal of the spiritual-minded. Indeed, the great basilica, noble without and all glorious within, cannot free itself from the shame of disloyalty towards the ideals of

St. Francis; on the contrary, it is the strongest apology for that disloyalty, and remains the justification for the advocates of lax interpretation. Here in this basilica are garnered the first fruits of the golden epoch of Italian painting; noble examples of the old style that was passing away, and noble examples of the new style coming in triumphant. There is no edifice in Italy, ecclesiastical or civic, except the Sistine Chapel, that can rival it. Such an achievement shows that large forces were behind it.

It is plain that so long as the spiritual-minded were in power, that is while John of Parma who was wholly possessed by their ideals, and Bonaventura who was greatly in sympathy with them, were ministers-general, from 1247 to 1274, no such grandiose plan of decoration as adorns the walls of the basilica could have been adopted. The spiritual-minded did not believe in the beauty of carving, the splendour of fresco, the glory of glass; to the worshippers of Lady Poverty these were idle gawds that hid the glory of God. Their position stands recorded in the ordinances of the chapter-general held at Narbonne in 1260: "Since show and extravagance stand squarely in the way of poverty, we ordain that pomp of edifice, in pictures, carvings, windows, columns and such like . . . be strictly avoided. . . . Those that transgress this ordinance shall be severely punished. . . . No church shall be vaulted (except the major chapel), no towered belfry shall be built; there shall be no storied or painted windows, except that, in the main window of the choir, figures of Christ crucified, the Virgin, St. John, St. Francis

and St. Anthony, may be put; if there are others, they shall be removed by the visitors." Bonaventura commanded that these ordinances should be read once a month in every monastery. It was also enacted at Assisi, in 1269, that visitors who discovered any wrongdoing "in pomp of edifice . . . or extravagance of painting" should report to the chapter-general.

Up to 1274, the time of Bonaventura's death, no large plan of decoration could have been undertaken at Assisi. But then the worldly-minded came into unfettered control. Brother Jerome of Ascoli, afterwards Nicholas IV, was elected minister-general. He was a lover of art, a man of learning and worldly experience, he had been to Constantinople and had seen the splendour of Saint Sophia, and had little or no sympathy with the radical party. His successors in office, Bonagratia and Arlotto were men of much the same stamp. After them came the distinguished Matteo Acquasparta, of whom Dante speaks as the head and front of lax observance (*Par.* XII, 124). Under these men the fanatical *zelanti,* like Pier Giovanni Olivi of Provence, and Ubertino of Casale in Piedmont, were strictly called to account and many of them punished. The spiritual-minded always looked back upon this time as a period of tribulation; and it was the very time for the worldly-wise to proclaim their beliefs on the inner walls of the basilica. So great a task, however, needed the co-operation of the Papacy.

From the time of Gregory IX for nearly forty years, the Popes had been too busy with war and

grave political questions to give themselves much concern about art. Innocent IV, Alexander, Urban, and Clement, were taken up with the overthrow of the Hohenstaufens and the establishment of the French in the southern kingdom. The short-lived Popes, Innocent V, Hadrian V, and John XXI, had no time to do anything, and John disliked the Brothers Minor. At last a Roman noble, a great prelate, came to the papal throne, Giovanni Gaetano Orsini, Nicholas III (1277–1280), a man delighting in the "curiositas et superfluitas — the pomp and circumstance" so hateful to the *zelanti*, who took up the Roman tradition, established by Innocent III and adopted by Honorius III and Gregory IX, of rendering art a handmaid to the papal ambitions. With his coming to St. Peter's throne, the Papacy and the Order were in accord as to the policy of making the basilica beautiful. As soon as the grave political dangers from King Charles to the south and the Emperor Rudolph to the north, had been removed, and the city of Rome reduced to dutiful subjection, the Pope was free to express his belief in the serious use and high significance of beauty. As usual he acted with vigour. Jerome, the minister-general, who afterwards became Pope Nicholas IV, was made a cardinal. Brother Bonagratia was put at the head of the Order, while Matteo Rossi Orsini, a nephew of the Pope, was appointed protector. These high personages, together with Cardinal Bentivegna, a Franciscan, and Benedetto Gaetani, afterwards Boniface VIII, held a consultation with the Pope, and a new bull was launched against the *zelanti*

and their ideas of poverty (1279). It is fair to assume that this was the time when the older Franciscan policy against sumptuous decoration of churches was tacitly but definitely abandoned.

In the lower church at Assisi the left wall of the nave had been painted years before with scenes from the life of St. Francis, probably before John of Parma became minister-general. Nobody knows who painted them; none, not even the critics, care. Was it poor Giunta Pisano, to whom sympathy goes out as to an ugly duckling that swims down the stream of time at the head of a younger brood of swans, himself destined to remain immortally ugly? Or was it some unknown, forgotten, painter? The frescoes on the opposite wall, which depict scenes from the life of Christ, are so much better done, that they seem to belong to the period of which we are now speaking. But both series were in great measure destroyed sometime towards the end of the century, for the walls of the nave were cut into to make way for new chapels that were then added.

The important frescoes of our period are in the upper church and in the choir and transept of the lower church. Here uncertainty maintains her sway. Nowhere have critics tasted more delight of battle with their peers than on this frescoed field. Tradition embodied in Vasari asserts that Cimabue and Giotto were the two great masters. Let us accept this tradition so far as the frescoes themselves will permit. In the upper church the walls and vaults are all covered with paintings, but time, restorers, and in places a leaky roof have rendered what once may

have been distinguishing traits of different styles well-nigh unrecognizable. However, the critics have been very industrious. In the north transept are a crucifixion and scenes from the life of St. Peter, in the choir pictures of the Virgin, and in the left transept a crucifixion and scenes from the Apocalypse. The frescoes of the north transept are the worst damaged ; some think them the worst painted, and ascribe them to the ugly Giunta or to Coppo di Marcovaldo, humble precursors both. Others think better of them and suggest that Cimabue either painted them or directed the work, or that some painter of the older style executed them after Cimabue's designs. The unlucky pilgrim who is tormented by an evil spirit in the shape of curiosity about names and authorship, is indeed badly off. The wisest plan is to be bold, accept Vasari's tradition, and decide that Cimabue had charge of all these decorations and painted them in great part himself. But any pilgrim who pauses before the damaged crucifixion in the south transept becomes at once indifferent to names and authorship, for there tragedy shows itself in one of its noblest forms. It is impossible ever to forget the frantic grief of Mary Magdalene. At the foot of the great crucifix she stands erect, her agony heightened perhaps by the ruin wrought by time, with arms outstretched in passionate confusion, a worshipper whose god has been crucified, a sinning soul deprived of its saviour, a woman robbed of her child. All about the crucifix in agitated affliction hover grief-stricken angels. Below are vague groups to left and right; John is

comforting Mary the mother, and troubled soldiers know not what to think. Darkness is over all the earth. A tragedy without equal is here enacted. Much no doubt is due to the hand of time, but the design conveys a most powerful impression. And the immediate impression is deepened, or rather despair is rebuked and comfort ministered, by great benignant seraphim that stand beyond, as it were present but unseen, in high, majestic calm. This fresco, at least for the ignorant pilgrim, half the work of Cimabue and half of Time, destroyer and beautifier alike, is the tensest expression of passion to be found in Byzantine painting in Italy. These painters of the old style, steeped in lingering Byzantine traditions of a strange deity, half divine man, half magic idol, use the human body as a symbol more than as a representation of nature, and thereby give to their pictures a mysterious savage grandeur, a touch of the superhuman.

The frescoes in the nave are in a different manner, or rather in different manners, from those in the choir and transepts. On the walls are three rows of frescoes. High up on the right, scenes from the Old Testament, eight in each row, fill the spaces left by the windows. Of these, two catch the straining, weary, attention: in one Isaac blesses Jacob, in the other Isaac receives Esau and learns of the cheat. Both have a classic, Roman beauty, and have been with a fair measure of probability attributed to Cavallini; but some critics ascribe them to Giotto, others to some followers of Cimabue. On the left wall are corresponding pictures from the New Testament;

Cimabue (?) Alinari, phot.

ARCHANGELS

Basilica of St. Francis, Assisi

among these the kiss of Judas stands pre-eminent. On the ceiling there is a fresco of the four doctors of the church, which critics attribute to a Roman master, perhaps Torriti.

The lower part of the walls of the nave, the place of honour, was still bare. Therefore, if Cavallini and Torriti were employed to paint the upper walls and the vaults, it must have been before they had attained their great renown, before Cavallini had painted his noble fresco in Santa Cecilia or Torriti had executed his mosaic in St. John Lateran. Indeed they probably did their work before 1289, for in that year a notable change took place in the election of ministers-general and a member of the spiritual-minded party was chosen, Raymond Gaudefroi. This brother was a friend of those extreme zealots, Pier Giovanni Olivi, Ubertino da Casale, and others, who walked in the footsteps of Leo, Rufino, and Angelo, and clung to the ragged skirts of their beloved Lady Poverty. These men had the bitterest scorn for the worldly-wise. One of them, the poet Jacopone da Todi hurls many a sarcastic verse at the neglect of poverty by the Order. He represents Lady Poverty as going her rounds:—

Me n' andai tra mendicanti
Ci sentia molti gran canti;
Sopra aveano di buon manti,
  Non mi vollono ascoltare.
Quelli mi presero a dire,
Se non parti mo' di quire
Noi ti farem ben vedire;
  Ch' altro è il dire ed altro il fare.

I went among the Brethren Grey
And there heard many a jovial lay;
And good cloaks to their backs have they,
But they would n't listen to Poverty's name.
Some took me aside and whispered near,
If you don't at once get out of here
We 'll make you see things very clear;
For saying and doing are not the same.

Raymond Gaudefroi, who was in sympathy with feelings of this sort, could not have had the heart to violate the command of St. Francis, even under the specious pretext of honouring him by depicting his life to thronging pilgrims. The decoration must have stopped or lingered during his term of office. And it was then that the spiritual-minded were lifted to the seventh heaven of joy by the election of poor Pietro of Morrone to the Papacy. But in 1295 the fiery Pope Boniface gave scant shrift to such visionary folly. To him all lovers of poverty were mad and hurtful. He removed Gaudefroi and supplanted him by a good, tough-minded brother, Giovanni di Muro, just as he himself had supplanted the unpractical fanatic, Celestine. According to Vasari, Giovanni di Muro summoned Giotto to Assisi. Nobody knows where Vasari got his information, but it is no doubt true. The plan of decoration must have been taken up again with fresh vigour. Some time during Giovanni's term of office, 1296–1304, the great Giotto began to work at Assisi.

Giotto's name is inseparably associated with the frescoes of the upper church which depict episodes in the life of St. Francis; nevertheless it is plain from an examination of these frescoes that they

have been very much restored if not entirely repainted, and also that more hands than one painted them originally. The critics do not agree as to which Giotto himself painted and which his assistants or co-workers. The scenes follow as closely as possible the narrative of the saint's life by Bonaventura, and were probably designed under the constant supervision of the friars.

In the lower church, the frescoes in the right transept that depict scenes from the lives of Christ and the Virgin, those in the chapel dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, as well as the famous allegories of Poverty, Obedience, Chastity, and the Triumph of St. Francis, have all been attributed to Giotto; but such attributions are the most transitory of earthly possessions. However, most critics, if not all, agree that Giotto designed and painted at least part of the frescoes in the Magdalene chapel; but as to the frescoes in the right transept some say that Giotto painted them when he was young, some when he was old, others that he did not paint them at all. And by the latest critics even the famous allegories have been denied to him. The other chapels were painted after our period.

Giotto was not only one of the greatest painters, but also a great leader in art. Through him, indeed, a spirit of freedom, an interest in this world of sense, a curiosity for the new, an admiration for the good things of life, a pleasure of living — beliefs and feelings cradled and fostered by the young manufacturing commonwealths — entered into the realm of art. The old painters had been

loyal to the past, to ecclesiastical conceptions, to traditional symbols, to conventional habits of affection, of understanding, of seeing; the young Italian spirit was all impatient to leave the ancestral habitation, to go out-of-doors into the brave new world, to possess and enjoy it. In order to lead, in order to represent this new spirit, Giotto had need to be a master of his craft. He must have made many experiments with his paints, and introduced many technical innovations, before he fitted himself to become a revolutionary leader. To judge from his effect upon the painters coming after him, his great renown was as sonorous with his fellow-craftsmen as with the general public. Like Lord Byron or Walter Scott he leapt into general favour. Story-tellers, like Sacchetti and Boccaccio, could be sure that their readers would find him an interesting subject, for this little ugly man, a wit, a great talker, full of energy, common sense, and love of his art, was singularly typical of the bourgeoisie that had lately come to power in the little Italian commonwealths.

Giotto's popularity with the general public was due to his power of telling a story; and part of the secret of his story-telling power lay in his ability to give solidity to his figures. In his frescoes, friars, burghers, prelates, walk and talk in the thickness of flesh and blood. His dramatis personæ are not content with a flat unprofitable existence in two dimensions, such as satisfied the symbolic shapes of the old Byzantine masters or the gracious images of the Sienese painters; they demand length, breadth,

and thickness. In this respect they challenge comparison with forms chiselled by the sculptor. This plastic quality, shown so soon after the achievements of Giovanni Pisano, has induced various critics to believe that Giotto came under his influence; but it is not easy for an artist in one domain of art to profit by the lessons of a master in another. Giotto's ambition, his zeal for perfection, may have been quickened by Giovanni Pisano's sculptured panels; but a safer explanation is that both artists were carried on by the same great current. Men's minds were turned away from the stuff that visions are made of, to the solid realities of this material world; people no longer wished spiritual things to be delineated by symbolical designs, but by human figures and other tangible objects.

Some critics also think that Giotto learned his dramatic power from Giovanni Pisano, at least in part; but here, too, both men obeyed a common instruction, they were employed to depict dramatic scenes and each did his best. Ecclesiastical art had always exacted dramatic treatment; the story of the Passion could not be portrayed otherwise. Giotto's native dramatic power, with its root in his mastery over the third dimension, makes the other half of his story-telling capacity. He groups his figures in such a way that he brings out the full dramatic significance of his episode. These two qualities of solidity and dramatic power were demands made upon Giotto by the generation in which he lived, a generation that wished to touch, to handle, to have its proofs on the plane of material existence, and also,

being a generation of counting-house computations and practical knowledge, to have ideas presented to it in a definite, matter-of-fact, manner.

Giotto's genius as a painter, apart from his power of modelling, apart from his technical skill, lies in his composition; he groups his figures and his masses, — whether the mass consists in a hill, a town, a tree, or a crowd — so that he not only brings out in high relief the point of his story but also makes a harmonious and beautiful pictorial composition. One may forget the incident recounted, but the mind retains pleasant sensuous memories of concord between colours and shapes, of grouped images and ranged forms, of happy contours. Giotto, too, has a special charm for those unlearned in the canons of criticism; he thinks nobly of the body, he always endows it with dignity, conferring upon it a fine, Franciscan courtesy, as if to teach the meaning of the phrase, nature's gentleman. For him the human body is the temple of the soul, and if time and repainters had not destroyed all or almost all the original colouring, we should see, we believe, that this little, ugly, Florentine burgher had cast a beam on the human shape and rendered it even in common men a beautiful thing.

With Giotto's frescoes the great period of decoration in the basilica of St. Francis comes to an end. The poor begging friar was, as Renan says, the father of Italian art. In his basilica the first great experiments were tried, there the most famous masters worked with their assistants and disciples, and there Giotto learned his first great lessons. One

Giotto (?) Alinari, phot.

ST. FRANCIS PREACHING

Assisi

may prefer other qualities in art; one may regret the savage grandeur of Cimabue's Crucifixion, or the noble calm of Cavallini's Last Judgment, or the sweet beauty of Duccio's Majestas, but with Giotto nature comes in, and if he is inferior to Cimabue in passion, or to Cavallini in classical reserve, or to Duccio in spiritual delicacy, he is far truer to the world he sees, and in this basilica he stands out as the founder of modern painting.

CHAPTER XVI

IL DOLCE STIL NUOVO

But obtuse as almost all the Tuscans are in their degraded dialect, we notice that some have recognised wherein the excellence of the vernacular consists, namely, Guido, Lapo and another, all Florentines, and Cino of Pistoia. — DANTE, *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, I, 13.

THE Florentine poets who were present at Cardinal Latino Malabranca's peacemaking in the piazza of Santa Maria Novella, and who, being men of consequence, were made sureties for the observance of those fraternal agreements, were all, with one exception, entangled in the artificial modes of thought and expression that kept Jacopo da Lentino, Guittone d' Arezzo, and Bonagiunta da Lucca, short of that sweet new style which was soon to produce poetry, such as for form had not been heard since Horace, nor for passion since Catullus. The exception is Guido Cavalcanti. He might mix with the artificial versifiers upon the piazza but as a poet he stood apart from them, for he, together with Lapo Gianni, Dino Frescobaldi, Gianni Alfani, Guido Orlandi, and Dante Alighieri, all Florentines, constituted the new school; Cino of Pistoia also was one of them. They took for their device the central idea of Guido Guinizelli's ode; as Dante puts it,—

> Amore e cor gentil sono una cosa,
>
> Love and a noble heart are one thing.

Of these young men Guido Cavalcanti was probably the oldest, he was born between 1250 and 1255 and was therefore some dozen years older than Dante, and he was probably the first to distinguish himself as a poet. In the estimation of the young school he even surpassed their common master, Guinizelli (*Purg.* XI, 97–98),—

> ha tolto l' uno all' altro Guido
> la gloria della lingua,
>
> one from the other Guido hath ta'en
> The glory of our tongue.

Cavalcanti was a very interesting person. His family, though not of the old nobility, for it seems that in earlier generations it had made its money in trade, was rich and important. His father is believed to have been a free-thinker, a member of the sect of Epicurus which says that the soul dies with the body; and Guido, who occupied himself as much with philosophy as with poetry, was at times at least unorthodox, and got a reputation for skepticism. According to gossip, he speculated whether there was a god or not. Boccaccio says, "He was one of the best logicians in the world, an excellent natural philosopher, a man of true gallantry and high breeding, a great talker, and knew how to do the things that become a gentleman better than any one else." He was quick-tempered, sensitive, and proud.

His marriage to Beatrice degli Uberti did not profess to be a marriage of affection, and he seems to have let his heart flutter whither caprice invited. There was Giovanna, and Mandetta, and Pinella, and very likely many another. With his courtesy, his

grace, his high spirit, his reputation for learning, and his lyrical gifts, he was a lad to turn a woman's head. It is fair to assume that these flirtations, or some of them at least, were quite within the bounds of conventional propriety, for Giovanna, a lady so gentle and so beautiful that she was called Primavera, was beyond reproach, or Dante would never have coupled her with Beatrice as he did in a sonnet (*Vita Nuova*, § XXIV):—

Io vidi monna Vanna e monna Bice
Venire invêr lo loco là ov' i' era,
L 'una oppresso dell' altra meraviglia.

I saw Monna Vanna and Monna Bice
Come toward the place there where I was
The one wondrous creature after the other.

Guido's most famous poem is an ode on the nature of love. It begins,—

Donna mi prega, perch' io voglio dire
d' un accidente che sovent' è fero,
ed è sì altero ch' è chiamato Amore.

A lady prays me, therefore I will speak
Of a happening that is often cruel,
And also noble, whose name is Love.

His Florentine biographer, Filippo Villani, says of this poem: "Guido, discussing with great nicety and subtlety of that human love, which by instinct leads us to love women and is rather a thing of the senses than of reason, and also of love's motions, affections and passions, composed a very elegant and wonderful ode, in which, like a philosopher, he treated of many things with great ingenuity and completeness." But to us it is very difficult; like Guinizelli,

Guido unravelled his thought too fine for easy reading. It is said to have been written in answer to a sonnet by Guido Orlandi, —

Onde si muove e donde nasce amore?

From whence starts love, where is it born?

Other poems of Cavalcanti's are far more charming to us; for instance: —

Chi è questa che ven, ch' ogn' om la mira,
e fa tremar di claritate l' are,
e mena secho amor, sì che parlare
om non può, ma ciascun ne sospira?
de, che rasembla quando li occhi gira!
dichal amor, ch' i nol poria contare.
cotanto d' umiltà donna mi pare,
che ciascun' altra in ver di lei chiamo ira.
Non si poria contar la sua piagença,
ch' alle' s' inchin' ogni gentil vertute,
e la beltate per suo dio la mostra.
Non fu sì alta già la mente nostra,
e non si pos' en noi tanta vertute,
che nprima ne poss' aver om canoscença.

Who is this comes, whom all men gaze upon,
And sets the air a-tremble with her light,
And brings Love with her, so that to speak
A man cannot, but each one sighs for her?
Ah, what doth she look like when she turns her eyes!
Let Love say, for I could not tell.
To me she seems a lady of such gentleness
That matched with her all others I call Wrath.
Her pleasantness could not be told,
For every noble virtue bends to her,
And Beauty points to her as its divinity.
Never were our minds so lifted up,
And not enough worth in us is put,
That we should ever have imagined such as she.

Of Lapo Gianni little is known, except that he was a notary, and acted in professional capacity in Florence, Bologna, Venice and elsewhere. His fame for the world at large rests upon his friendship with Dante and Guido Cavalcanti, which is recorded in a sonnet written by Dante to Guido. In this sonnet Dante wishes that the three poets with three ladies, Vanna, Lagia, and a third, to whom he refers, fantastically, were in a boat together: —

Guido, vorrei che tu e Lapo ed io
Fossimo presi per incantamento,
E messi ad un vascel, ch'ad ogni vento
Per mare andasse a voler vostro e mio;
Sicchè fortuna, od altro tempo rio
Non ci potesse dare impedimento,
Anzi, vivendo sempre in un talento,
Di stare insieme crescesse il disio.
E monna Vanna e monna Lagia poi,
Con quella ch' è sul numero del trenta,
Con noi ponesse il buon incantatore:
E quivi ragionar sempre d' amore;
E ciascuna di lor fosse contenta,
Siccome io credo che sariamo noi.

Guido, I would that thou, Lapo and I
Might be taken by a magic spell,
And put upon a boat, that in every wind
Over the sea should go at your will and mine;
So that ill luck, or any bad weather
Should not be able to impose impediment,
Rather, living always of one mind,
Our desire to stay together should grow.
And Monna Vanna and Monna Lagia, too,
With her who stands the thirtieth in the list,
The good enchanter should place with us;
And there to discourse always of love,
And each of them would be content,
As I believe that we should also be.

Lapo is ranked near his two friends by the critics, and indeed he has his share in the charm of the sweet new style: in one of his ballate he speaks of his lady almost as Petrarch does of Laura, not without art and artifice and also not without a touch of that deeper feeling which, according to the mode of the time, only dared show itself in elegant set phrases. She, a *rosa novella*, is so full of *giovanezza* and *gentilezza* that it would be impossible to recount what nature has done for her, but Lapo can say that when he lifted his eyes to look at her fixedly he was made prisoner by her *dolce riso* and *gli occhi suoi lucenti come stella*, — by her sweet smile and by her eyes that shone like stars. Then he lowered his gaze before the ray that shot into his heart, and Love said to him: —

"Costei
Mi piace signoreggi il tuo valore,
E servo alla tua vita le sarai."
Ond' io ringrazio assai,
Dolce signor, la tua somma grandezza,
Che vivo in allegrezza,
Pensando a cui mia alma hai fatta ancella.
Ballata giovincella,
Dirai a quella, ch' ha bionda la trezza,
Ch' Amor per la sua altezza
M' ha comandato sia servente d' ella.

"It is my pleasure
That she shall be lord of your best,
And you for all your life her slave."
For this, Sweet Lord, most deeply
I thank thy Majesty,
For now I live in joy,
Thinking on her to whom thou hast made
My soul a slave.

Go, happy song,
Tell her that has the golden hair,
That Love of his own nobleness
Has bid me in her service be.

Cino da Pistoia, or less familiarly, as is becoming towards a jurist of his eminence, Guittone de' Sinibuldi, enjoyed the great honour of friendship with Dante in his youth, and of being both imitated and mourned by Petrarch. In later years he became a famous lawyer, wrote much-admired legal treatises and held political offices of consequence. His poems belong to the season of his youth, when he became pre-eminent among his fellows as the poet of love. Like them he wrote canzoni, ballate, and sonetti subtle and sweet; and though his heart was somewhat light of love, he has made the name of Selvaggia rank at no mean distance behind those of Beatrice and Laura. This lady, according to some commentators, was daughter of Messer Filippo Vergiolesi, and married Focaccia de' Cancellieri. So husbanded she must have led a wild and stormy life. His family, the richest and most considerable in Pistoia, split into two factions. Some brutal crime was committed, and report makes Focaccia a conspicuous actor in the bloody drama; some say he did the fatal deed. It was these unnatural family factions that first received the names Bianchi and Neri, Whites and Blacks; and Pistoia was rent asunder by their strife. When Florence interfered to quell the flames, she, too, caught fire; Viero de' Cerchi and his partisans sided with the Bianchi, Corso Donati ranged himself and his supporters

with the Neri; and so, perhaps, Selvaggia's husband set the match to this world-famous conflagration. But she for herself goes in eternal lines to Time, for Cino, as she could say, —

Me célébroit du temps que j'étois belle.

She was the genius of his better self, and made him the absolute bondman of love: —

Nelle man vostre, o dolce donna mia,
Raccomando lo spirito che muore,
. . . . . .
Voi mi legasti alla sua signoria,
Sì che non ebbi poi alcun valore
Di potergli dir altro che: Signore,
Quel che tu vuoi di me, quel vo' che sia.

Into your hands, my Lady sweet,
I recommend this soul that dies,
. . . . . .
You have bound me so fast in Love's dominion
That I have not had since any strength
To be able to say more than: Lord,
That which you wish of me, I wish shall be.

Nevertheless, though his soul may have been fixed, his lighter affections flitted from passion to passion. These flirtations became notorious. Dante, at a distance, heard of them and blames him: —

Ma perch' i' ho di voi più volte udito,
Che pigliar vi lasciate ad ogni uncino,

But because I have many times heard of you
That you let yourself be caught by every hook,

(the lover of Beatrice felt called upon to rebuke this inconstancy to Selvaggia,)

Chi s' innamora (siccome voi fate)
E ad ogni piacer si lega e scioglie,
Mostra ch' Amor leggiermente il saetti:
Se 'l vostro cor si piega in tante voglie,
Per Dio vi prego che voi 'l correggiate,
Sì che s'accordi i fatti a' dolci detti.

Who falls in love (just as you do),
Grasps at each pleasure and then lets go,
Shows that Love's arrows lightly hit:
And if your heart to many desires bends,
For God's sake, I beg you to amend,
So that your deeds accord with your sweet ditties.

These sweet ditties were famous for "their excellence, clearness, completeness, and polish," and they at least, however Cino's actions may have erred and strayed, were constant to the last; for his sweetest sonnet is on Selvaggia's tomb.

The date, if one cares for a date, of the birth of this new school may be taken as 1283. That year Dante and Guido Cavalcanti became friends. Dante was eighteen; his own mother had been dead several years, his father, too, had lately died, and he was left with a stepmother, a half-brother and two half-sisters, to make his own way in the world. Yet the significance of this year does not lie in his outward circumstances but in a spiritual experience. Nine years before, for mystic numbers had to his thinking some strange unison with great matters, he, then but nine years old, had seen "the youngest of the angels" clad in a frock of the most noble of colours, a gentle and modest crimson, girded with a girdle and wearing such ornaments as suited her tender years, for she, too, was about nine years old. Then

Alinari, phot.

YOUNG DANTE
Bargello, Florence

his heart said to him: "Behold a God stronger than me, who shall come and be thy Lord." But the first meeting was magnified and rendered mystical by the magic of love's retrospection; the real acquaintance with Beatrice took place when she was eighteen. This "most noble, wonderful and blessed lady," the daughter of Messer Folco Portinari, appeared to Dante a creature blessed by close commerce with God and endowed by Him with wondrous attributes of grace and wisdom. On the second meeting she was in company with two ladies older than herself, and clad in purest white; and she, of her ineffable courtesy, gave him a greeting of such passing power that the uttermost ends of heaven seemed to open before him. He went home and dreamed a dream, in which a lord of fearful aspect appeared before him and said: "Behold thy Lord." In his arm this lord carried the lady of the ineffable greeting lightly wrapped in crimson drapery, and in one hand he held a thing all on fire: "Behold thy heart," he said. The lord awoke the maiden and by his art made her eat, all fearfully, of the burning thing. Then the lord wept, and gathering the lady in his arms went heavenward. This vision appeared to Dante in the first of the last nine hours of the night.

As Dante had already composed verses, he wrote a sonnet addressed to all loyal subjects of love, and begged them to interpret this strange dream.

A ciascun' alma presa, e gentil core,
Nel cui cospetto viene il dir presente,
A ciò che mi riscrivan suo parvente,
Salute in lor signor, cioè Amore.

> To every captive soul and noble heart,
> Unto whose sight these present lines may come,
> That they may write me how to interpret them,
> Greeting in their Lord, that is, Love.

He sent these verses to a number of famous poets of the time. Many answered him; among others, perhaps, Cino da Pistoia, and chief of all, Guido Cavalcanti, who wrote an answering sonnet with his interpretation that Dante had made trial of that "sengnor valente, che sengnoreggia lo mondo de l' onore, — the mighty lord, who rules the world where honour lives," and that Love, seeing that Death demanded the Lady, fed her with the poet's heart. From that moment these two poets became friends. And though Charles of Anjou and Peter of Aragon were preparing for wager of battle at Bordeaux, though Otto Visconti and William of Montferrat were quarrelling for dominion in Lombardy, though Pope Martin was making every effort to dislodge Guido of Montefeltro from Romagna, and Pisa and Genoa were grappling like bull-dogs, the muse of history lets them all drift towards the horizon's edge of oblivion, and like an enamoured schoolgirl fixes her eyes upon the two young Florentines.

These poets wrote sonnets to one another, and in the spirit of fellow-labourers, all working to a common end, composed their verses. Their poetry, like all the Italian poetry that preceded theirs, was derived from the lyrical poetry of Provence; they all studied the more famous troudadours. Dante has put a half dozen lines of Provençal into the *Purgatorio;* and Guido Cavalcanti, we know, went to

Provence. He was bound on a pilgrimage to the holy shrine of Compostella, and went as far as Toulouse, but went no farther, —

che 'n tolosa
donna m' apparve accordellata istretta,
Amor la qual chiama la Mandetta;

because in Toulouse
I saw a lady, her bodice tightly laced,
Whom Love calls Mandetta.

The heritage from Provence appears in part in the vocabulary of courtly words, but chiefly in a conventional gallantry, an artificial admiration, an affected appropriation of all delicate sentiments that hover about or emanate from *fino amore*. Yet it would not be just to catalogue these young Florentine poets, according to the classification in *Le Misanthrope*, with Oronte rather than with Alceste. When Lapo Gianni, for instance, speaks of a lady, —

per cui si fe' gentil l' anima mia,

For whose sake my soul did gentle its condition;

and says, —

il nobile intelletto, ched io porto
per questa giovin donna, ch' è apparita,
mi fa spregiar viltade e villania;

The noble mind, which I now bear
Because of this young lady who
Has dawned upon my sight,
Makes me despise baseness and discourtesy;

his words are not merely a hollow echo of stale feelings and phrases. These young men at the daybreak of love were full of spiritual disdain for all that is

base; to them love was no mere terrestrial attribute but a power from on high, a metaphysical essence, which was born in the handsome eyes of the beloved, and in its very cradle spread its wings to carry their souls aloft; it was an emanation from the divine intelligence that, lodging in the heart, — the aristocratic, high-born heart, — made the coarse fine and ennobled the common. Young love, wrapped in the first glory of human passion, brought with it the assurance that love and nobleness of heart are one. The spirit of chivalry, which north of the Alps had inspired the *Chanson de Roland*, the *Roman de la Rose*, the story of Tristan and Iseult, and a whole literature of romance, now touched the young poets of Italy, and quickened in their souls sentiments of love, of service, of nobleness and courtesy.

It is contrary to our conventions to write love poems to married women; but it was not contrary to theirs, nor to the conventions of many other generations, Petrarch's for instance, or that of Sir Philip Sidney, "a spirit without spot." Poets offered their devotion to married women because in polite society there was no intercourse between men and maidens; girls were married very young, and a poem openly written to a maid would have been a gross breach of good manners. Besides, poetical devotion might be founded on a very slight acquaintance; a look, a salutation, a wave of the hand, was enough to conjure up the god of love; and the young poet let his hot southern imagination play about that half-seen glance, that half-extended hand, and endowed his lady with the qualities recognized as belonging to the most ex-

quisite, — gentleness, high-breeding, and beauty. At first these sensitive poets were like children, living in a world of fantasy; then, under the cudgel of life, offended by much that was base, cruel, and vulgar, they felt the need of worshipping something higher than themselves, and mingling strains of religion with human admiration, endowed their mistresses with heavenly qualities, until at last they beheld, in her beauty and her gentleness, a manifestation of the presence of God.

The poems of Dante speak for themselves; and proof, that in his contemporaries of the *dolce stil nuovo* fine phrases were not merely fine phrases and chivalric sentiment not merely a convention, may be found in the fact that while some poets set their hearts on ideal love others snapped their fingers at it. The notaries of Bologna wrote or copied ribald verses on the margin of their notarial records; in Siena, Cecco Angiolieri flung lofty sentiment to the winds; and even Guido Cavalcanti, the great doctor of love's metaphysical character, had place for thoughts of a very different kind, and wrote his most charming lyric under their influence: —

In un boschetto trova' pasturella:
più che la stella è bella al mi' parere.
Capelli avea biondetti e ricciutelli,
e gli occhi pien d'amor, cera rosata.
con sua verghetta pasturav' angnelli;
scalça, di rugiada era bangnata.
cantava come fosse 'namorata,
er' adornata di tutto piacere.
D'amor la salutai mantenente,
e domandai s'avesse compangnia;

ed ella mi rispose dolçemente,
che sola sola per lo boscho gia,
e disse: sacci, quando l'augel pia,
allor disia 'l me' chor drudo avere.

In a little wood I met a shepherd girl:
To my thinking more beautiful than the stars.
Her hair was fair and all in curls,
Her eyes were full of love, her face a rose.
With her little crook she drove her sheep afield;
Her feet were bare and bathed with morning dew.
She sang as if she were in love,
And she was decked with every charm.
In love at once, I greeted her
And asked if any company she had,
And sweetly she replied to me,
That she was going all, all, alone through the wood,
And said: do you know, when the bird sings,
Then my heart longs for a lover.

Strong though the heritage was which these poets received from Provence, it was by no means the greater part of their possessions. Cavalcanti and his friends found in the traditions of Provençal poetry a courtly vocabulary, a highly developed prosody; and as young artists do, they followed the models that they had and accepted a ready-made style and taste. But this heritage did not come direct to Florence from the Courts of Toulouse and Rousillon; it had meandered by way of Frederick's court, and more lately by way of Bologna, where it had acquired from Guido Guinizelli a philosophical or metaphysical colour, as Cavalcanti's famous ode on the nature of love shows.

One consequence of this study of the elaborate poetical forms developed in Provence was a feeling

for language. The careless, colloquial Italian that had sprung up out of the degenerate Latin of the dark ages, bristling with rough words and rude expressions, was obviously not fitted for composition that should rival the great Latin classics; and these young men, especially Cavalcanti, were strongly patriotic for their own language. It seems that Cavalcanti went so far in his linguistic patriotism as to hold Virgil in disdain. They wished to clear away "the rude words, the involved constructions, the faulty expressions and rustic accents" that beset the Italian dialects, and by a process of selection create a literary language, "illustrious, cardinal, courtly and curial," as Dante calls it. They were conscious of genius running fresh and strong; and toiled as if they already saw the *Divina Commedia* looming majestic in front of them. So if at times they seem less bent upon giving expression to the natural emotions of the heart than upon composing verses in an elegant and high-bred manner, they were in fact seriously and nobly preparing the means for one among them who could build the lofty rhyme better than all the rest; and when the instrument was perfected the poet came, in full knowledge of the fundamental truth of poetry (*Purg.* XXIV, 52-54): —

> Io mi son un che, quando
> amor mi spira, noto, ed a quel modo
> che ditta dentro, vo significando.
>
> I am one who, when
> Love inspires me, take note, and in the way
> That he doth sing within, I go and tell.

The years that followed the beginning of the friendship between Dante and Guido Cavalcanti, were devoted in the main to the common affairs of life. Guido, as became his position, had a place on the important councils of the government. Nothing is known about Dante, except what he tells of his spiritual life in the *Vita Nuova*. He wrote lyrics and studied philosophy. In 1287 Beatrice married a rich banker, Simone de Bardi, and three years later, the year after the battle of Campaldino, on June 8, 1290, "the Lord of Justice called this most gentle lady to dwell in glory under the ensign of that queen, the blessed Mary, whose name was in very great reverence on the lips of this blessed Beatrice."

In the next year or two Dante wrote the *Vita Nuova*, a little book of prose interspersed with lyrics containing the praises of Beatrice and the record of his love. Every lyric has a comment. To us to-day, this beautiful little book hardly seems to touch human life, so remote is it from common experience; and yet, in its beatification of the earliest touch of human passion, it is a sacred book and reveals to common men what life may contain.

Of all the lyrics in the *Vita Nuova* the most famous is that which begins: Donne, ch' avete intelletto d' amore, for it first revealed to the world Dante's poetic genius; until then there was nothing that he had written to mark him from his fellows. In this canzone he begins by saying to whom he wishes to speak of his lady, then he tells what is understood of her in heaven, and in the third stanza, which I quote, what is thought of her on earth:—

Madonna è desiata in l' alto cielo:
Or vo' di sua virtù farvi sapere.
Dico: qual vuol gentil donna parere
Vada con lei; chè quando va per via,
Gitta ne' cor villani Amore un gelo,
Per che ogni lor pensiero agghiaccia e père.
E qual soffrisse di starla a vedere
Diverria nobil cosa, o si morria:
E quando trova alcun che degno sia
Di veder lei, quei prova sua virtute;
Chè gli addivien ciò che gli dà salute,
E si l' umilia, che ogni offesa oblia.
Ancor le ha Dio per maggior grazia dato,
Che non può mal finir chi le ha parlato.

My lady is desired in high heaven:
Now I would make you know her worth.
I say: Let her that wishes to appear a noble lady
Go with her; for when she passes by,
Love casts a chill into coarse hearts,
By which every thought of theirs is frozen and dies.
And he that shall endure to stop and see her
Shall become a noble thing, or he will die:
And when any one finds that he is worthy
To look upon her, he proves her power;
For it befalleth him that she gives him salutation
And renders him so meek, that he forgets all wrong.
Besides hath God given her for greater grace
That he who has spoken to her cannot end ill.

In the course of writing this little book, Dante became aware of his own genius: at the end, after the last sonnet in it, he says: "There appeared to me a wondrous vision, wherein I beheld things that made me determine to speak no more of this blessed one until such time as I could treat of her more worthily. And to attain to this I study all I may, even as she truly knoweth. So that if it be the

pleasure of Him, by whom all things live, that my life shall last for some few years, I hope to write of her what hath never been written of any woman." And indeed, as Rossetti says: "Throughout the *Vita Nuova* there is a strain like the first falling murmur which reaches the ear in some remote meadow, and prepares us to look upon the sea."

What was there in the fierce, impetuous, city of Florence that enabled young Dante to catch in this little book, as in a seashell, the reverberant music of the soul awakened by the god of love? Was it the puritan habit of mind accepted and fostered by the main body of burghers, who, perhaps too poor or too self-restrained to adopt the new customs which sudden gains were bringing into the city, maintained the simple ways of their pious ancestors? Was it that the hollow words of the Provençal troubadours became filled with true feeling when they reached the banks of the Arno? Was it the influence of Brunetto Latini, who like a dear and kind father taught him how a man should fit himself for immortality, and had discerned even in Dante's youth that if he followed his star he could not fail to attain a glorious haven? Was it that the spirit of St. Francis still quickened the beautiful land where *sì* is said for yes, and blessed the spirit of Dante? Was it that religion, having helped some yearning souls towards God through the loneliness of the desert, through the cell of the monk, and through the pages of Holy Writ, had now discovered that the maiden passion for a maid is a still diviner

means? However it may be, the *Vita Nuova* is enrolled in the canon of the sacred books of humanity.

It was not long before this goodly fellowship of Tuscan poets was rudely broken up. In Florence, after Giano della Bella's reforms, came the triumph of the reactionary Grandi, the feud between Viero de' Cerchi and Corso Donati and their partisans, and from Pistoia — "fit for savage beasts" — descended fresh causes of quarrel, originated or aggravated by Selvaggia's husband, so that in Florence, as well as in Pistoia, Bianchi and Neri watched each other like snarling dogs. The poets were in the thick of the storm. Guido Cavalcanti's high spirit could not brook the insolent arrogance of Corso Donati, and the two were at swords' points. The seigniory, of which Dante was then a member, was constrained, in desperate hope of peace, to banish the chiefs of both factions. Guido Cavalcanti was exiled to an unhealthy spot where he fell ill and wrote his touching poem: —

Perch' i' no spero di tornar giammai,
ballatetta, in toscana,
vattu leggera e piana,
dritt' a la donna mia;
che per sua cortesia
ti farà molto honore.

. . . . . .

Tanto è distructa già la mia persona,
ch' i' non posso soffrire;
settu mi vuoi servire,
mena l' anima techo,
molto di ciò ti pregho
quando uscirà del chore.

Since I despair of returning ever,
O little song, to Tuscany
Go, lightly and gently,
Straight to my Lady;
For of her courtesy
She will receive thee well.

. . . . . .

So wasted away is my body already
That I cannot endure;
If you will render me a service,
Take my soul with thee,
For this I pray thee greatly,
When it shall leave my heart.

Cavalcanti was allowed to come back, but only to die. Then came Prince Charles of Valois, sent by Pope Boniface, and the triumph of the Neri. Dante was banished, never to return. Cino, too, shared the fate of the conquered faction, and was banished from Pistoia. The lesser members of the group likewise were scattered: Gianni Alfani was exiled, and Lapo Gianni wandered far from his native city. But perhaps the exile of these Tuscan poets from their native cities was a blessing to their country, and scattered, "as from an unextinguished hearth ashes and sparks, their words among mankind." The *Divina Commedia* could not have been written by one whom fortune loved.

CHAPTER XVII

LATIN LITERATURE

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire.

GRAY.

AN account of the literature in our century cannot be limited to young Italian poetry, whether of Apulia, Lombardy, or Tuscany. Latin still asserted her privilege of precedence, her right to control all serious matters, and left little but amorous trifling to her soft-syllabled daughter. All through the century Latin maintained itself on what to the great multitude seemed a far superior plane. Latin was the language of theology, jurisprudence, history, of the forum, of papal, royal, episcopal, and municipal chanceries, of bishops and professors, in short, of all intellectual expression. Only lyrical poetry, and light literature that skirted the edge of practical affairs, escaped from the authority of the majestic, classical language. Almost all educated men were of opinion that the Latin language was inseparably bound up with the cause of conservatism, respectability, and civilization. As the century advanced, this opinion was modified, but it prevailed across the limit of the century and until the Tuscan idiom had asserted itself as the language of the literature of Italy. Literature, therefore, except for secular poetry, was Latin; and although it cannot be compared for

literary excellence to the literature of classical Rome, yet in variety it is not unworthy of the comparison. It includes theology, history, biography, sacred poetry, religious stories, and even personal memoirs.

Theology, in which I include religious philosophy, makes a contribution greater than that of any other branch. The two doctors of the Church, St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bonaventura, are far more important in the literature of their time than, let us say, Hooker in the Elizabethan period or Newman in Queen Victoria's reign. The position held by Bossuet in the time of Louis XIV is, perhaps, a better comparison to show their consequence. But as I have already spoken of them in a former chapter I shall say no more. In this division of literature also come the works of Abbot Joachim, as well as the sermons and treatises of Innocent III. There are other sermons, but for the most part preachers are like actors; when the sermon has been preached it has fulfilled its function. Even the discourses of St. Francis or of the famous revivalists, like Friar John of Vicenza, have scarce left a trace behind.

History makes a not inconsiderable contribution. A great part consists of chronicles, brief annals of towns or abbeys, in which events of the world outside, when they appear, shamble along like hobbled beasts; yet several chroniclers, or historians perhaps I should say, concern themselves with larger affairs. The southern kingdom here, as in poetry, leads the way. Her historians, Riccardo da San Germano, Matteo Spinelli, Niccolò di Jamsilla, with

whom may be included Saba Malaspina, enjoy a tranquil immortality in the great compilation of Muratori, *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores,*

Calm pleasures there abide — majestic pains.

These writers have furnished us with most of the information, not derived from official documents, concerning the Emperor Frederick and his sons. Compared to the municipal chroniclers they are gay and fanciful; and, even cut off from the advantage of that comparison, when their hearts are touched, as where Niccolò di Jamsilla describes Manfred, they are human and interesting. None of them can be placed in the same rank with Matthew Paris, the English historian, who often tells much more of the affairs of Papacy and Empire than they do, nor with Geoffroi de Villehardouin, whose history of the conquest of Constantinople by the French and Venetians has become a French classic; nevertheless they give much valuable information and prepare the way for Giovanni Villani.

In history, as in painting, sculpture, or poetry, there is an energetic effort to leave old formality and keep nature company; the historian girds himself to describe living men, just as the painter to paint a solid figure, the sculptor to chisel human lineaments, or the poet to forswear the ideal lady of Provençal convention for a real Vanna or Selvaggia. One reason that history made such strides is that these writers are no longer monks, circled about by narrowing monastic walls, who repeat what they receive from tradition or hearsay, but men of the world

describing personages whom they saw and heard, events which they themselves witnessed.

Of the historians in the north, the most interesting and entertaining is Rolandino of Padua, who wrote a chronicle of contempory events in the March of Treviso. Rolandino was born in the year 1200. As the University of Padua was not established until a few years later, Rolandino went to the University of Bologna, where he studied grammar and rhetoric under Professor Boncompagno. Rolandino was already interested in history, for his father having a taste for it had kept notes of current events, and had given these to his son with the injunction that when he should reach the age of twenty-three he too should keep notes; and it is likely that Boncompagno encouraged him in plans of historical work, for that energetic professor, not content with his other literary occupations, had himself dipped into history. He had written an account of Barbarossa's siege of Ancona, and his little book ends with so much happy self-satisfaction that it may well have stirred an ardent young man to emulation. But whatever good seed was sown, for the time being Rolandino, who was by no means a rash spirit, stuck to what we may call the regular academic course in grammar and rhetoric, took a master's degree, and later became a professor in those subjects at the University of Padua.

Rolandino was also a notary and as such, a few years after his return home, received a post of some consequence in the city government. He belonged to the patriotic party opposed to Ezzelino

and the Emperor; yet after Ezzelino had got possession of the city Rolandino continued to stay there and was not molested. His chronicle is undoubtedly written from notes made of events that took place under his very eyes. One cannot help liking him, he is so full of Italian guilelessness; even his rhetoric is childlike. The voice is often the voice of Boncompagno, but the heart is always the pure heart of Rolandino. He begins: "The weighty authority of the Ancients is to be followed in their wholesome customs and doctrines; and these worshipful authors were wont, as is patent in all their works, to invoke with sedulous devotion the divine Apollo and others whom they believed to be gods. And I, least of moderns, dedicated to the Christian religion, make bold to invoke divine grace with still greater devotion, so that that grace may enable me, who in a tiny boat push off so presumptuously into so deep a sea, to weather the perilous storms in what I undertake to do and to arrive unshipwrecked in the haven of safety. For I attempt a thing not small and for which I see my strength doth not suffice; but I set my thoughts upon God, who once willed that an irrational animal should speak." Underneath this last phrase, which seems to be a very humble allusion to the story of Balaam, really lurks rhetorical pride in the happy use of a simile; the influence of Boncompagno could have led to nothing else. But apart from this florid style Rolandino has merit; he looks on Ezzelino's career as an exciting drama, and narrates it as such. Best of all he is fair, and in spite of his abhorrence of

cruelty and tyranny, cannot forbear from giving expression to his flashes of admiration for Ezzelino's satanic energy and courage.

There are several long historical poems, one by a Dominican monk of Milan upon the doings of the famous archbishop, Otto Visconti (1262–1295), and others on the life of Pope Celestine V and the accession of Pope Boniface, written by Cardinal Jacopo Stefaneschi. These poems are of historical value; that of the Dominican monk also interests us because, though a friar writing of an archbishop, he is full of classical allusions, to Megæra, Tisiphone, Alecto, Astræa, and Phœbus. Cardinal Stefaneschi we meet elsewhere as a patron of art; he employed Giotto in St. Peter's basilica and perhaps the other great painter, Pietro Cavallini, in San Giorgio in Velabro. Certainly his brother, Bertholdo Stefaneschi, employed Cavallini in Santa Maria in Trastevere.

In the department of biography there are lives of the Popes, such as that of Innocent III by an unknown contemporary, or that of Innocent IV by Niccolò di Curbio, and some biographies of great nobles; but more interesting beyond all comparison are the biographies of St. Francis. Here, as in portraiture or in religion itself, he is the fountain of new life. There are several of these biographies; and all are curiously entangled with the story of the unhappy divisions in the Order. There is much controversy as to which is the earliest. According to M. Paul Sabatier the *Speculum Perfectionis*, the Mirror of Perfection, is the first; he holds it to have been written by Bro. Leo in 1227. According to the contrary

opinion, held by scholars of the Franciscan Order, the book is a compilation of Bro. Leo's recollections put together long afterwards. In this labyrinth, I follow M. Sabatier. Almost immediately after the death of the saint, the imperious Elias, full of worldly wisdom, who was in control as vicar, was the most likely candidate for the office of minister-general. The spiritual-minded brethren, who adored St. Francis and Lady Poverty, could not bear the prospect of having him for Francis's successor; so Leo wrote his book in order to bear his witness as to what the Order really meant and to show that Elias was not the sort of man whom Francis would have wished to be general. The spiritual-minded carried the day, and not Elias but John Parenti was elected (May 1227). The new Pope, Gregory IX, who had great projects of making the Order useful to the Papacy, knew that Elias was the proper instrument for him. It would not do to leave a Life, such as these memoirs of Leo's, as the chief authority for the founder's hopes and doctrines; so Gregory bade Friar Thomas of Celano, a man of some literary reputation, to whom the great hymn, *Dies iræ, dies illa*, is ascribed, write the official narrative of the founder's life. This biography (1229) is full of the charm and poetry that could not but fill any life of Francis written while his memory was fresh in everybody's heart; yet in some respects it is marred by the constraint of partisanship. Perhaps Friar Thomas, as he had been away for years in Germany, was ignorant of the divisions and heartburnings that had arisen in the Order even in the saint's lifetime; perhaps he only listened to

the stories of Elias and his friends. However it was, Friar Thomas depicted the relations between Francis and Elias very differently from what Leo had done, and made out that Elias had been Francis's choice for the head of the Order. This was the view commended by the Pope ; and, as we know, at the next election, with the Pope's support, Elias and the worldly-minded won the election.

But after Elias's disgrace it was obvious that a biography which represented that malignant renegade in a favourable aspect could not remain the official biography of the founder of the Order. Therefore, at the chapter held in 1244 all the brethren were invited to present their recollections of St. Francis to the minister-general. In consequence of this invitation, Leo and his two friends, Angelo and Rufino, all three intimate companions of St. Francis and passionate adherents to his teachings, wrote the biography known as *The Story of the Three Companions* (1246). These brothers, animated by an ardent wish to hold the mirror up to the life that they held in such honour and reverence, have written a most charming account of the early days of the Order. Unfortunately the last part has come down to us sadly curtailed. Besides these three brethren, others contributed their recollections. The minister-general, Crescentius, affected perhaps by political as well as by literary considerations, took all the contributions thus gathered together, and confided them to Thomas of Celano with the duty of composing a second official biography. Thomas had been at work for a year and had completed the first

part of his book, when there was another political turnover in the Order. John of Parma, the truest and sweetest of the spiritual-minded brothers, was elected minister-general in the place of Crescentius. Thomas, therefore, in the second part of his biography, was subjected to different influences from those brought to bear upon him while writing the first part. From these discordant circumstances this *Second Life* by Friar Thomas is not a well-constructed book and is reputed less interesting than the earlier biographies.

The *Second Life*, however, did not remain the official biography as long as the *First Life* had done. The dissensions in the Order grew very bitter; at the end of ten years the worldly-wise prevailed and John of Parma was ousted (1257). There were moderate men, however, who wished to follow a middle course; they had sympathy with the radicals, and yet their intelligence ranged them on the side of those who held that it was impossible to observe a strict rule of poverty and maintain a great Order. Of these moderate men, Bonaventura, the new minister-general, was the chief. What they wanted was peace and concord. They came to the conclusion that the early biographies (which represented St. Francis as wholly opposed to wealth, power, and worldly position) encouraged and fostered dissensions. So, in the course of a few years, they planned and carried out a drastic measure, that Bonaventura should write a final, official biography, and that all the earlier lives should be destroyed. Bonaventura's book inevitably smacks of the circumstances under

which it was written, and would have little or no interest for us were it not that his chapters furnish the scenes which Giotto and his successors put into frescoes. The ill-fated early Lives, for long resolutely suppressed, have been at last restored to their high place in the literature of Italy.

Another book, also by a Franciscan, has no rival in the European literature of that century, and indeed few in the literature of any century since. This is a book of memoirs written by Fra Salimbene of Parma at the end of his life (1283–1287) for a niece. Salimbene is a most agreeable chatterbox, somewhat like Samuel Pepys or Goldoni, but without Goldoni's wit and less vulgar than Pepys. He had the same curiosity for common things, the same interest in gossip, the same ferreting inquisitiveness, as Pepys; and the same genial spirit and roving disposition as Goldoni. His mind is commonplace, his soul unspiritual, he never feels the holiness of the great founder's spirit. To him the Order is a little commonwealth to which he owes his livelihood and in return gives a blind patriotism. He is superstitious, egotistical, wholly unintellectual, not averse to a good dinner, and much concerned with the ways and customs of the great; nevertheless he is a delightful companion, for if he has the spiritual defects of curiosity, he has its literary merits, and he never had the misfortune to study rhetoric. Salimbene is always natural, and always truthful, or almost always, for one cannot help suspecting some of his pious visions; he depicts his world — not its soul, nor mind, but its rather tawdrily dressed body —

with the fidelity, accuracy, and at times almost with the power of Hogarth. Even his habit of stuffing his pages with Biblical quotations — which he takes for a display of mind and soul — is diverting and instructive. His very partisanship is a virtue; it is so honest-minded, so unsuspicious of itself. For instance, he compares the Order of St. Dominic to Esau, "Symbolized, too, by the crow, not on account of the blackness of sin but of the dress," and his own Franciscan Order to Isaac, with no consciousness of partiality whatever. All his judgments are downright, and some of them obviously unfair, as anybody but himself can see. He is as innocent as a little child.

Salimbene was born in Parma in 1221, and joined the Order at the age of sixteen against the wishes of his family, for his father was a gentleman and a soldier and wished his son to remain in the world and perpetuate the family name. The boy, carried away by monkish ideals, cast off his father and mother with what seems to us priggish ostentation; yet he never regretted the step and never had the slightest sympathy for his parents. In the world he had been known as Balianus, after his godfather, a French nobleman, or, to his friends and family, as Omne-bonum, but in the Order he was called *Salimbene*, Leptwell, because as the old friar who named him said, "In taking up a religious life you have lept well." His life resembles that of a strolling player; he goes from monastery to monastery through all northern Italy and many parts of France, to Fano, Lucca, Siena, Pisa, Parma, Cremona, Ferrara,

Genoa, Modena, Imola, Faenza, Reggio, Bagnacavallo, to Lyons, Troyes, Sens, Auxerre, Paris. He saw many notables of his time, King Louis of France, Charles of Anjou, Bro. Elias, John of Parma, Ghiberto da Gente, Bro. Gerard of Borgo San Donnino, Bro. Hugo of Digne, Cardinal Ottaviano degli Ubaldini, Bro. Leo, the biographer of St. Francis, Bro. Bernard of Quintavalle, the first disciple, and many others less known to us, though eminent in their day.

Another Latin book, more widely known than any I have mentioned and for centuries most eagerly read, is the *Legenda Aurea*, the *Golden Legend*, a charming book written by Jacobus de Voragine. Vorago is the Latin form of Varazze, a little coast town near Genoa. Jacobus, or Jacopo, to give him his Italian name, was seven years younger than Salimbene, and like him at the age of sixteen entered a mendicant order; but he chose the Order of St. Dominic, and showed that a Dominican could be as pure in spirit, as true a follower of the ideal, as loving, as gentle, as patient, as any of the early disciples of St. Francis. He became a person of consequence in the Order and finally in his old age was made, against his will, archbishop of the turbulent city of Genoa, and there passed his last years trying to impose peace and good will upon the angry nobles. Jacopo wrote other books as well, but the *Golden Legend* alone has lived. No other book written in the century is one half so widely read. It is a compilation of the lives of saints enumerated in the calendar; and beginning at Advent, November 30,

ranges their lives, according to the sequence of the days dedicated to them. There, in these old tales piously edited, the dead, forgotten worthies of the Church, St. Nicholas, St. Remigius, St. Hilary, St. Macarius, and their peers, like the heroes of fairy tales, sit in the radiance of childhood and innocence, wrapped in their fantastic virtues, with the laws of nature lying broken in bits about them. The *Golden Legend* is the Church's *Wonder-book* and *Tanglewood Tales*, and delighted many a generation. The good friar, of course, was all ardour to teach, and as he goes through the calendar pauses to explain the significance of feasts and fasts. For instance, in the brief chapter given to the four fasts for the four seasons, he says: "Spring is like childhood, summer like youth, autumn like manhood, and winter like old age; we ought, therefore, to fast in the spring in order to be strong like young men; in summer, in order to attain ripeness through justice, as becometh manhood; in winter, in order to acquire the wisdom and probity of old men, or, a better reason yet, in winter we ought to fast in order to expiate the faults committed by us during the preceding seasons."

In poetry, for all matters of love and sentiments of youth, Italian reigned supreme, but for religious matters, thanks to the Church, Latin held its own. Three very famous Latin hymns were written by Italians in this century. The first of the three, although it seems quite out of keeping with the feelings and doctrines of the early Franciscans, was composed by Bro. Thomas of Celano, and, if one

may hazard a guess, is still the best-known poem in Christian Europe :—

Dies iræ, dies illa,
solvet sæclum in favilla,
teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
quando judex est venturus,
cuncta stricte discussurus !

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
per sepulchra regionum,
coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,
cum resurget creatura,
judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
in quo totum continetur,
unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
quidquid latet apparebit,
nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
quem patronum rogaturus,
cum vix justus sit securus ?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis !

Recordare, Jesu pie,
quod sum causa tuae viæ,
Ne me perdas illa die.

Macaulay and others have tried to translate this into English verses ; Sir Walter Scott's version is the best.

But as Dante says, "nothing which hath the harmony of musical connection can be transferred from its own tongue into another without shattering all its sweetness and harmony," and the same is true of these stern, austere, unharmonious rhymes. There is a dread, a solemnity, an inexorableness, in the Latin syllables that cannot be rendered in English verses, and therefore I give a literal translation.

The day of wrath, that day,
The world will dissolve in flame,
Witness David with the Sibyl.

How great will be the trembling,
When the Judge shall come
To examine all things straitly.

The trumpet, scattering its portentous sound
Through the tombs of the lands,
Will drive all before the throne.

Death will be struck dumb, and Nature,
When the creature shall rise up
To answer Him that judges.

The written Book shall be brought forth,
In which all is contained,
From it shall the world be judged.

Therefore when the Judge shall sit,
Whatever is hid shall appear,
Nothing shall remain unpunished.

What shall I, wretched man, then say,
What protector call upon,
When the righteous man shall scarce be safe?

King of tremendous majesty
Who unpaid saveth those that shall be saved,
Save thou me, well-spring of pity!

Remember, piteous Jesus,
That I am the cause of thy journey,
Do not lose me on that day.

The second of the three hymns to which I have referred was written by Thomas Aquinas and has been incorporated in the Roman breviary. It has a more elaborate rhyme and greater doctrinal significance than the others but it is much less generally interesting: —

Pange lingua gloriosi
Corporis mysterium:
Sanguinisque preciosi,
Quem in mundi precium
Fructus ventris generosi
Rex effudit gentium.

Tell, my tongue, the mystery
Of the body glorious:
And of the precious blood,
Which in purchase of the world
The Fruit of a generous womb
The King of nations shed.

The third hymn, *Stabat Mater*, has become part and parcel of our Christian literature; but for it, no one would believe that mediæval Latin was able to express pathos and passion so profound, and in so touching and tender a manner.

Stabat mater dolorosa
juxta crucem lacrimosa,
dum pendebat filius.
. . . . .
Eja mater, fons amoris,
me sentire vim doloris
fac, ut tecum lugeam;
. . . . .

Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
in amando Cristum Deum
ut sibi complaceam.
. . . . . .
Fac me vere tecum flere,
crucifixo condolere
donec ego vixero.
. . . . . .
Virgo virginum præclara,
mihi jam non sis avara
Fac me tecum plangere.

Stood the Mother suffering,
Next the cross aweeping,
While her son was hanging.
. . . . . .
Oh! Oh! Mother, spring of love,
Make me feel the might of grief
That I may mourn with thee;
. . . . . .
Make my heart burn
In loving Christ the Lord
So that I may please Him.
. . . . . .
Make me truly weep with thee,
Suffer with the Crucified,
So long as I shall live.
. . . . . .
Maid of Maidens most bright,
Be not niggard now to me,
Make me wail with thee.

The poet is Jacopone da Todi, one of the strange and haunting figures of our century; he stands black against the closing horizon, gaunt and tragic, in sad contrast to the happy brethren that walked the Umbrian plains and hills with their blessed founder, *gaudentes in Deo*. Ser Jacopo dei Benedetti was born

in Todi, a little Umbrian town, some twenty miles south of Perugia in 1228, the very year in which the placid spirit of Jacopo de Voragine appeared on earth. He studied law at Bologna and then took up its practice in his native town. It seems that he passed a wild and wayward youth; but at the age of thirty-nine he married a good and beautiful young woman, much younger than himself. Not long after his marriage, at some festival, a crowd of ladies, his wife among them, were standing on a platform watching the show; the platform gave way, the women were flung to the ground and Jacopo's wife was crushed to death. The light of his life had gone out. Sorrow unhinged his mind. He abandoned home, profession, ordinary ways, and became profoundly and strangely religious.

Mondo, addio, mondo fallace,
Son pur fuor di tua balía.
. . . . . .
Dammi a dir quel dolce canto,
Quale in ciel per ogni canto
Suona: Santo, santo, santo,
Il bel figlio di Maria.
. . . . . .
Signor mio, dammi a sapere
Et a fare il tuo volere:
Poi sia fatto il tuo piacere
Che dannato o salvo io sia.

World, good bye, deceiving world,
I am free from thy custody.
. . . . . .
Grant me to sing that sweet song,
That through heaven in every corner
Sounds: Holy, holy, holy,
Mary's beautiful son.
. . . . . .

My Lord, give me to know
And do thy will;
Then let thy pleasure be done
Whether I be lost or saved.

At this period of his life Jacopone seems to have been an excitable, unstrung, unstable, passionate Italian. He put on a hermit's dress, and became a wild, fanatical vagrant, crying out aloud his sins and his sorrows. At times a wild fit would come on him, and he trotted about on all fours like an ass or smeared himself with tar and feathers. Either his wits were light, or the world had so turned to ashes that he no longer accepted any of its measures or standards. He joined the Third Order of St. Francis, wandered about and preached by the roadside and in the market-place, or, for he was a glib improvisatore, trolled out verses, a hymn, a satire, or a dramatic poem. One of these dramatic poems, *The Lament of the Madonna* has come down to us. It is a little sacred play in verse, very short. The scene is evidently not meant to be acted as we understand the acting of a play; it is rather a series of tableaux, with some voices speaking. A messenger tells the Virgin that Christ is made prisoner and scourged, and she, who sees the scene from afar, calls to the Magdalene for help, bids Pilate be merciful, and entreats the mob to stop. Christ speaks to her, and then the Virgin laments:—

O filglio, bianco e biondo,
filglio, volto jocondo,
filglio, perchè t' ha el mondo,
filglio, cussì sprezato?

O son, white and fair
Son, with visage debonnaire,
Son, why has the world used thee,
Son, so despitefully ?

For ten years, like Lear's fool, he went about singing poems and catches, rough and rude, free as his life. He was an itinerant, religious poet, charged with a message : —

Voglio invitar tutto 'l mondo ad amare,
Le valli e i monti e le genti a cantare,
L' abisso e i cieli e tutt' acque del mare,
Che faccian' versi davanti al mio Amore.

I invite all to love — you — everything,
And the vales and the hills and the people to sing,
The abyss, and the ocean and heaven above,
That all become poets to honour my Love.

At times he was found weeping and when asked why, answered, " I weep because Love is not loved." After ten years of vagabondage and poetry he entered a monastery (1278). The friars thought him mad and exacted a proof of sanity. So he wrote a Latin poem on the vanity of the world, its deceitfulness and transitoriness; in which occurs the melancholy thought, rendered so often in poetry, where are the departed great?

Dic, ubi Solomon, olim tam nobilis
Vel ubi Sampson est dux invincibilis ?
Vel pulcher Absolon, vultu mirabilis,
Vel dulcis Jonathan multum amabilis ?

Naturally once a full member of the Order, Jacopone became one of the extreme spiritual party, like Ubertino da Casale and others who come into the full

view of history a little later. When the poor hermit, Pietro da Morrone, was elected Pope, they all rejoiced, and thought that Joachim's vision of a world governed by monks was about to be fufilled, but Jacopone had had more experience of the world than they, and doubted. Yet he shared their bitter disappointment and anger when the high-handed Boniface overturned them and their wishes, as well as Celestine and all that he had done. He joined the Colonna in their refusal to render the Pope obedience, and added his satirical doggerel to their swords: —

O Papa Bonifatio
Molto hai jocato al mondo,
Penso che jocondo
Non tè porrai partire.
. . . .
Pare che la vergogna
Derieto agi gittata:
L' alma et el corpo hai posto
Ad allevar tua casata.
. . . .
O pessima avaritia
Sete induplicata,
Bevere tanta pecunia
Non essere satiata!

O, Pope Boniface,
You 've had a merry day,
But when you go away,
It won't be with a jolly face.
. . . . .
It seems that you have shameless been,
Yes, flung all shame aside,
And all your soul applied
To elevate your kith and kin.
. . . . .

O avarice still worse than pride,
O thirst most multifold,
To drink a monstrous mass of gold
And still be quite unsatisfied!

Upon the surrender of the Colonna, Jacopone was put into prison, his feet were gyved, his food was bread and onions. But in spite of his contempt and hatred of Boniface as a man, he had great respect for his mystical powers as a priest, and in prison he made pitiful entreaties for pardon; or perhaps bodily suffering was too strong for his spirit. The entreaties were in vain and Jacopone remained in prison till after the Pope's death. He himself died within three years; and it was during these last years, according to tradition, that he wrote *Stabat Mater*. Jacopone's Italian poetry although it has historical importance, as marking the time when the uneducated people had become of sufficient importance to be the audience of a popular poet, nevertheless has little or no literary merit; whereas the *Stabat Mater* is part of the world's literature and for centuries has held its place in the Roman Catholic Missal among the prayers of the greatest saints, the epistles of Paul and the chapters of the Evangelists. Long before the gifted French critic, Antoine Frédéric Ozanam, showed their beauty to a lukewarm generation, the Church had recognized the elemental power of these "monotonous strophes that fall like tears, so sweet that the grief thereof we feel to be divine and ministered to by angels, so simple in their popular Latin that women and children understand half the poem by its words and the other half either by the singing or by

their hearts." Without Jacopone, Franciscan poetry would have told but a part of the working of religion in the human heart; it enters not always as the god of love, but often as the god of suffering and tears. *Stabat Mater* is both the crown and the end of Latin literature in our period.

CHAPTER XVIII

POPE BONIFACE VIII

So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
King Richard III, IV, 4.

In the last chapter that dealt with papal politics we left off with the brief pontificate of Celestine V, his resignation, and the election of Benedetto Gaetani, Boniface VIII. The episode of the elevation of an ignorant hermit to the papal throne reads as if the Muse of History had written it in a moment of buffoonery; or rather as if she had handed the pen to Victor Hugo, so grotesque a contrast does Celestine's story present to that of Boniface in every respect, until the end, when poetic justice closes the latter's pontificate in a manner that bears a sardonic resemblance to the close of Celestine's. Even after death poetic justice did not hold off its hands; Celestine was canonized, while a judicial process charged Boniface with an hundred crimes. Ever since his elevation to the papal chair, — during his life, after his death, and down through six hundred years, — Boniface has been assailed and defended. The hatred of Dante has pursued him like an avenging fury, and the adversaries of the Roman Church have hounded his memory. Even to-day, with no desire to blame or to excuse, it is hard to make out what kind of man he was; the contemporary records are all distorted

by religious or political prejudice, and sometimes by deliberate falsehood.

There are four statues of Boniface; one on the outside of the cathedral at Anagni, a second in the duomo at Florence, a third in the museum at Bologna, and a fourth in the *grotte* at St. Peter's in Rome. The first is rather a decorative memorial than a likeness; but the other three were intended to look like him, at least as far as that might be consistent with conventional respect for his pontifical dignity. In the last three statues there is an expression of calm, of childlike serenity almost, which makes a curious comment on the Pope's stormy pontificate. The poet says that the meanest of God's creatures has two soul-sides; probably Boniface had two aspects, one which appeared to historians, of a high-spirited, wrathful old man, while the other, totally hidden from history, appeared to the sculptors, that of a man acquainted with the peace of religion.

On Boniface's accession the politics of Italy had scant satisfaction to offer. The affairs of the papal chancery were in disorder. In Sicily, despite all the efforts of the Papacy, Frederick, Manfred's grandson, more than held his own. In Romagna there was riot and civil war. Close to Rome, in their towns and fortresses scattered about the Campagna, the great house of Colonna, raised to the first place among the Roman nobility by Pope Nicholas IV, wore a moody brow. For various reasons these proud nobles were unfriendly: they remembered their own brilliant prosperity under Nicholas IV and now saw honours greater than theirs heaped on the Gaetani; they

still felt a touch of their old sympathy with the Ghibelline cause, that in an earlier generation had carried a Cardinal Colonna over to the Emperor's side; they could not brook the proud dominance of an overbearing Pope. Jealousy and distrust swelled to hatred. Divers incidents aggravated the quarrel. The heads of the house, two of them cardinals, took themselves apart, intrigued with the Ghibellines of Sicily, and turned a simmering of discontent into revolt. Jacopone da Todi and members of the spiritual party that had clung to Pope Celestine, rallied about them.

Boniface summoned the Colonna to surrender their fortresses; the Colonna refused, drew into closer relations with King Frederick of Sicily, and issued a manifesto, that Celestine had had no power to resign and that therefore Boniface was not the legitimate Pope. Boniface, in a rage, excommunicated them, declared their property forfeit, degraded the two cardinals from their dignity, proclaimed a crusade, collected troops and plunged into war. His army captured various castles and towns belonging to the rebels, and then laid siege to Palestrina, the Colonna stronghold. The fortress made a stout resistance. It is then, according to Rumour, that Boniface did the deed that dragged to hell with him the soul of a repentant sinner.

Guido da Montefeltro, the famous Ghibelline captain, at the close of his military service in the employ of Pisa, had made submission to the Holy See, had been forgiven and reinstated in his rights. Humble and contrite, he asked permission of Pope

Boniface to withdraw from the world and enter an order; the Pope gave him leave. So Guido, with his wife's consent, separated himself from her, disposed of his property, bade farewell to the world in which he had played so notable a part, and entered the Franciscan Order. It seems probable that he spent the last year of his life in pious meditations, partly in the Franciscan monastery at Ancona, partly at Assisi, where he went in order to obtain the indulgence of the Portiuncula; but Rumour, upon whose "tongues continual slanders ride," using Dante as her instrument, has connected his name with the ill-fated quarrel between the Pope and the Colonna family. Dante tells the story in this way (*Inf.* XXVII): Guido hoping that present piety would make amends for past sins was in fruitful repentance, when the "Prince of the new Pharisees," disregarding his own sacred office and the brother's cord, consulted him about the war he was waging, not against Infidels or Jews across the seas, but against Christians hard by the Lateran Palace. Guido kept silent, for the Pope's words sounded drunk. Then the Pope said: "Let not your heart be suspicious; I absolve you now, and do you teach me what to do so that I may throw Palestrina to the ground. As you know, I am able to lock and to unlock heaven." Thus he overcame Guido's scruples, and the old soldier answered: "Father, since you wash me from the sin which I am about to commit, lunga promessa con l' attender corto ti farà trionfar, large promises with scant fulfilment will enable you to triumph." The story is probably false; perhaps

it grew out of the fact that Boniface had consulted Guido, before he became a monk, concerning matters in the Romagna, perhaps it was made out of the whole cloth. Upon Dante's own view of the Pope's character it was not necessary for him to go so far as to a Franciscan cell in Ancona for counsel of treachery.

Whether Boniface made any promises or not, and if he did, what they were, is uncertain. The town surrendered. The Colonnesi, in penetential garb with nooses round their necks, threw themselves at the Pope's feet. He pardoned them, but decreed the demolition of Palestrina, and carried out his decree. "I have run the plough over it, like the ancient Carthage of Africa, and I have had salt sown upon it, so that it shall not have the state, nor the name, nor the title, of city." The frightened Colonna fled, some to Sicily, others to France. They accused the Pope of broken faith. They said that they had surrendered Palestrina upon the stipulated terms, that they were to retain possession, and that no further mark of surrender should be exacted than hoisting the papal banner on the walls. The Pope's friends deny this; they say that the Colonna accepted an unconditional surrender. But the accusation found ready credence in the ear of the Pope's Florentine enemies. Boniface little suspected that a young man of Florence, well known in Tuscany among those who cared for odes and sonnets, held in his hand the trumpet of fame to blow what notes he chose, and that it would be safer for his reputation to tweak the monarchs of Europe by the nose

than to stir this trumpeter to anger. The reason for Dante's hostility lay in the Pope's meddling with Florence.

In his dealings with Florence, Boniface acted with a high-handed authority to which the Florentine Bianchi would not submit. He was indeed blind to the times; but he had one excuse. The success that attended the institution of the Jubilee might well have blinded a more open-minded man. In the Jubilee he established a memorial of himself that has triumphantly endured for six hundred years and seems still to proclaim the old man's defiance of his enemies. In early times before the crusades, while the Saracens held the Holy Places of Palestine, few Christians were so devout as to venture upon the dangerous pilgrimage over-sea, and the shrines of St. Peter and St. Paul had been the most visited in Christendom; but during the Latin dominion in the Holy Land, pilgrims naturally preferred to worship at the Holy Sepulchre itself. Now, however, the Kingdom of Jerusalem was overthrown, the last Christian possession on the sea-coast of Syria had been captured by the infidels; and the shrines of the two apostles had again become the holiest places accessible to pilgrims. The Pope, shrewdly, according to his enemies, piously, according to his friends, took advantage of this Rome-directed fervour, and proclaimed full forgiveness of sins to all those who, having repented and confessed, should visit the basilicas of St. Peter and St. Paul once a day, for thirty days if Romans, or for fifteen days if strangers, in the year of our Lord thirteen hundred or in any

hundredth year thereafter. Christendom answered the Pontiff's call, at least the humbler part of Christendom; for kings and great nobles had drunk of the secular spirit and were suspicious that political motives might enter into the giving or withholding of indulgences. Thousands and thousands of pilgrims flocked to Rome day by day, Germans, Slavs, Hungarians, Englishmen, Spaniards, Frenchmen and Provençaux, as well as Italians. Men and women, old and young, came down on foot along the old Roman roads, Via Cassia, Via Flaminia, Via Salaria, across the Campagna to the sacred city, singing as they came: —

O Roma nobilis, orbis et domina,
Cunctarum urbium excellentissima,
Roseo martyrum sanguine rubea,
Albis et virginum liliis candida:
Salutem dicimus tibi per omnia,
Te benedicimus: Salve per sæcula.

O noble town of Rome, mistress of all the world,
More than all cities else art thou in excellence,
Red with the roseate bloodshed of martyrdom,
White with the virginal lilies of maidenhood,
Hail to thee! Hail to thee! Say we all everywhere,
Praise we thee, bless we thee, always and evermore.

Such a show of piety could not but bind a bandage over the eyes of a haughty, self-willed old man, bred upon Hildebrand's ideas of papal supremacy. His heart was puffed up, and he acted toward Florence as if that independent city were a papal fief.

The Pope's dealings with Florence have an especial interest, because a few months before his acces-

sion, Dante Alighieri, having attained the age of thirty, entered political life. Florence was in a state of unrest. The aristocrats had just caused the downfall of the reformer, Giano della Bella, and though all Florence was practically Guelf, politics were very unsettled. Pope Boniface, thinking that he spied his opportunity, began to interfere with the internal affairs of the city. The crisis was reached in 1300, when the aristocracy, the *grandi*, who, under the influence of a common opposition to Giano della Bella, had been for the moment united, let their mutual animosities break out in brawls and public frays. The fatal moment arrived when the factions took names, got by chance from the two quarrelling parties in Pistoia, and Whites and Blacks hated one another as much as ever the Guelfs and Ghibellines had done. The Whites were the more moderate party of the two, the more democratic, as well as the more patriotic; Viero de' Cerchi, a rich merchant, was their acknowledged head. The Blacks were the extreme aristocrats supported by the populace; their leader was Corso Donati. The Donati were a very distinguished family; Corso was a man of high temper and great ambition, vainglorious, unscrupulous as Catiline and more cruel, an accomplished speaker, shrewd, sly, and haughty. Handsome in person, of high-bred manners, he was a good type of the unyielding aristocrat. He was brother to Dante's friend Forese Donati and to Lady Piccarda (*Par.* III).

Boniface's right to take part in Florentine affairs depended upon his general claim of papal supremacy over all Christian peoples and kingdoms, and upon

a special claim of temporary authority; for, according to him, there was an Imperial interregnum inasmuch as he had not recognized Albert of Habsburg, Rudolph's son, though Albert's rival, Adolph of Nassau, the former Emperor-elect, had been defeated and killed, and Albert had been acknowledged by all the electors and crowned at Aachen. Therefore Boniface asserted that he, as Pope, possessed the right to administer the affairs of the Empire; in order to give permanence to such jurisdiction in Tuscany, he even tried to induce Albert to renounce, in favour of the Holy See, all imperial rights in that province. There was another and more specious pretext for meddling in Florentine affairs. Boniface was asked by the Guelf Society, the *Parte Guelfa*, to intervene, for there was danger, so the Society said, lest the Ghibellines take advantage of these dissensions to come back. The Blacks, too, saw their advantage in the Pope's coming.

In pursuance of his plans, but under the guise of a policy of reconciliation, Boniface sent his official peacemaker, Cardinal Matteo d' Acquasparta, to Florence, at the very time that Dante, who like most moderate men belonged to the Bianchi faction, was one of the Priors. The cardinal was instructed to follow the policy, adopted by Gregory X and Nicholas III, of keeping the two parties evenly balanced so that the Pope might easily hold control; to that end he demanded that the offices of the government be divided between them, half to one party and half to the other. The Priors refused the cardinal's demands; the cardinal put the city under an interdict.

The Priors then resorted to strong measures themselves; they banished the heads of both factions, Blacks and Whites, including Corso Donati, *il barone* (as the populace called their hero), and Guido Cavalcanti, the poet, who adhered to the Whites. In the mean time Boniface had turned to France, as his predecessors had done, and had summoned Charles of Valois, younger brother to King Philippe le Bel, for aid against revolted Sicily. This prince, whose self-conceit far exceeded his deserts, hoped to play some such part in the world as his redoubtable great uncle, Charles of Anjou, had done. Once already he had accepted the papal offer of a throne and had been disappointed. Aragon was not for him; but he entertained high hopes, as many a poorer French cavalier had done, of fortune and glory in the East. A special motive urged him on. The titular heiress of the lost Latin throne of Constantinople was unmarried. He was a widower, he might marry her and use conquered Sicily as a stepping-stone to imperial estate. Quite ready to try his luck, he got together what troops he could and came. When he reached Anagni, Boniface, in close relations with the Neri, especially Corso Donati and some rich Florentine bankers, the Spini, decided to send him to Florence with the old title of Peacemaker, which Clement IV had conferred on Charles of Anjou thirty years before. Indeed, Boniface was as much interested in laying his hands on Tuscany as in recovering Sicily: "The Province of Tuscany," he said, "is shaken by the waves of scandalous things; cities, towns, and boroughs subject to their Mother the Church are in

rebellion, pouring out the poison of wickedness and labouring with the vice of ingratitude against her; and unless their insolence is taken down, their rebellion will grow great and swell to dangerous size."

There is a story that Dante went upon an embassy to the Pope to protest against his policy and prevent the French prince from going to Florence; if there was any such embassy, it was of no avail. On November 1, 1301, Charles of Valois, armed with "Judas's spear," at the head of some twelve hundred horsemen, entered the city after giving solemn pledges to the Seigniory that he would stand impartial between the two factions and maintain peace. The Seigniory, on the strength of his pledges, gave the Prince authority to pacify the city; but he, in flat violation of his oath, permitted the banished Neri to return, and restored them to power; Corso Donati and his friends burst upon the frightened Bianchi, and, as if they were in a conquered city, burned and pillaged at pleasure.

The Pope had no mind to let Florence pass into the hands of Charles of Valois, or in any way to let matters get beyond his control; or, as he put it in the language of the Roman chancery: "Since the noble province of Florence — now that the reins of license have been loosed by civil strife — is seamed with many a grief, upset by the discords of war, and made ugly by confusion, it is our duty, in order to avert these dangers to soul, body, and property, to tread the path of peace and bring discordant members back to unity, lest they wrongfully rend, attack, and harm one another." He therefore sent Cardinal

Matteo d' Acquasparta back again; but the Neri, now raised to power by Prince Charles, were as deaf to his commands as the Bianchi had been. They refused to divide the offices with a beaten foe, and the discomfited cardinal again withdrew, and again put the city under interdict. The Neri proceeded with the proscription of their enemies. On January 27, 1302, sentence was passed against Dante Alighieri and four others, all Bianchi and opponents of the Pope's policy. Dante was accused of fraud and corruption both in office and out. The real offence, covered up by some makeweight charges, was that of having resisted the Pope and Prince Charles. All five were away from the city; probably they had anticipated their danger and escaped. On March 10, a further sentence condemned these men and others to be burned to death should they be caught. Other persecutions followed; more than six hundred of the Bianchi were banished, their goods confiscated, and their houses burned. The city — "having cast out the best part of thy flowers from thy breast, O Florence" — was now wholly in the power of the Neri; and Prince Charles, his object attained, dreaming idle dreams of conquering Sicily and the Greek Empire, with his purse full of gold, and with *peccato ed onta*, sin and shame, took his departure.

There is no doubt that the charges against Dante were trumped up for political reasons; he had always opposed Pope Boniface and his plans to get possession of the city, and therefore he was accused of fraud. Giovanni Villani says: "Dante was one of the chief magistrates of our city, and was of the

White party and a Guelf withal; and on that account, without any other fault, together with the said Whites he was driven out and banished from Florence." Dino Compagni also speaks of Dante's condemnation, with that of many Ghibellines, as purely political. Dante himself says: —

> L'esilio, che m'è dato, onor mi tegno,
>
> The exile, that has been given me, I hold an honour.

Among the consequences of the Pope's interference were these: that the banished Whites were driven to make common cause with the Ghibellines; that Dante Alighieri from that time forth was an exile from his dear native city; and that Boniface suffers eternal dishonour in the *Divine Comedy*. But even Dante's indignation pales before the punishment that was meted out to this headstrong old man by the avenging power that punishes those who do great wrong, commit acts of folly, or, whether through blunders or ignorance, fail to read the writing upon the wall.

CHAPTER XIX

THE OUTRAGE AT ANAGNI

La Chiesa di Roma,
per confondere in sè due reggimenti,
cade nel fango, e sè brutta e la soma.
Purg., XVI, 127–29.

The Church of Rome,
For confounding two jurisdictions in herself
Falls in the mud, and befouls both herself and her burden.

In Italian affairs all had gone pretty well with Boniface. Romagna had quieted down under the soothing hand of Cardinal Acquasparta; Florence had been handed over to the Pope's friends, the Neri; the Colonna had been crushed. The politics of Italy were matters with which the Papacy, through its prestige, its riches, its ecclesiastical influence, its ability to play one faction off against another, could cope with success. The politics of Europe were on a different scale; in that field the resources of the Papacy might well prove ineffectual, and Boniface's character and qualities less of an advantage than a detriment.

Boniface was a creature of the papal system; all his life he had fed upon the ideas that prevailed in the papal chancery. He was in a way highly educated, but his education had been as narrow as if it had been in a nunnery; and though he had been on embassies to England, France, and Germany, he had learned no more of the fermenting world than

if he had never left the precincts of the Lateran Palace. The canon law was his undoing. Bred wholly upon the law, he believed that the theory of ecclesiastical government constructed by canon lawyers was the fundamental substance of the Europe in which he lived; he trod upon their assumptions and deductions as if they were the firm earth beneath his feet. Unsuspicious of any change since the days of Innocent III, he fancied that he had succeeded to that great Pope's prerogatives and powers. The world about him looked like the world that had obeyed Innocent. Naples, Aragon, and England were still vassal states. Latium, Umbria, the March of Ancona, and Romagna were more firmly established under pontifical jurisdiction than in Innocent's day. The Empire no longer attempted to assert a secular supremacy over the Papacy; on the contrary, it meekly acknowledged its inferiority. The canon law, enlarged by the decretals of Gregory IX and by his own, was more fully developed, more thoroughly studied, and more firmly established, than it had been three generations earlier. But the outward sameness that met the eye covered far-reaching changes within.

The Holy Roman Empire continued merely in name; its real existence had ceased. The nations of Europe had become more conscious of nationality. The civil law was busy arranging temporal affairs by temporal means. But the change that had been taking place between the pontificates of Innocent III and Boniface VIII is not to be measured by alteration in the world of politics, nor by the grow-

ing power of the civil law, but by the change in the state of men's minds. Wealth had been increasing fast all through the century, and wealth had given men new interests and new curiosities; it had turned their thoughts to material concerns. Poverty, insecurity, ignorance, had kept men superstitious, and as they grew in wealth, security, and knowledge, they became less superstitious and also less interested in religion and things ecclesiastical. Wealth was not the only dissolvant of the old order; reason, cultivated by the civil lawyers and the religious philosophers, had not confined itself to law and religious philosophy; it had affected educated society; it had not only encouraged the processes of reasoning in independent minds like Dante's against the pretensions of the Church, in skeptical minds like Cavalcanti's against religious dogmas, or in inquisitive minds like Boncompagno's against old ways of doing things; but, much more than that, it had shifted, imperceptibly to themselves, the whole mental attitude of men towards life. It was felt, dimly but strongly, that religion, and especially ecclesiastical religion, ought not to dominate the whole of life, that it had its province, its boundaries, and that secular interests could claim, if not equal, at least subordinate provinces for themselves. So, like changes in the terrestrial atmosphere, the intellectual atmosphere changed, and Boniface was left in a world which he did not realize. Nevertheless his glory, his title to the epithet "magnanimous" which the historians give him, is that he refused, with the whole strength of his passionate heart, to accept these changes, that he,

however imperfectly, however unworthily, and with whatever unspiritual motives, endeavoured to judge the world, its kings, and its princes, as Innocent the Great had done, and to act as the vice-regent of God on earth.

The awakening came to Boniface in dealing with the King of France. The French monarchy had been steadily gaining in solidity; Philippe Auguste, by his shrewd cunning, St. Louis, in spite of his noble fanaticism, had increased the royal power. St. Louis's son, Philippe III le Hardi, had not been a man of political capacity, yet during his reign the monarchy continued to advance in power faster than before. The government was less in the hands of the King than of a group of lawyers who, bred upon the civil law, pursued with singleness of aim the exaltation of the royal power at the expense of the feudal nobles and of the Church.

Boniface's quarrel with the Florentine Bianchi arose out of covetousness, that with the Colonna out of pride and bad temper on both sides, but his quarrel with the French monarchy sprung from the fundamental antagonism between the civil and the ecclesiastical conceptions of society. Their controversy was the inevitable clash between any two powers, joint owners of a kingdom or a patch of land, seized (as lawyers say) *per mie and per tout* of one domain, where each would rule alone. The French Monarchy wished to be sole master in its own house; the Pope had no mind to be pushed aside as a mere shepherd of souls. History, which usually reports the progress of change in human society in a matter-of-fact,

monotonous log, here breaks suddenly into a romantic mood, slaps on her colours like young Delacroix, and on a garish page writes down, in an incident that no man can forget, the result of Time's slow-moving steps during the three generations that had passed since the great Lateran Council under Innocent III.

The quarrel between the King of France, Philippe le Bel, and Boniface is the old quarrel that set King Henry II against Thomas Becket, and the Emperor Henry IV against Hildebrand. This time the breach arose over a question of taxation. Boniface's bulls expound more clearly than ever the old doctrines of ecclesiastical rights, laid down by Hildebrand, but to us who have the close of Boniface's reign in our minds, they squeak and gibber like ghostly things. Philippe le Bel taxed the French clergy. Boniface published the bull *Clericis Laicos:* "Towards the Clergy the laity wax hostile, so it was of old (tradition says), and the experience of present times makes it manifest, since not content within their own boundaries they struggle towards forbidden things: they let loose the reins for what is unlawful, and do not mark, as would be prudent, that power over the clergy, over persons or property ecclesiastical, is prohibited to them. Upon the prelates of churches, upon churches, upon persons ecclesiastical both regular and secular, they lay heavy burdens. We, therefore, in order to prevent these wicked doings, with the advice of our brethren and of our apostolic authority, do decree that Emperors, Kings, Princes, Dukes, Counts, Barons, Podestàs, Captains,

or Rectors, or whoever else, whatever his rank, condition or station, shall impose, exact, or receive any such taxes, or arrest, seize, or presume to take, or give command to take, property of churches deposited in sacred places, or of ecclesiastical persons anywhere and all who shall in these matters aforesaid knowingly give aid, counsel, or favour, publicly or privily, shall by the very act incur the sentence of excommunication."

This was no new doctrine. The Third Lateran Council (1179) had imposed ecclesiastical censures upon laymen who should tax Church property; the Fourth Lateran Council (1215) had confirmed the enactment, and forbidden that any subsidies should be taken from churches even in cases of necessity without papal license. But in those days the Church was like a teacher in his prime directing a boy what to do; now the Church, having passed the meridian of its strength, wished to maintain the same control over a youth conscious of his arrival at manhood. It made little difference what the matters in question might be, the Constitutions of Clarendon in England, the rights of investiture in Germany, or the taxation of Church property in France; the civil and ecclesiastical conceptions of society are doomed to conflict until finally, as in our own country, the division between things secular and things ecclesiastical shall be definitely made. The secular spirit was embodied in the lawyers who stood about the French throne; counselled by them Philippe le Bel forbade the export of money from the kingdom. This act was aimed at the offerings and revenues sent to

Rome. It was a palpable hit; the Pope, fully occupied at home with the Colonna and the Sicilian Ghibellines, gave way and virtually retracted his words. But the quarrel was soon renewed. The King exercised high-handed authority over ecclesiastical persons and property; in especial he, or rather his counsellors, made a savage attack upon a bishop of Languedoc, took him from his see, and charged him with all sorts of crimes. Boniface was unable to brook this insolence; he espoused the bishop's cause, and issued the bull, "*Ausculta fili*, Hearken my Son," which rebuked the King, asserted that the Pope had received from God power over kings and kingdoms, "to root out and to pull down, to build and to plant," and bade the French prelates come to a council in Rome, at which the King's conduct would be investigated. The bull was audacious, and the French lawyers of the King's court made the most of it; they made more than truth warranted, for a false document purporting to come from the Pope was cried about, and stories spread that he asserted supreme sovereignty over the kingdom. At a great assembly of nobles, clergy, and burgesses, held in Notre Dame de Paris, the King's lawyers asserted the absolute independence of the French monarchy. The nobles answered that they would support the King, come life, come death; the burgesses assented. The clergy, who halted between two contrary commands not knowing what to do, were forbidden to go to Rome. In brief, the French monarchy defied the Pope.

The old Pope, at bay, drew himself up despite his

eighty-six years, and, undaunted by the dangers before him, proclaimed to the young world of new ideas, and of a secular acceptation of life, the old political creed, which Hildebrand had formulated and Innocent III enforced, and which, in his studious youth, he had learned as a commonplace of the canon law. It was the last great utterance of the mediæval Church: "Unam Sanctam — One Holy Church, Catholic and Apostolic, by the compulsion of Faith, we are obliged to hold and to believe in, and we firmly believe in her, and unfeignedly acknowledge our belief; outside of her there is no safety, nor remission of sins, as the Bride in the Song of Songs proclaims: 'One alone is my dove, my perfect one, one alone is the elect of her mother.' One was the ark of Noah in the time of the flood, prefiguring one Church, which had one helmsman and captain, Noah; and outside of it, as we read, all living things upon the earth were destroyed. Therefore of the Church, one, and one only, there is one body, and one head (not two heads like a monster), who is Christ, and the vicar of Christ, Peter, and the successor of Peter. And in his power, as we are taught by the Gospels, there are two swords, to wit, the spiritual and the temporal. Each sword is in the power of the Church, both the spiritual sword and the material sword, the former is to be used by the Church, but the latter on behalf of the Church, the former by the hand of the priest, the latter by the hand of kings and soldiers, but at the will and discretion of the priest. And it is necessary that one sword be under the other sword, that the temporal authority

be subjected to the spiritual power. For, by the witness of the Bible, it is for the spiritual power to institute earthly power and to judge it, if it be not good. If earthly power errs, it shall be judged by the spiritual power; and if a lesser spiritual power shall err, it shall be judged by its superior; but if the supreme spiritual power shall err it shall be judged by God only, not by man, according to the Apostle: 'He that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man.' And this authority, although it is given to man and exercised by man, is not human but rather a divine power, given by God's word to Peter, to him and to his successors in Christ; for God said to Peter: 'Whatsoever thou shalt bind, etc.' Whosoever therefore resists this power so ordained by God, resists the ordination of God. Therefore we declare, assert, and definitely pronounce that it is necessary to the salvation of every human being to be subject to the Roman Pontiff. Dated, the Lateran, the 18th day of November, in our eighth year (1302)."

King Philip dramatically arrayed on his side the new forces of national life. To the ecclesiastical council of the Church he opposed a second assemblage of the notables of France. They met in the palace of the Louvre and declared loudly for the King. But angry passions had gone too far to rest content with resolutions of independence and denunciations of usurping popery. Sciarra and Stephen Colonna had fled to France, burning for revenge. Stephen was a man of high temper but of noble character; Sciarra was a sort of border ruffian, fierce

and vindictive, a fit instrument for the plot spun by Guillaume de Nogaret and others of the King's counsellors. The plan was to lay violent hands upon the Pope and bring him to Lyons to be tried, condemned, and deposed. There were more than enough both in France and Italy ready to take part; Boniface had made many enemies, and gold raised up many more. All worked together: the French King and his minions; the house of Colonna, their retainers and dependants; more than half the barons of the Roman Campagna, dispossessed of their estates, and jealous of the sudden elevation of the Gaetani to complete pre-eminence; the chief men of Anagni, who in pride and place had been rudely jostled by Boniface; and, at the last, even members of the college of cardinals.

The Pope had decided to pronounce the excommunication of King Philip on September 8 in the cathedral of Anagni, on the very spot where Alexander III had excommunicated Frederick Barbarossa, and Gregory IX the second Frederick. In the early morning of Saturday, the day previous to the date fixed for the excommunication, the conspirators without marched to the city gate and were admitted by the conspirators within. There were six hundred horse and about a thousand foot. They marched in, crying, "Hurrah for King Philip," "Death to the Pope." The militia of the town, under the captaincy of one of the barons of the Campagna, at once made common cause with the invaders. The cathedral stands at the north end of the town; the episcopal palace adjoined the cathedral and con-

nected with it; hard-by were the houses of the Pope's nephew, Count Pietro Gaetani, of the Count's son, and of three loyal cardinals. This quarter held by the Pope's friends is at the top of the hill and, if one may indulge in conjecture, probably embraced that whole end of the town; it was protected on three sides by the city walls; as it was impossible to storm these mighty walls, the assailants were obliged to fight their way through the city, up the steep street that ran along the ridge of the hill. Their numbers were overwhelming. The houses were carried, and only the inner citadel of palace and cathedral was left. At the Pope's request, a truce was had. The Pope tried to detach the men of Anagni from the invaders by large promises, and offered to make amends to the Colonna for any wrong he might have done them, — in vain; Sciarra Colonna demanded not merely that the house of Colonna be restored to its own in both temporal and spiritual things, but also that Boniface resign the Papacy. The Pope refused the terms; and the battle was renewed. This time the assailants attacked the cathedral. Immediately in front of the façade they were probably safe from missiles. There they set fire to the doors and burst their way in; some of the defenders were killed, others surrendered. Nogaret and Sciarra Colonna forced their way into the palace. It was nearly night. The Pope prepared himself. He said to the two faithful cardinals with him: "Since now I am taken by treachery, as happened to Christ, and given into the hands of my enemies to be put to death, I will die like a Pope." He set his crown on his head, his pon-

tifical mantle on his shoulders, took the keys and a cross in his hands, and seated himself on his throne. The rabble burst into the room. Nogaret cried out that they would carry him in chains to Lyons and have a council degrade him; Boniface replied: "Here is my head, here is my neck; I am Catholic, I am the lawful Pope, I, vicar of Christ, will gladly endure deposition and condemnation from heretics. I thirst to die for the faith of Christ and for the Church." Sciarra would have killed him on the spot, but Nogaret held his hand. The Pope's life was spared, but he was put under guard; and the freebooters sacked the palace and the cathedral.

> Veggio in Alagna entrar lo fiordaliso,
> e nel vicario suo Cristo esser catto.
> Veggiolo un' altra volta esser deriso;
> veggio rinnovellar l' aceto e il fele,
> e tra vivi ladroni esser anciso.
> (*Purg.* xx, 86–90.)

> I see into Anagni go the flower-de-luce,
> And in His vicar Christ made prisoner.
> A second time I see Him mocked;
> I see renewed the vinegar and gall,
> And between living thieves I see Him crucified.

The Pope was held a prisoner, while Sciarra and Nogaret disputed whether they should kill him or carry him to Lyons; and for two days everything was in doubt. Meantime the pillagers, having looted to heart's content and caring little for the wrongs done to the Colonna or the prerogatives of the French King, scattered with their booty. By Monday the townsfolk had undergone a revulsion of feeling; the women were touched by the old man's

sufferings and dreaded the thought of further sacrilege, calmer heads had a chance to give counsel, many were frightened lest Sciarra should murder the Pope and the town be held responsible; so that, when Cardinal Fieschi, hurrying from Rome, rode through the town calling on the people to rescue the Pope, they rushed to arms and put Sciarra and his guard to rout. The poor old Pope, quite exhausted, was taken to the piazza where he addressed his rescuers, weeping: "Good people, you see how my enemies have come and taken away my property and that of the Church, and have left me poor as Job. I have had nothing to eat or drink; if any good woman will give me a little bread and wine for charity, or if not wine a little water, I will give her God's blessing and mine. And I will absolve from their sins and from punishment all who shall bring something to help me." The crowd shouted, "Live the Holy Father," and all the women ran to fetch bread and wine to the Pope's palace. It was well for Nogaret and Sciarra Colonna that they had escaped.

In a few days the Pope returned to Rome and lodged in the Vatican Palace. All was in frightful disorder; there was no law either within the city or without; banditti infested the Campagna so that it was not safe for a traveller to leave the city, even with an escort of sixty men. The Orsini, who had espoused the Pope's cause, less from love of him than from enmity to the Colonna, guarded the Vatican. Boniface was virtually their prisoner. He brooded over plans of revenge, of a general council,

of laying his wrongs before an indignant Church; but nature in him could not long endure the strain to which it had been subjected. His mind gave way and harboured fearful apprehensions of further injury; he lived less than a month, but at his death his reason was sufficiently clear for him to make profession of the Roman Catholic Faith in the presence of several cardinals. His body was buried in a crypt of the Vatican.

The outrage at Anagni, soon to be followed by the captivity at Avignon, marks the end of the mediæval Papacy.

CHAPTER XX

EPILOGUE

What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play. — *As You Like It.*

Now that we have come to the early years of the fourteenth century, we find a great change in our *dramatis personæ;* the two chief actors of our pages have left the stage.

The mediæval Empire virtually ended with the death of Frederick II. It will never again, as before, exercise imperial authority in Italy. Even in its most flourishing days it accomplished little good or none, except as prop and protector to the Church. When the political prestige of ancient Rome faded in the dawn of the modern world, there was no further excuse for the make-believe Empire. The imperial idea of re-establishing the *Pax Romana* throughout Europe was a mere fantasy. In the reign of Frederick II the power of the Empire in Italy depended upon the resources of The Kingdom; deprived of those resources it could effect nothing. The papal anti-emperors, put up by Innocent IV, and the subsequent claimants, Richard of Cornwall and Alphonso of Castile, could not pretend to a shadow of authority in Italy. Rudolph of Habsburg, though recognized by the Popes, did nothing there but confirm the papal claims to the provinces of central Italy. After his election he never crossed

the Alps; neither did his successors, Adolph of Nassau (1292–1298) and Albert of Habsburg (1298–1308). Dreamers like Dante might desire these German Emperors to establish their authority in Italy (*Purg.* VI, 97–98), —

> O Alberto Tedesco, che abbandoni
> costei ch' è fatta indomita e selvaggia;
>
> O German Albert, why dost thou abandon
> Her who has become uncontrolled and wild; —

but the burghers of the trading cities did not share Dante's views.

The mediæval Papacy perished immediately after it proclaimed its own undiminished powers. It had descended into the political arena in order to conquer the Empire, and there in its turn had been conquered. Nevertheless, it had served an important function. During the dark ages, in which the young nations of the modern world were emerging from the barbarism that followed the fall of the Roman Empire, the Papacy had maintained the Christian unity of Europe; and its common sense had saved Europe from various fanatical heresies. But it had shown itself ready to sacrifice religion to ambition, and thereby lost the sympathies of Christendom. Boniface VIII put the papal power to the test; and in consequence the Papacy was taken captive to the banks of the Rhone and installed at Avignon (1309), leaving the Eternal City desolate.

With these two dominating powers out of the way, the kingdoms and principalities of Italy assume the rôles that they are to play during the

coming century. The Kingdom is split in two; the House of Anjou remains on the throne of Naples, and the House of Aragon, descended from Manfred, on that of Sicily. Florence is becoming more than ever the *Donna di Toscana;* Venice begins to cast covetous eyes on the mainland and to scheme how she shall convert the March of Treviso into the province of Venetia; Milan, under the rule of the Visconti, reaches out to be mistress of Lombardy; the Scaligeri seat themselves firmly in Verona; the House of Este has brought Ferrara, Modena, and Reggio under its dominion; the marquises of Montferrat nurse their title to their lost kingdom in the East; the counts of Savoy, from their Alpine heights, dream of a greater future; Bologna maintains the high renown of her university, and the cities of Romagna quarrel in reckless disregard of their absent suzerain.

In the world of art we leave Dante, Giotto, Giovanni Pisano still mounting higher, like eagles, in the plenitude of their strength. Many lesser men are also at work building up Italian renown. In Siena, Duccio is painting his masterpieces; in Florence, Francesco da Barberino, Dino Compagni, and Giovanni Villani help make Tuscan the most courtly of all Italian idioms. In Venice, Marco Polo, in Padua, Mussato, in Bologna, the gentleman-farmer, Pier de' Crescenzi, and the professor of poetry, Giovanni del Virgilio, are winning permanent reputations in literature. In Arezzo, a Florentine mother, whose husband was banished at the same time with Dante, hushes the cries of her baby, who one day shall write

sonnets that, take them for all in all, are the most perfect ever written.

We leave these harvests to ripen. And as we leave, we ask ourselves what it is in especial that we owe to Italy of the thirteenth century? The career of Innocent III was a very great career. There is none to compare with it from the time of Charlemagne to that of Napoleon. But his administrative genius made the Church so solid that it could not serve the needs of future generations, who needed flexibility instead of solidity; and the means he took to give reality to his ideal, of a world obedient to God, were such that the world has rejected both the means and the ideal itself. Frederick II, however wonderful he appeared to monks in England, such as Matthew Paris, who were pleased to have the Roman Curia undergo what they regarded as a just measure of persecution, appears upon closer view to have been a self-indulgent despot, enamoured of oriental usages, who, if he had had his way, would have led the world quite as much backward as forward. Charles of Anjou has left the memory of an ambitious, self-righteous, puritan, who, though he may be put into the same category with Oliver Cromwell, does not seem to have left the world better off because he lived in it. Lesser characters, though they have a marked individuality, Bro. Elias, Ezzelino da Romano, Jacopone da Todi, affect us less than characters in a play.

And if, in order to determine what Italy has done for us, we turn from the conspicuous historical figures and consider the works of art which the cent-

Giovanni Pisano

Alinari, phot.

DETAIL FROM PANEL OF PULPIT

Sant' Andrea, Pistoia

ury produced, we find the basilica at Assisi, the cathedral at Siena, the church of Santa Maria Novella in Florence, and town halls of dignity and beauty scattered all about; we have Cavallini's Last Judgment in Santa Cecilia, Cimabue's Crucifixion in the upper church at Assisi, and Giotto's pictures of Bonaventura's Life of St. Francis; we have Niccola Pisano's, pulpits at Pisa and Siena, Giovanni's at Pistoia; there are the *Stabat Mater*, Cavalcanti's ballate, and Cino's sonnets. But other centuries in Italy can rival or surpass any of these. No, the great gifts of thirteenth-century Italy to the world are to be found elsewhere. They are the ideals which St. Francis of Assisi and young Dante Alighieri of Florence held up in word and deed.

Our world is very different from their world, in its outward aspect, its social constitution, its sum of knowledge, its modes of life, but in spite of these differences men remain very much as they were; and St. Francis and Dante owe their immense fame to-day, not to the services that they rendered to their own times but to the service that they render to ours. St. Francis conceived of deity in forms that are not the forms under which deity appears to most of us to-day, but his passionate belief that material things — luxuries, possessions — hide a meaning and a glory in the world that otherwise would be visible, strengthens our hope that there may be something higher and holier than is revealed by worldly success. The *Divine Comedy* belongs to the fourteenth century; but young Dante by his conviction of the divine revelation in the maiden passion for a maid,

with its yearnings for what is holy, its scorn for what is base, its courtesy, its tenderness, and by the fulfilment of his high resolve to transmute his passion into a monument that should reveal to man the noble seriousness of life, also bears his witness to the reality of a divine presence in this world. Through these two men, Italy of the thirteenth century has given us a part of the best that we possess.

THE END

APPENDIX

APPENDIX A

CHRONOLOGY

1176. Defeat of Frederick Barbarossa by the Lombard League, at Legnano.
1182 or 1181. Birth of St. Francis (1182–1226).
1183. Peace of Constance, between Frederick Barbarossa and the Lombard League.
1186. Marriage of Prince Henry (VI) to Constance, heiress of Kingdom of Sicily.
1187. *Capture of Jerusalem by Saladin.*
1190. Death of Frederick Barbarossa.
1190–97. Reign of Emperor Henry VI.
1194. Birth of Frederick II (d. 1250).
" Birth of Ezzelino III da Romano (d. 1259).
1197. Death of Emperor Henry VI.
1198–1216. **Pontificate of Innocent III**, Lothario dei Conti, elected Jan. 8.
1198. Philip Hohenstaufen and Otto of Brunswick, rival claimants for the Empire.
" Death of the Empress Constance, widow of Henry VI.
1199. *Death of King Richard Cœur de Lion.*
1199–1216. *Reign of King John of England.*
1200 ? Birth of Sordello, the poet (d. 1270 ?).
1201. Fourth Crusade, agreement between the French barons and the Venetians.
1202. Death of Abbot Joachim.
1204. Fourth Crusade, French and Venetians capture Constantinople, Latin Empire established, Baldwin Emperor.
1205 ?–1240 ? Rome, cloisters of St. Paul's outside the walls, the Vassalletti architects, probably.
1208. Innocent III consecrates Gothic church at Fossanova.
" Murder of Philip Hohenstaufen.

1209. Otto IV crowned Emperor by Innocent III.
" Marriage of Frederick (II) to Constance of Aragon.
1210. Innocent III verbally sanctions the Franciscan Order.
" Quarrel between Innocent III and Otto IV.
" Innocent III excommunicates Otto IV, Nov. 18.
1212. Frederick (II) goes to Germany.
1214. Battle of Bouvines, defeat of Otto IV, July 27.
1215. Frederick II crowned King of the Romans at Aachen, July 25, and takes the cross.
" *King John grants Magna Charta.*
" Florence, murder of Buondelmonte, Easter day (or, according to R. Davidsohn, Easter Monday, 1216).
" Fourth Lateran Council.
" Azzo VII becomes Marquis of Este (d. 1264).
1215?–1232? Rome, cloisters of St. John Lateran, the Vassalletti, architects and sculptors.
1216. Death of Pope Innocent III, July 16.
1216–1272. *Reign of Henry III, King of England.*
1216–1227. **Pontificate of Honorius III**, Cencius Savelli, elected July 18.
1217. Honorius III consecrates Gothic church at Casamari, Sept. 17.
1220. Frederick II crowned Emperor by Honorius III, Nov. 22.
1221. Death of St. Dominic at Bologna, Aug. 6.
" Birth of St. Bonaventura (d. 1274). Birth of Bro. Salimbene (d. 1287?).
1222. Padua, University founded.
1223. *Death of Philippe Auguste, King of France.*
1223–1226. *Reign of Louis VIII, King of France.*
1224. Naples, University founded.
1225. Frederick II pledges himself to start on crusade in August, 1227; marries Iolanthe of Brienne.
" Birth of St. Thomas Aquinas (d. 1274). Birth of King Enzio (d. 1272).
1225?–1266? Sicilian School of Poetry — Jacopo da Lentino, Rinaldo d' Aquino, Guido delle Colonne, Emperor Frederick II, King Enzio, Pier della Vigna, et al.
1226–1270. *Reign of Louis IX, St. Louis, King of France.*
1226. Birth of Charles of Anjou (d. 1285).

1226. Lombard League, renewed ; quarrel with Frederick II.
" Imperial diet at Cremona foiled by the Lombard League.
" Quarrel between Lombard League and Frederick II submitted to Honorius III.
" Death of St. Francis, Oct. 4.
1227 ? Franciscan Order, Bro. Leo's *Speculum Perfectionis.*
1227–1232. Franciscan Order, John Parenti minister-general.
1227. Death of Honorius III, March 18.
1227–1241. **Pontificate of Gregory IX**, Ugolino dei Conti, elected March 19.
1227. Frederick II starts on crusade, and turns back.
" Gregory IX excommunicates Frederick II, Sept. 29.
1228. Bologna, first democratic revolution.
" Frederick II starts on crusade, June 28.
" Francis of Assisi, canonized by Gregory IX, July 16.
" Assisi, basilica of St. Francis begun, July 17.
" Birth of Jacopone da Todi (d. 1306 ?) and Jacopo de Voragine (d. 1298).
1228–1230. Gregory IX and Frederick II at war.
1229. Frederick II obtains Jerusalem by treaty, and crowns himself King (March 18).
" Franciscan Order, Thomas of Celano's First Life of St. Francis.
1230. Peace of San Germano, between Gregory IX and Frederick II, July 23.
1231. Frederick publishes Code of Laws for The Kingdom.
" Further differences between Lombard League and Frederick II ; Imperial diet at Ravenna foiled by the League.
1232. Birth of Manfred (d. 1266).
" Anthony of Padua, canonized by Gregory IX.
1232–1239. Franciscan Order, Bro. Elias minister-general.
1233. Alleluia year, Bro. John of Vicenza and other revivalists.
1233 ? Death of Benedetto Antelami, sculptor.
1233 ? Lucca, Guidetto da Como, sculptor, at work on statue of St. Martin, façade of cathedral.
1235. Subiaco, Cosmati at work on cloister of Santa Scolastica.
1236. Bologna, church of San Francesco begun.
" Frederick II makes war on the Lombard League.
1237. Ezzelino da Romano secures dominion of Padua.

1237. Battle of Corte Nuova, Frederick II defeats the League, Nov. 27.
1239. Gregory IX again excommunicates Frederick II, March 20.
" Franciscan Order, Bro. Elias deposed from office of minister-general.
1240. Ferrara, captured by the party of the Church.
" Rome, Frederick II makes vain attempt to capture the city.
1241. Ecclesiastical Council at Rome foiled by Emperor, prelates captured by his fleet.
" Death of Gregory IX, Aug. 22.
" **Pontificate of Celestine IV**, elected Oct. 25 (d. Nov. 10).
1243–1254. **Pontificate of Innocent IV**, Sinibaldo dei Fieschi, elected June 25.
1244. Flight of Innocent IV to Lyons.
1245. Council of Lyons, deposition of Frederick II.
" Siena, cathedral, begun (or perhaps, earlier).
1246. Franciscan Order, Life of St. Francis by the Three Companions.
" Empire, Henry Raspe set up as anti-emperor (d. 1247).
1246–1247. Franciscan Order, Second Life of St. Francis by Thomas of Celano, in two parts.
1247. Empire, William of Holland set up as anti-emperor (d. 1256).
1247–1257. Franciscan Order, John of Parma minister-general.
1247. Parma revolts from the Emperor.
1248. Parma, defeat of Frederick II, Feb. 18.
" Florence, Ghibellines get possession of the city.
1249. Death of Pier della Vigna.
" Capture of King Enzio by the Bolognese.
1249–1250. *Disastrous crusade of St. Louis in Egypt.*
1250. Death of Frederick II, Dec. 13.
1251. Florence, Guelfs regain control, establish *Primo Popolo.*
1252. Innocent IV offers crown of Sicily to Richard, Earl of Cornwall, who declines it.
" Florence, coinage of the gold florin.
1252–1284. *Reign of Alphonso X, El Sabio, King of Castile.*
1253. Innocent IV offers crown of Sicily to Charles of Anjou, who declines it.

1253. Death of Bro. Elias, April 22.
" Assisi, upper church of San Francesco consecrated by Innocent IV, May 25.
1253–1259. Parma, Ghiberto da Gente Podestà.
1254. Innocent IV offers crown of Sicily to Prince Edmund of England, on whose behalf it is accepted.
" Death of Conrad IV, King of the Romans, May 21.
" Innocent IV makes a treaty with Manfred, Sept. 27.
" Manfred's flight from Capua to Lucera.
" Death of Innocent IV, Dec. 7.
1254–1261. **Pontificate of Alexander IV**, Reginald dei Conti, elected Dec. 12.
1254–1292. William Longsword, Marquis of Montferrat.
1255. Franciscan Order, *The Eternal Evangile*, of Bro. Gerard of Borgo San Donnino, condemned by Pope Alexander IV.
" Assisi, Santa Chiara canonized by Alexander IV.
" Bologna; constitution amended, first captain of the People.
1256. Birth of Marco Polo (d. 1323).
" Franciscan Order, *De Periculis novissimorum Temporum*, by William of Saint Amour, condemned by Pope Alexander IV.
1256–1258. War between Genoa and Venice.
1257. Richard, Earl of Cornwall and Alphonso X, King of Castile elected respectively King of the Romans by rival factions in Germany.
" Franciscan Order, John of Parma forced to resign as minister-general.
1257–1274. Franciscan Order, Bonaventura minister-general.
1258. Florence, Ghibellines expelled by the Guelfs.
" Manfred crowned King of Sicily, Aug. 10.
1259? Florence, birth of Dino Compagni (d. 1324).
1259. Siena, nave of cathedral finished.
" Crusade against Ezzelino da Romano, his death Oct. 8 (?).
1260. Year assigned by Joachimites for the New Dispensation, Flagellants.
" Franciscan Order, chapter-general at Narbonne.
" Pisa, Niccola Pisano completes his pulpit in the baptistery.

1260. Battle of Montaperti, victory of Siena and her Ghibelline allies over Florence and the Guelfs, Sept. 4.
1260–1294. Intermediate poets — Guittone of Arezzo (d. 1294), Brunetto Latini (d. 1294), Chiaro Davanzati, Monti and others; Guido Guinizelli (1230?– 1275?).
1260? Birth of Duccio di Buoninsegna (d. 1319).
1261. Death of Pope Alexander IV, May 25.
1261–1264. **Pontificate of Urban IV**, Jacques Pantaléon, elected Aug. 29.
1261. Fall of Latin Kingdom of Constantinople (Baldwin II), re-establishment of the Greeks under Michael Palæologus.
1263. Urban IV offers crown of Sicily to Charles of Anjou, who accepts it.
" Franciscan Order, Life of St. Francis by Bonaventura approved by the Order.
1264–1293. Obizzo II, Marquis of Este.
1264. Death of Pope Urban IV, Oct. 2.
1265–1268. **Pontificate of Clement IV**, Gui le Gros Fulcodi, elected Feb. 5.
1265. Florence, birth of Dante Alighieri, May (?).
" Charles of Anjou arrives in Rome; becomes Senator, June 21.
1266. Charles of Anjou crowned King of Sicily, Jan. 6.
" Battle of Benevento, defeat of Manfred by Charles of Anjou, Feb. 26.
" Florence, birth of Beatrice Portinari, June (?).
1266? Florence, birth of Giotto in the Mugello (d. 1337).
1267. Rome, Don Arrigo of Castile, Senator.
" Corradino enters Italy to assert his claim to the Kingdom of Sicily.
1268. Battle of Tagliacozzo, defeat of Corradino by Charles of Anjou, Aug. 23.
" Naples, execution of Corradino, Oct. 29.
" Death of Clement IV, Nov. 29.
" Siena, Niccola Pisano completes pulpit.
1269. Siena, defeat and death of Provenzano Salvani.
1270. *Death of Louis IX, King of France, at Tunis.*
1270–1285. *Reign of Philippe III, le Hardi, King of France.*

1271. Viterbo, Gui de Montfort murders Prince Henry of Cornwall.
1271–1276. **Pontificate of Gregory X**, Tedaldo dei Visconti, elected Sept. 1.
1272. Rome, Cimabue there.
" Bologna, death of King Enzio, in prison, March 14.
" Death of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, April 2.
1272–1307. *Reign of Edward I, King of England.*
1273. Rudolph of Habsburg, elected Emperor, Sept. 29.
" Perugia, fountain begun by the Pisani.
1274. Second Council of Lyons; relations with Empire settled; Greek Church acknowledges supremacy of Roman See; election of Popes regulated.
" Death of Thomas Aquinas, March 7.
" Death of Bonaventura, July 15.
" Bologna, Lambertazzi (including Guido Guinizelli) expelled by the Geremei, June 24.
1275. Victory of Ghibellines of Romagna under Guido of Montefeltro over Guelfs of Bologna, April 24.
1276. Death of Gregory X, Jan. 10.
" **Pontificate of Innocent V**, Peter of Tarentaise, elected Jan. 21, died June 22.
" **Pontificate of Hadrian V**, Ottobuono dei Fieschi, elected July 11, died Aug. 18.
1276–1277. **Pontificate of John XXI**, Petrus Hispanus, elected Sept. 18.
1276–1285. *Reign of Pedro III, King of Aragon.*
1277. Milan, the Visconti supplant the Torriani, Jan. 22.
" Death of John XXI, May 20.
1277 ? Rome, Arnolfo di Cambio goes there.
1277–1280. **Pontificate of Nicholas III**, Giovanni Gaetano Orsini, elected Nov. 25.
1278 ? Death of Niccola Pisano.
1278. Rudolph cedes Romagna to the Papacy.
" Nicholas III makes a constitution for the city of Rome, July 18.
" Nicholas III obliges Charles of Anjou to resign as Senator, Sept. 16.
1279 ?–1289 ? Assisi, frescoes by Cimabue, Cavallini, et al.

1280. Florence, Cardinal Latino Malabranca attempts to reconcile Guelfs and Ghibellines.
" Death of Nicholas III, Aug. 22.
1281–1285. **Pontificate of Martin IV**, Simon de Brie, elected Feb. 22.
1282. Sicilian Vespers (March 30 or 31).
" Victory of Ghibellines in Romagna under Guido da Montefeltro over Papal troops at Forlì, May 1.
" King Pedro of Aragon, proclaimed King of Sicily on Aug. 30(?).
1283–1300. Poets of the *Dolce Stil Nuovo* — Guido Cavalcanti, Lapo Gianni, Cino da Pistoia, Dante Alighieri, et al.
1283. Romagna, Guido da Montefeltro submits to Pope.
1284. Defeat of Pisan fleet by Genoese off Meloria, Aug. 6.
1285. Death of Charles of Anjou, Jan. 7.
" Death of Pope Martin IV, March 28.
1285–1287. **Pontificate of Honorius IV**, Jacopo Savelli, elected April 2.
1285–1314. *Reign of Philippe IV, le Bel, King of France.*
1285–1309. Reign of Charles II, King of Two Sicilies (mainland only, in fact), crowned in 1289.
1285? Rimini, murder of Francesca and Paolo by Gianciotto Malatesta.
1287. Death of Pope Honorius IV, April 3.
1288–1292. **Pontificate of Nicholas IV**, Jerome of Ascoli, elected Feb. 22.
1289. Pisa, Ugolino dies in the Tower of Hunger, March.
" Florentine Guelfs defeat Ghibellines of Arezzo at Campaldino, Dante in the Florentine army, June 11.
1290. Florence, death of Dante's Beatrice, June 8.
1292–1296. Reign of Adolph of Nassau, Emperor elect.
1292. Death of Pope Nicholas IV, April 4.
1293. Florence, Giano della Bella heads popular party, Ordinances of Justice.
" Rome, Cavallini's frescoes in Santa Cecilia.
" Azzo VIII, Marquis of Este (d. 1308).
1294–1299. Venice at war with Genoa.
1294. Florence, Santa Croce begun and the cathedral decreed; Arnolfo di Cambio architect.

1294. Death of Fra Guittone and of Brunetto Latini.
" **Pontificate of Celestine V**, Pietro da Morrone, elected July 5, abdicated Dec. 13.
1294–1303. **Pontificate of Boniface VIII**, Benedetto Gaetani, elected Dec. 24.
1296. Death of Celestine V, May 19.
" Bull *Clericis Laicos*, against Philippe le Bel and Edward I, Feb. 24.
1296?–1304? Assisi, Giotto's frescoes at.
1297. Venice, closing the Great Council.
1297–1298. War between Boniface VIII and the Colonna.
1298. Death of Guido da Montefeltro.
" Florence, the Palazzo Vecchio begun; Arnolfo di Cambio architect.
1298–1308. Reign of Albert of Austria, son of Rudolph, Emperor elect.
1300. Papal Jubilee, institution of.
" Florence, quarrels of Whites and Blacks; Dante elected Prior, June 15–Aug. 15; banishment of Corso Donati and others; death of Guido Cavalcanti Aug. 28(?).
1301. Florence, Charles of Valois sent by Pope Boniface, Nov. 1.
1301–1303. Second quarrel of Pope Boniface and Philippe le Bel.
1301. Bull, *Ausculta Fili*, against Philippe le Bel, Dec. 5.
1302. Florence, sentence of exile upon Dante, Jan. 27; sentence of death, March 10.
" Bull *Unam Sanctam*, against Philippe le Bel, Nov. 18.
1303. Outrage at Anagni, Sept. 7–9.
" Death of Pope Boniface VIII, Oct. 11.
1303–1304. **Pontificate of Benedict XI**, Nicholas Boccasini, elected Oct. 22.
1304. Death of Benedict XI, July 7.
1305–1314. **Pontificate of Clement V**, Bertrand de Goth, elected June 5; crowned at Lyons, Nov. 14.
1309. Clement V establishes Papacy at Avignon.

APPENDIX B

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INDEX

INDEX

Aachen, I, 66, 69.
Accursius, the Elder, career of, I, 228–29; tomb of, 355.
Accursius, Francis, I, 229, 230; tomb of, 355.
Acquasparta, Matteo, Cardinal, Lax Franciscan, II, 264; and Florence, 328, 331.
Adelasia, I, 263, 330.
Adolf of Nassau, Emperor elect, II, 328, 348.
Aimeric de Pehulgan, I, 14, 136.
Alberic da Romano, I, 252.
Alberich, rhetorician, I, 222.
Albert, Bro., I, 306.
Albert of Habsburg, Emperor elect, II, 328, 348.
Albertano, I, 221–22.
Albigensian crusade, I, 14.
Aldobrandeschi, the, I, 424.
Alessandria, I, 142, 180; II, 166, 169.
Alexander III, Pope; and Barbarossa, I, 7, 285.
Alexander IV, Pope, I, 285, 301; and *The Eternal Evangile*, 383–86; 398; crusade against Ezzelino, 402; 440; II, 35; situation at death of, 37; 124.
Alighieri, Dante. *See* Dante.
Al Malik al Kámil, Soldan of Cairo, I, 126.
Alphonso, King of Castile, I, 440; II, 12, 39, 82, 83; family marriages, 169.
Ambrogio, Sant', church of, I, 171; description of, 182–83; 274.
Ambrose, St., I, 7, 171, 182–84.
Amidei, the, I, 427–28.
Anagni, I, 12, 123; art in, 285–86; Cosmati, 297; Vassalletti, 299; crypt, 349; outrage upon Boniface VIII, II, 333–46.
Ancher, Cardinal, II, 241; tomb of, 243.
Ancona, city of, I, 3, 239.
Ancona, march of, I, 10, 63, 113, 128, 142, 240.
Angelo, Bro., I, 84, 88, 363, 367.
Anibaldi, the, I, 290.
Anibaldi, Riccardo, Cardinal, II, 66, 77, 92, 93.
Ansedisius, I, 255–56, 400.
Anthony, St., of Padua, church of, I, 355; career of, 356–57; 363, 369.
Antichrist, I, 39, 47, 120, 255.
Apocalypse, the, I, 25, 39; Joachim's study of, 41, 45–46; 97, 122, 141.
Apulia, I, 10, 142; poets of, 151–52; 164, 230, 263, 274, 340.
Apulians, the, I, 240.
Aquinas, St. Thomas. *See* Thomas, etc.
Arbia, river, I, 438–39.
Arezzo, I, 142, 210, 411; description of, 412–14.
Arezzo, Bishop of, murdered, I, 333–34.
Aristotle, I, 82, 101; studied, by Frederick II, 133–34; 221, 224; newly discovered treatises of, II, 106.
Arithmetic, I, 224–25.
Arnaut, Daniel, I, 135–36.
Arno, river, described by Dante, I, 411.
Arnolfo di Cambio, I, 352; II, 189, 228, 229; career as sculptor and decorator, 238–42.
Arrigo, Don, Senator, II, 63–64, 65; imprisonment, 66.
Arrigo Testa, I, 150–51; defeat at Parma, 321–22; 325.
Ars Dictaminis, I, 231, 235, 242–43.
Ars Loquendi et Tacendi, 221.
Art. *See* Painting, Sculpture, Mosaic, Fresco.
Art, Benedictine, I, 275–76, 286.
Art, Byzantine, history of, I, 271–75; 277, 283, 286–87.
Art, early, I, 268–77.
Art, Roman, mediæval, I, 272–73; 275, 277, 286–87; decorative, 292–99.
Arts, the decorative, I, 289–301.

Asinelli, tower, I, 174, 192.
Assisi, I, 20, 51, 79, 80, 83–84, 147; basilica in, 346–49, 350; frescoes at, II, 262–75; Franciscan chapter-general at, 264.
Assisi, Bishop of, I, 85, 88.
Asti, I, 135, 341.
Astronomy, I, 224–25.
Ausculta Fili, papal bull, II, 339.
Averroës, I, 101, 132.
Avignon, I, 132, 136.
Aymon, Bro., I, 365–66.
Azo, jurist. I, 228.
Azzo VI, Marquis of Este, I, 186; his career, 248–50; 251.
Azzo VII, Marquis of Este, I, 250; takes Ferrara, 250; 259, 261, 323; campaign against Ezzelino, 404–05; employs painter, II, 25.
Azzo VIII, II, 164.

Babylon. *See* Cairo.
Baldwin, Count of Flanders, II, 31; Emperor of Constantinople, 33.
Baldwin II, Emperor of Constantinople, I, 307.
Barbarossa. *See* Frederick I, Emperor.
Barberino, Francesco da, on Cimabue, II, 254–55, 349.
Barisano di Trani, I, 182.
Bassano, I, 249, 251.
Beatrice (Portinari), II, 113, 114, 115; 204; 278; Dante meets her, 284–85; her death, 292; ode on, 292–93.
Benedetto Antelami, II, 220–22, 229, 233.
Benedict, St., I, 281.
Benedictine monks, I, 275–76.
Benevento, I, 182.
Beno da Gozzadini, I, 197–98.
Bergamo, I, 180.
Berlingheri, Bonaventura, I, 284; II, 249.
Bernadone, Francis. *See* St. Francis.
Bernadone, Pier, I, 51, 81, 341.
Bernard, Bro., I, 88, 361.
Bernard, St., I, 19; founds monastery at Chiaravalle, 343.
Berthold of Hohenberg, I, 392, 394.
Bertran de Born, I, 135.
Bianca Lancia. *See* Lancia.
Bianchi, the, II, 282, 295, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332.
Bible, significance of, I, 17–18; its effect, 21–27; importance of, 38–39; 53, 65, 75–76; authority of, 97–98; 221,
Blacatz, I, 139, 140.
Bocca degli Abati, I, 439.
Boccaccio, quoted, II, 161.
Boëthius, I, 140; tomb of, 185; 217, 221, 224.
Bohemia, I, 4.
Bologna, I, 2, 82, 115, 142, 166, 168, 172, 175, 180; chapter on, 182–93; constitution of, 194–209; university of, 210–26; some professors at, 227–44; 259, 263; capture of Enzio, 330–32; 334; Franciscan Order in, 353–55; 361; poets of, II, 21–22; defeat of, by Guido da Montefeltro, 159; statue of Boniface VIII, 321.
Bologna, University of, I, 14, 54, 191, 193; chapter on, 210–26; some professors at, 227–44; Boncompagno's plans for, 232–33.
Bonagiunta of Lucca, II, 1–3, 18.
Bonanno da Pisa, I, 182, 415.
Bonaventura, St., I, 386; II, 104, 105, 107; chapter on, 117–29; opposed to ecclesiastical decoration, 263–64; place in literature, 298; life of St. Francis, 305–06.
Boncompagno, Magister, I, 223; his career, 231–42; 244.
Boniface VIII, Pope, Benedetto Gaetani, his early career, II, 145; his election, 146; and Celestine V, 146–48; against *Zelanti*, 265; and Jacopone da Todi, 317–18; his pontificate, 320–32; statues of, 321; affair with Colonna, 321–24; Jubilee, 325–26; and Florence, 327–32; outrage upon, at Anagni, 333–46; death, 346.
Bonvesin, treatise on manners, II, 198–99; quoted, 207.
Book of Sentences, by Peter Lombard, II, Bonaventura's commentary on, 118–21.
Borgo San Donnino, Benedetto Antelami's art at, II, 221.
Bouvines, battle of, I, 69.
Brancaleone, Senator, II, 194.
Braye, de, Cardinal, tomb of, II, 242–43, 244.
Brescia, I, 115, 166, 180, 259, 263, 403.

Brindisi, I, 122–23.
Brunetto, Latini, I, 210; on rhetoric, 220–21; on logic and the quadrivium, 223–25; II, 10–15, 183.
Buonaguida of Siena, I, 437–38.
Buonconte da Montefeltro, II, 186.
Buondelmonte, I, 427–29.
Buoso da Dovara (Duera, Doera, etc.), I, 404–05, 439; II, 54, 154.
Burgundy, I, 3, 5, 16, 343, 357.

Cacciaguida, II, 210.
Cæsar of Spires, I, 363–64.
Cahors, I, 126–27, 163.
Calabria, I, 11, 39, 40, 46, 274.
Calabrians, I, 240.
Campaldino, battle of, II, 185.
Cancellieri, Foccacia dei, II, 282–83.
Canon Law, I, 214–15, 227.
Canterbury, archbishopric of, I, 55–57.
Captain of the People, at Bologna, I, 206, 208; at Florence, 432.
Capua, I, 160.
Capulets, I, 168, 186.
Casamari, I, 252, 344–45.
Casentino, as seen by Dante, I, 411.
Catalano dei Catalani, II, 177–78.
Cathari, I, 75–77.
Cavalcanti, Cavalcante, I, 138.
Cavalcanti, Guido, I, 138, 160; betrothal of, II, 178; as poet, 276, 277–79, 280, 286, 287, 289, 290, 291, 292; banished, 295; his last poem, 295–96; death, 296; 329.
Cavallini, Pietro, at Rome, II, 257–59; at Assisi, 268–69.
Cecco, Angiolieri, II, 207, 289.
Celano. *See* Thomas of Celano.
Celestine III, Pope, I, 15.
Celestine IV, Pope, referred to, I, 267.
Celestine V, Pietro da Morrone, election and pontificate, II, 142–46; last days, 147–48; 317.
Cervia, II, 160.
Cesena, I, 324.
Charlemagne, I, 3, 7, 8, 64, 128, 340.
Charles of Anjou, I, 391; II, 37; his importance, 43; appearance and character, 43–45; ethics of conquest of Sicily, 46–48; bargain with Papacy, 48; preparations for invasion, 52; terms of bargain, 52–53; expedition into Italy, 53–55; crowned, 55–56; victory at Benevento, 56–57; consequences of, 58; career as King, 60–80; resigns Senatorship, 61; receives permission to reassume it, 62; victory of Tagliacozzo, 64–65; cruel punishments, 67; position of, after battle, 68; acquires crown of Jerusalem, 68; follows example of the Hohenstaufen, 69; profoundly Christian, 70; taxes, 71; advocates Philippe III of France for Emperor, 83; mentioned by Dante, 84; makes friends with Rudolph, 95; story of poisoning Thomas Aquinas, 116; reappointed Senator, 133; oppressive rule in Sicily, 136; challenges Pedro of Aragon, 138; death, 140; and Florence, 183–84; and Arnolfo, 238–39; built Gothic churches, 242; 350.
Charles II, King of Naples, II, 140; and Celestine V, 144.
Charles Martel, grandson of Charles of Anjou, betrothed, II, 95; 137, 144.
Charles of Valois, II, 140, 296; and Florence, 330–31.
Chiaravalle, near Ancona, I, 345; near Milan, 343.
Chiaro Davanzati, I, 436.
Cholet, Jean, Cardinal, II, 240.
Church, the, I, 5, 6; ideas of Innocent III on, 17; 18, 19; and the Bible, 25–26; its condition, 36–38, 48; its jurisdiction, 49–59; its political situation, 60–62; and religious unrest, 74, 76–79, 80; 82, 89, 98, 114, 117, 129, 140, 167, 178; and serfs, 207–08; and University of Bologna, 213; and Empire, 245, 336; and Lombardy, 247; and Frederick II, 261; and art, 274; ambition of, 290; position of, 316; attitude of, towards Conquest of The Kingdom, II, 50–51; need of principality, 94; and Emperor, 151.
Cicero, I, 4, 217, 219, 220, 222, 239.
Cielo dal Camo, I, 146, 149.
Cimabue, II, 253–56; at Assisi, 266–68.
Cino da Pistoia, II, 276, 282–84.
Cistercian monks, their monasteries, 343–44; 347, 351, 358.
Cîteaux, I, 16, 341, 343.

City, mediæval Italian, the, II, 193–96.
Civil law, I, 214; taught at Bologna, 227–29, 230.
Clairvaux, I, 343–44.
Clare, St., I, 90, 111.
Clement IV, Pope, Gui Fulcodi, II, 37, 41; his election and character, 49–50; letter to Manfred, 55; 72; difficulties before, 73; and Gothic style, 241; tomb of, 242.
Clericis Laicos, papal bull, II, 337–38.
Cluny, I, 16, 19, 26, 343.
Colonna, the, I, 290; favoured by Nicholas IV, II, 141; and Jacopone da Todi, 317–18; quarrel with Boniface, 321–24.
Colonna, Jacopo, Cardinal, created by Nicholas IV, II, 100–01; patron of art, 257, 260.
Colonna, John, Cardinal, referred to as protector of Franciscan Order, I, 88–89; 90; 111, 264.
Colonna, Pietro, Cardinal, patron of art, II, 257, 260.
Colonna Sciarra, II, 341; attack on Boniface VIII, 343–45.
Colonna, Stephen, II, 341.
Como, Lake of, I, 140; town of, 184.
Conclave, procedure regulated, II, 88–89.
Concordantia discordantium Canonum. See The Decretum.
Concordat of Worms, I, 51.
Conrad of Antioch, II, 66.
Conrad IV, Emperor-elect, I, 333, 387; in Italy, 390–91.
Conscience, the papal, I, 55.
Constance, first wife of Frederick II, referred to, I, 104; death, 108.
Constance, Empress, wife of Henry VI, I, 8, 9, 41, 63, 100.
Constance, daughter of Manfred, I, 440.
Constance, Treaty of, I, 166, 176, 178, 246.
Constantine, Emperor, I, 6; and Pope Silvester, 61–62; 99, 184, 280, 312.
Constantinople, I, 8, 40, 62, 64, 272–73, 275, 279; and Venice, II, 24, 26; conquest of, by Venetians and Franks, 30–34.
Conti, the, I, 285, 290.
Conxolus, Magister, II, 248.
Coppo di Marcovaldo, I, 436; II, 249.
Cordova, I, 101–02, 132, 149.
Corpus Juris Civilis. See Civil law.
Corradino, son of Conrad IV, a baby, I, 391–92; 399, 440; career in Italy, II, 61–64; defeat at Tagliacozzo, 64–65; death, 67.
Corte Nuova, battle of, I, 262.
Cortona, I, 352, 366.
Cosmati, the, I, 296–97; Adeodatus, 296; II, 244; Cosmas, I, 296–97; James the Elder, 296–97; James Junior, 296; John (Giovanni), 296; II, 244; Lawrence, I, 296; Luke, 296–97.
Council, Fourth Lateran, I, 70–73; II, 338.
Council, Third Lateran, II, 338.
Council of Lyons, First, I, 307–10.
Council of Lyons, Second, II, 86–89; 97; Bonaventura at, 127–28.
Council at Rome, prevented, I, 265–67.
Creed of the Roman Church, I, 372–74.
Cremona, I, 2, 115–16, 166, 168, 171, 175, 179, 180, 185, 187, 222, 247, 262; volte-face of, II, 169.
Crescentius, Minister-General, I, 366; II, 304–05.
Crescenzi, Pier de', quoted as to villas, II, 190–92.
Crusades, of Frederick II, I, 107–08, 122, 126–27; Fourth, II, 30–34.
Cunizza da Romano, I, 137–39, 186, 253, 258; II, 178.
Curia, the Roman, I, 63, 110, 114, 117, 131, 241, 261; and proposed Council at Rome, 263–67; 304; on death of Clement IV, II, 74; good side of, 142–43.

Dante, on St. Francis, I, 81–82; on Bertran de Born, 135; on Folquet of Marseilles, 135; on Arnaut Daniel, 136; on Sordello, 137; on Cunizza, 138–39; on Italian dialects, 142–43; on Cielo dal Camo, 146; on the Sicilian poets, 150–51; on Rinaldo d' Aquino and Jacopo da Lentino, 151; on Jacopo da Lentino, 154; and Sicilian school, 160–61; on Lombardy, 177; *de Monarchia*, 181; his boundary for Lombardy, 192; cites dictionary,

218; refers to University of Bologna, 226; views on empire, 318; on Pier della Vigna, 329; on Manfred, 387–88; on Frederick II, 388; does not condemn Manfred, 399; on people in valley of the Arno, 411; on Pistoia, 418–19; on Siena and the *Brigata Spendereccia*, 420; on Brunetto Latini, II, 10; opening lines of Divine Comedy, 13; on Bonagiunta and Fra Guittone, 14–16; and Guinizelli, 21; on Manfred, 58; on Charles of Anjou, 61; on Provenzano Salvani, 66; on Ottaviano degli Ubaldini, 76; on murder of Prince Henry of Cornwall, 79; on King Ottocar, 83–84; on Charles of Anjou and negligent rulers, 84; on Rudolph of Habsburg, 84–85; on Pope Hadrian V, 90; on Pope Nicholas III, 98–99; and Thomas Aquinas, 113–15; and Prince Charles Martel, 137; on King Charles II, 140; on Celestine V, 146; on capture of Faenza, 159; on Ravenna, 160–61; on Francesca and Paolo, 162; on the tyrants of Romagna, 162; on Obizzo II, 163; refers to Jacopo del Cassero, 164; on Azzo VIII, 164; refers to William V of Montferrat, 165–66; on Ugolino and Archbishop Ruggieri, 174–75; on Pisa, 175–76; on Catalano and Loderingo, 178; 183; 185; on Florence, 186–87; on Buonconte, 186; sees Beatrice, 204; on old Florence, 210; on Giotto and Cimabue, 254; on Matteo d' Acquasparta, 264; poet of Dolce Stil Nuovo, 276; on Monna Vanna, 278; on Lapo Gianni, 280; rebukes Cino, 283; and Beatrice, 284–85; sonnet on his dream, 285–86; and Boniface VIII, 324; enters politics, 327; a prior, 328–29; story of embassy to Rome 330; banishment, 331; false charges against him, 331–32; on outrage at Anagni, 344.

De Contemptu Mundi, I, 20.

De Monarchia, I, 318.

Decretum, the I, 215.

Desiderius, Abbot (Pope Victor III), I, 222, 275, 279.

Dino Compagni, II, 349.

Dino Frescobaldi, II, 276.

Distichs of Cato, I, 217.

Divine Comedy (*See Inferno, Purgatorio, Paradiso*), I, 161, 218; II, 332.

Dolce Stil Nuovo, I, 138–39, 158; II, 14–15, 16, 21; chapter on, 276–96.

Dominic, St., I, 352.

Dominic, St., church of, Bologna, I, 192, 334, 354-55.

Dominicans, the I, 334, 356–57, 383.

Donati, Corso, II, 282, 295, 327, 329, 330.

Donati, Gualdrada, I, 427.

Drunkenness, II, 207.

Duccio of Buoninsegna, II, 250–52, 253, 256.

Edmund, Prince, I, 391, 440; II, 39.

Education, I, 215–25.

Edward I, King of England, I, 229.

Egidio. *See* Giles, Bro.

Elia Cairel, troubadour, I, 107.

Elias, Bro., I, 92; and basilica at Assisi, 348–49; 350; built church at Cortona, 352; and the Franciscan Order, 360–67; II, 262, 303, 304.

Empire, *See* Holy Roman Empire.

England I, 64, 69, 90, 122, 128, 264, 266.

Enzio, King, I, 144, 150, 263, 322; marriage, 330; capture, imprisonment, and death, 330–31; his poem in captivity, 332.

Erard de Valéry, at Tagliacozzo, II, 65.

Este, House of, I, 248, 250–51; Marquises of. *See* Azzo, VI, VII, and VIII; Obizzo II.

Everlasting Gospel (Eternal Evangile), I, 42, 382–85.

Ezzelino, House of, I, 250–51.

Ezzelino I, the Stammerer, I, 251–52.

Ezzelino II, the Monk, I, 249, 251–52.

Ezzelino III, I, 137, 139, 187; his youth, 253; his bad reputation, 253; his misdeeds, 253–58; 261, 322, 329, 330, 333–34; his ferocity, 400–01; crusade against, 402–04; death, 405.

Faba, Guido, I, 242–43.

Faith, I, 50, 372–74

Faenza, I, 79, 179, 180, 247, 324; II, 159.
Ferrara, I, 79, 142, 171, 193, 247–49; 250, 253, 323; II, 162.
Feudal System, I, 258–59.
Fieschi, the, I, 302.
Fieschi, Cardinal, II, 345.
Fieschi, Sinibaldo dei. *See* Innocent IV.
Filippo di Campello, I, 348.
Fioretti, I, 86–88.
Florence, I, 3, 79, 164, 231, 357; in Dante's opinion, 411; sketch of, 426–40; II, 177–89; in Cacciaguida's time, 210; in time of Secondo Popolo, 211; painters in, 253–56; Bianchi and Neri, 282, 283, 295, 296; statue of Boniface VIII, 321.
Foggia, I, 149.
Folco di Calabria, I, 130.
Folco Portinari, II, 183, 189, 285.
Folgore da S. Gimignano, II, 204, 206.
Folquet of Marseilles, I, 135, 139, 144.
Food, II, 197.
Forlì, I, 179, 324; battle at, II, 159.
Forlimpopoli, I, 324.
Forlivesi, speech of, I, 142.
Fossalta, battle of, I, 330.
Fossanova, I, 282, 344.
Four Kinds of Marriage, The, I, 24–25.
France, I, 60, 64, 69, 90, 128, 229, 230, 264, 266, 338, 341; power of, II, 336; and Boniface VIII, 336–41.
Francesca da Rimini, II, 161–62.
Francis, St., I, 20; life of, 74–85; first disciples, 86–96; and Innocent III, 88–89; and his Order, 90, 92–95; death, 96; and Gregory IX, 111; canonization, 111; his canticle, 147–48; 149, 163; portrait of, 282–84; his views on simplicity, 347; basilica of, 348–50; at Bologna, 352–53; and progress of the Order, 360–63; and poverty, 367–68; 371; story of him and Bonaventura, II, 118; father of Italian art, 274; biographies of, 302–06.
Francis, St., Order of (Franciscans), I, 86–96; 334, 346, 348; St. Anthony, 356–57; progress of 359–70; 371; quarrel with University of Paris, 383–84; election of Bonaventura, II, 124; criticised by Bonaventura, 125–27.
Franciscan Architecture, 350–55, 357.
Frangipani, the, I, 290.
Frederick I, Barbarossa, Emperor, I, 7–10, 41, 68, 115–16, 130, 140, 165–66, 176–78, 184, 211, 213, 239, 251, 285.
Frederick II, Emperor, I, 9, 11, 47, 63; Innocent III discusses his claims to Empire, 66–69; his early life, 97–108; physical appearance, 105; his promises to the Popes, 106; takes the cross, 106–07; occupied with Germany and Sicily, 197–08; his crusades, 108; and Gregory IX, 109–30; his eulogy of Gregory IX, 110; and Sicilian clergy, 113; and Lombard League, 115–18; contrasted with Gregory IX, 119; his reputation among his enemies, 120; his blasphemies, 121; false start on crusade, 122; excommunicated by Gregory IX, 123; his excuses, 123–24; his appeal to Europe, 124; reviles the Church, 125; goes to Syria, 126; obtains Jerusalem, 127; war with Pope, 128–29; peace of San Germano, 129; his cultivated court, 131–34; 144; and Sicilian School of Poetry, 149–52; his poetry, 158; and Lombardy, 162–65; and Lombard League, 177–80; and Bologna, 193; 209, 225; and the Lombard question, 245–47; Lombard League again, 260–63; Corte Nuova, 262; menaces Rome, 264; prevents council at Rome, 265–67; imprisons clergy, 266; 280, 285; and Innocent IV, 303–06; trial and deposition by Council of Lyons, 307–10; 314; his mistakes, 315–17; revolt of Parma, 319–20; siege of Parma, 322–23; defeat, 324; alleged treason of Pier della Vigna, 328–29; capture of Enzio, 329; marries Bianca Lancia, 334; death of, 335; burial, 335; and Bro. Elias, 365–66; predictions about, 376–81; Dante on, 388; and Arezzo, 412; and Florence, 431; II, 350.

Frederick of Antioch, son to Frederick II, I, 322, 333, 431.
Frederick of Aragon, King of Sicily, II, 40; ally of Colonna, 322.
French, the, I, 240; and Fourth Crusade, II, 30–34; arrogant behaviour in Italy, 135–36.
Fresco, I, 270; in Italy, 278–88; at Assisi, II, 262–75.
Fulke of Este, Marquis, I, 248.
Funerals, II, 302.
Furniture, II, 496–97.

Gaetani, Benedetto. *See* Boniface VIII.
Gaetani, Pietro, II, 343.
Galen, I, 225, 286.
Games, II, 202–06.
Garisenda, the, I, 174, 192.
Gebhart, Count, I, 254.
Genazzano, II, 65–66.
Genoa, I, 135, 142, 164, 263, 266; wars with Venice, II, 35–36; war with Pisa, 172–73.
Genoese, the, I, 142, 303.
Geometry, I, 224.
Gerard, Bro., of Borgo San Donnino, I, 382–84.
Geremei, of Bologna, I, 168, 202; II, 20.
Germans, the, I, 164, 177, 240, 246, 338–39.
Germany, I, 3, 4, 5, 9, 16, 64, 69, 90, 106–07, 114, 116, 261, 266, 333.
Ghibellines, the, I, 99, 167, 193, 250, 264, 334, 429.
Ghiberto da Gente, of Parma, II, 154–57.
Giacomino Pugliese, I, 150.
Gianni Alfani, II, 276, 296.
Giano della Bella, II, 187–88, 327.
Giles, Bro. (Egidio), and St. Louis, I, 86–88, 367.
Gimignano, San, bones of, I, 188–90.
Gimignano, town of, I, 174.
Giotto, II, 266; at Assisi, 270–71; his art, 271–75.
Giovanni di Muro, II, 270.
Giovanni Pisano, II, 228, 229; his career, 233–36; influence on Giotto, 273.
Giraut de Bornehl, I, 135–36.
Giunta Pisano, I, 415; II, 249, 266.
Giuseppe Toschi. *See* Joseph the Tuscan.
Gospels, the, I, 97, 368.
Gothic architecture, I, 338–58; affects church furniture and tombs, II, 238–44.
Grammar, I, 216, 233.
Gratian, I, 214–15.
Greeks, I, 10, 11, 60, 164, 239; accept Latin creed, II, 87–88.
Gregory VII, Pope. *See* Hildebrand.
Gregory IX, Pope (Cardinal Ugolino), I, 93; and Frederick II, 109–30; his character, 109–10; protector of Franciscan Order, 111; writes to Frederick II, 121–22; excommunicates Frederick II, 123; war with Frederick II, 128–29; 149, 215; political attitude, 245–56, 263, 265; death, 267, 282; portrait of, 284, 285, 287; canonizes Francis, 348; interest in basilica, 349–50; and Franciscan Order, 356, 360, 362–63; and Bro. Elias, 365–66; II, 303, 304.
Gregory X, Pope, Tedaldo dei Visconti, election, II, 79–80; character, 81; and Empire, 82–84; 115; 127–28; sanctions Celestini, 142; and Gothic style, 241.
Gregory of Montelungo, I, 263, 321, 323.
Guala Bicchieri, Cardinal, I, 346.
Guelfs, the, I, 9, 65, 68, 99, 167, 193, 250, 334, 429; triumph after battle of Benevento, II, 58.
Guglielmo, Fra, sculptor, II, 236–38.
Gui Fulcodi. *See* Clement IV.
Guidetto of Como, sculptor, II, 223–24, 229.
Guido delle Colonne, I, 145, 150–51, 153–54.
Guido Guerra, Count, I, 436.
Guido of Montefeltro, at Rome, II, 63; career, 158–60; at Pisa, 174, 176; and Boniface VIII, 322–23.
Guido Novello, Count, I, 439; II, 177–78, 186.
Guido Orlandi, II, 276.
Guido of Siena, II, 250.
Guidotto, Fra, I, 219.
Guilds of Florence, II, 181–82.
Guilhem Figueira, I, 136.
Guilielmus Durandus, Cardinal, II, 242; tomb of, 244.
Guinizelli, Guido, I, 160; II, 16–21, 276.

Guittone, Fra, I, 413; II, 5–10; and Guinizelli, 16–17.

Hadrian V, Pope, Ottobuono dei Fieschi, II, 77, 89; mentioned by Dante, 90–91; tomb of, 242.
Henry III, King of England, I, 133, 140, 261, 391, 440; II, 39.
Henry IV, Emperor, I, 7, 51, 130.
Henry VI, Emperor, son to Barbarossa, I, 8; his career, 9–11; 17, 42, 68, 100, 112, 114, 140, 164, 339.
Henry, Prince, son of Frederick II, I, 114, 116, 177, 253, 261, 333.
Henry, Prince, son of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, II, 79.
Heresy (Heretics), I, 60, 75–79. 117.
Hildebrand, Pope Gregory VII, I, 7, 15, 18–19, 51, 188.
Hippocrates, I, 225, 286.
Hohenstaufens, the, I, 8, 9, 47, 65, 69, 144, 338; attitude of Papacy towards, II, 41.
Holy Ghost, theory of new dispensation, I, 43–45.
Holy Roman Empire, I, 3, 5, 7, 8, 60, 63; and Papacy, 64–65; and Innocent III, 65–69; 79, 118, 125–26, 166–67, 178, 247–48, 260, 262, 318–19, 336, 408; Dante's belief in, II, 82; and Church, 151; had ceased to be a reality, 334, 347.
Honorius III, Pope, Cencio Savelli, I, 106. 108; death, 109; on Gregory IX, 110; inefficient, 111–12, 114; relations to quarrel between Frederick II and Lombard League, 116–17; 128, 261; and St. Paul's basilica, 278–79; 280, 294; and architecture, 298–99; 345.
Honorius IV, Pope, Jacopo Savelli, II, 141; tomb of, 243.
Horace, I, 217, 255.
Hugo, Bro. of Digne, I, 375–81.
Humble Men (Humiliati), I, 89.

Ibn Sab'in, I, 133.
Ile-de-France, I, 172, 342, 357.
Imola, I, 193, 324.
Ingelberg, Queen, I, 52.
Inferno, the; XXVIII, *74–75*, I, 180; XX, 187; XXXIII, *61*, 218; XIII, 324–25; XXIV, *124–26*, 419; XXV, *10–11*, 419; XXIX, 420; XIII, 420; XV, *82–87*, II, 10; I, *1–3*, 13; XXVIII, *18*, 65; XII, *119–20*, 79; XIX, 98–99; II, *52–58*, 113; III, *60*, 146; XXXII, *123*, 159; XXVII, *40–42*, 160; V, *97–99*, 161; V, *133–36*, 162; XXVII, *45–51*, 162; XXXII, *125–29*, 174; XXXIII, *46–49*, 175; XXXIII, *79–84*, 175–76; XXIII, 178.
Innocent III, Pope, Lothair dei Conti, his election, I, 12; portraits of, 13; description of, 14; his ideas, 15–19; *de Contemptu Mundi*, 20; *Mystery of the Altar*, 21–23; *On the Four Kinds of Marriage*, 24–25; attitude towards the Bible, 26; sermons, 27; tolerance, 31; integrity, 31, almsgiving, 31; virtues, 32; inaugural sermon, 32–34; wish to judge the world, 34–35; ecclesiastical ruler, 48; 52, 54; quarrel with King John, 55–58; 60; relations with city of Rome, 61–62; with papal provinces, 62–63; with The Kingdom, 63–64; with the Empire, 64–69; with Europe generally, 70; Fourth Lateran Council, 70–73; death, 73; 74; sermon denouncing sins of clergy, 77–78; his dream about St. Francis, 80; first dealings with Franciscans, 88–90; 97; and Frederick II, 106; 132, 141, 239, 248; and art, 278–79; 285, 287; art in his time, 291–94; 301; and churches at Fossanova and Casamari, 344–45; and Fourth Crusade, II, 30, 32.
Innocent IV, Pope, Sinibaldo dei Fieschi, I, 267, 301; his pontificate, 302–14, dealings with Frederick II, 303–06; flight to Lyons, 305; Council of Lyons, 307–10; deposition of Frederick II, 309–10; his justification, 310–14; 321, 354, 367, 386; dealings with Conrad IV and Manfred, 390–93; death, 398.
Innocent V, Pope, Pierre Tarentaise, II, 128; and Gothic style, 242.
Intermediate poets, the, II, 1–22.
Investiture, I, 51.
Iolande, second wife of Frederick II, I, 108, 178.

Irnerius, I, 214, 227.
Isabella, third wife of Frederick II, I, 261, 325.
Italian language, I, 63, 141, 216.
Italy, I, 2, 4, 5, 6, 16, 63, 90, 128, 141, 143–44, 273–74, 276, 340–41.

Jacob of Meran, I, 348.
Jacopo del Cassero, II, 164.
Jacopo da Lentino, the Notary, I, 145; and the Sicilian school, 150–52; his poetry, 154–58; 160, 325.
Jacopo Mostacci, I, 150, 160, 325.
Jacopo da Voragine, II, 308–09.
Jacopone da Todi, II, 145; on lax brethren, 269–70; *Stabat Mater*, 312–13; life of, 313–19.
Jacques de Vitry, I, 110.
Jerusalem, I, 40, 42, 108, 125–27, 129; fall of, II, 167.
Joachim, Abbot, I, 26; his life, 36–47; 48, 80, 89, 97, 120, 140, 372; a discussion of prophecies attributed to him, 377–78; his disciples, 371–86.
John XXI, Pope, Pietro Ispano, II, 89, 91–92; tomb of, 243.
John, King of England, I, 52; and Innocent III, 56–58.
John of Brienne, I, 108, 128, 178.
John the Moor, I, 393; and Manfred, 395–97.
John of Parma, and Bro. Elias, I, 366; elected minister-general, 367; 370; forced to resign, 385–86; beloved by Nicholas III, II, 102; 123; and Bonaventura, 124; opposed to ecclesiastical decoration, 263, 305.
John of Penna, I, 349.
John of Procida, II, 138.
John of Vicenza, I, 240–41.
Joseph the Tuscan, I, 200–01.
Jubilee, the, II, 325–26.
Justinian, Emperor, I, 214, 271–72.

Kingdom, The (The Two Sicilies), I, 3, 8, 60–61; and Innocent III, 63–64; 68, 145, 165, 178, 245; its relations with Frederick II and his sons, 389–90; and Innocent IV, 391–92; and Manfred, 392–99; conquest by the French, II, 37–59; under Charles of Anjou, 60–80; revolt of Sicily, 134–40.

Lambertazzi of Bologna, I, 168, 202; II, 20.
Lancia, Bianca, I, 160, 322; marries Frederick II, 334.
Lancia, Marquis, I, 323, 329, 333.
Lanfranc, architect, I, 189–90.
Langton, Stephen, I, 57.
Languedoc, I, 75, 132, 135–36, 138, 162.
Lapo Gianni, II, 270, 280–81, 296.
Lateran Council. *See* Council, etc.
Lateran, the, baptistery, I, 6; palace, 31; church, 80; baptistery doors, 182; basilica, 291; cloisters, 298–99; II, 244, 259.
Latin Language, I, 141, 216, 220; II, 297.
Latin Literature, II, 297–319.
Latin Poetry, I, 140.
Latino Malabranca, Cardinal, II, 100, 141, 183, 187, 276.
Legenda Aurea, II, 308–09.
Leo, Bro., I, 360, 361, 363; II, 269; life of St. Francis, 302–03, 304.
Liberal Arts, the, I, 216.
Livres dou Trésor, I, 220–21, 223–24, II, 11–12.
Livy, I, 217, 239.
Loderingo degli Andolò, II, 177–78.
Lodi, I, 180, 184, 191.
Logic, I, 216, 223–24.
Lombard, Architecture, I, 171–73, 342.
Lombard Communes (cities), I, 8, 10, 79, 114; chapter on, 162–81; 190–91, 209, 245, 259, 316.
Lombard League, I, 68; rebel against Frederick II, 116–18; revived, 177; its defective union, 179–80; 187, 193, 205; its position, 246–47; 251, 253, 254, 262.
Lombardy (the Lombards), I, 75, 79, and Frederick II, 114–15; importance of Lombardy, 129; Provençal poetry in, 136, 138, 140; 142; champion of liberty, 164–65; 170, 188, 192, 240, 247, 261, 263; II, 54, 61; chapter on, 149–70.
Lothair, Emperor, I, 68.
Louis the Pious, Emperor, I, 3.
Louis VIII, King of France, I, 140.
Louis IX, St., King of France; and Bro. Giles, 86–88; 125, 133, 264, 391, 440.
Lucca, I, 3, 416–17, 439; II, 173;

statue of St. Martin, 223; Niccola Pisano at, 224; 227.
Lucera, Manfred's flight to, I, 393–95; Manfred at, 396–98.
Lyons, I, 76, 305–06.
Lyons, Council of. *See* Council, etc.

Mainardo Pagano, II, 162.
Malatesta da Verruchio, defeat of, II, 159.
Malatesta, Gianciotto, II, 161–62.
Malatesta, Paolo, II, 161–62.
Manfred, King, I, 144, 150–51, 322, 334–35; his early career, 387–407; appearance, 388; dealings with Innocent IV, 392–93; flight to Lucera, 393–98; crowned, 399; and Florence, 434–36; good fortune of, 440; position after battle of Montaperti, II, 38; and Urban IV, 42–43; appeal to Clement IV, 55; defeat and death, 56–58.
Manfredi, the, II, 162.
Manners and customs, II, 190–218.
Mantua, I, 115, 180, 187, 261, 323.
Marchisio, I, 396–98.
Marco, San. *See* Mark's, St. Basilica.
Marco da Brescia, I, 354.
Margheritone, I, 413; II, 249.
Mark, St., II, 24–25.
Mark's, St., Basilica (Venice), I, 7, 102, 183, 271, 279, 342; II, 25–26.
Martin IV, Pope, Simon de Brie, II, 41, 48; pontificate of, 131–34; and Sicilian Vespers, 139–40; death, 141; and Romagna. 159–60; 240; 241–42; tomb lost, 242.
Masseo, Bro., I, 363, 367.
Matazone, poet, Poem of the Serf, II, 215–18.
Matilda, Countess, I, 188–89, 408.
Matteo, Spinelli, II, 298.
Matthew Paris, I, 66; II, 299.
Matrimony, I, 51–52.
Mazzeo di Rico, I, 150.
Medicine, I, 225.
Melano, Fra, I, 422.
Meloria, battle of, II, 173.
Milan, I, 66, 79, 115, 142, 166, 170, 172–73, 175–76, 178, 180; Sant' Ambrogio, 182–85; 191, 197, 259; defeat at Corte Nuova, 262–63; 274, 323, 406; and French invasion, II, 54; under Pelavicini, 153; under della Torre family, 157; under Visconti, 157; under William of Montferrat, 169; taverns in, 207; future of, 349.
Modena, I, 79, 166, 168, 173, 180; cathedral, 188–91; Ghibelline, 247; finally subject to House of Este, 248.
Molière, quoted, I, 156–57, 159.
Monarchia, De I, 181.
Monreale, cathedral of, I, 103, 182–83.
Montagues, the, I, 137, 168, 186, 249.
Montaperti, battle of, I, 407, 438–39; poem upon, II, 8–9.
Monte Cassino, I, 159, 222; art at, 275–76; 279, 294.
Montferrat, House of, I, 247; II, 165–69; Boniface, 32–34, 168; Conrad, 167; Rainerius, 167; William III, 166–68; William, son of William III, 166; William IV, 167; William V, 165, 166, 167–69.
Montfort, Gui de, II, 64–65.
Montfort, Philippe de, II, 178.
Montfort, Simon de, I, 144.
Mosaics, I, 270–80, 294–95, 298.
Music I, 224.

Naples I, 193; University of, 210; II, 69.
Narbonne, Franciscan chapter-general at, II, 263–64.
Neri, the, II, 282, 283, 295, 296, 327, 329, 330, 331.
Niccola Pisano, at Lucca, II, 224; career, 225–30; his art, 231–33.
Niccolò di Jamsilla, II, 298–99.
Nicolas de Rocca, on Pier della Vigna, I, 326–27.
Nicholas III, Pope, Giovanni Gaetano Orsini, II, 73; early career, 77–78; as cardinal, 92–93; as Pope, 94–102; dealings with Empire, 94–95; with Charles of Anjou, 95–96; alleged project of four kingdoms, 96–97; charges of simony, 98–99; nepotism excused, 100–02; death, 102; interest in art, 265.
Nicholas IV, Pope, Jerome of Ascoli, II, 141; patron of art, 257, 259; in favour of ecclesiastical decoration, 264; cardinal, 265; favours Colonna, 321.
Nino dei Visconti, II, 173–74.
Nobles of the North, I, 245–67.

Nogaret, Guillaume de, II, 342; attack on Boniface VIII, 343–45.
Normans, the, I, 10, 100–01, 164.
Notary, The. *See* Jacopo da Lentino.

Oaths, I, 53.
Obizzo II, II, 163–64.
Odofredus, I, 228, 238, 241, 355.
Ordelaffi, the, II, 162.
Orsini, I, 290; and Boniface VIII, II, 345.
Orsini, Giovanni Gaetano. *See* Nicholas III.
Orvieto, I, 79, 168.
Otranto, I, 122, 124.
Ottaviano degli Ubaldini, Cardinal, I, 324; character, II, 74–76; uncle to Ruggieri, 173.
Otto IV, Emperor, I, 58, 64, 66, 68–69, 106, 128.
Ottobuono dei Fieschi. *See* Hadrian V.
Ottocar, King of Bohemia, II, 83–84.
Ovid, I, 217, 255.
Ozanam, quoted, II, 318–19.

Padua, I, 180; University of, 210; 231; under Ezzelino, 253–57; 261, 334, 355, 403.
Painting (*see also* Art, Frescoes), I, 278–88; in latter part of century, II, 246–61; at Assisi, 262–75.
Palæologus, Michael, II, 87, 133–34; and Sicilian Vespers, 137; son's marriage, 169.
Palermo, I, 102–04; Royal chapel, 103; 274, 277, 325, 342.
Pantaléon, Jacques. *See* Urban IV.
Paolo Malatesta. *See* Malatesta.
Papacy, I, 7, 8; under Innocent III, 12; 61–62; attitude towards Empire, 64–65; 79; and Frederick II, 106; its danger from Frederick II, 113; and Lombard League, 116–18; 166, 248, 263, 280, 288, 290, 300; suzerain of The Kingdom, 311–12; 408; and Charles of Anjou, II, 72; obstacle to a united Italy, 170; and Florence, 182–83.
Papal Chancery, I, 7, 223, 242.
Papal jurisdiction, I, 49–59; over Emperor, 310; over The Kingdom, 311–13.
Papal provinces, the, I, 7, 49, 61, 63, 68, 113, 128, 245.
Paradiso, XXXIII, II, 114; VIII, *67–75*, 137; XV, 210; XII, *124*, 264.
Parenti, John, Bro., I, 360, 363.
Paris, University of, I, 14, 54, 383; II, 103–04.
Parma, I, 142, 166, 171, 180, 188, 192, 319; revolt of, 319–24; under Ghiberto da Gente, II, 154–56; Benedetto Antelami at, 220, 221; frescoes in baptistery, 247–48.
Passagieri, Rolandino (Roland), I, 332, 355.
Patarini, I, 77, 341.
Patois, Italian, I, 142.
Patrimony of St. Peter, I, 3, 113, 264.
Pavements, mosaic, I, 292.
Pedro (Peter), King of Aragon, marriage to Manfred's daughter, I, 440, mentioned by Dante, II, 84; and Sicilian Vespers, 137–38; excommunicated, 140.
Peire Vidal, I, 136.
Pelavicini, Uberto, I, 323, 329, 333, 401–06; 439; II, 54, 58; career in Lombardy, 153–54.
Percivalle Doria, I, 137, 150–51, 400.
Perla Balducci, I, 433–34.
Perugia, I, 84, 291.
Peter of Aragon. *See* Pedro, etc.
Peter, Bro. (Dominican), I, 376–82.
Peter, Bro. (Franciscan), I, 88.
Peter of Catania, I, 92.
Peter Lombard. *See Book of Sentences.*
Peter, St., I, 5, 6, 18, 32–34, 53–54, 58, 63, 65, 327.
Philip, Bro., I, 88.
Philip, Emperor-elect, I, 60, 64; and Innocent III, 66–69.
Philip Augustus, King of France, I, 52, 60; II, 336.
Philippe III, le Hardi, King of France, II, 79, 83, 336.
Philippe IV, le Bel, King of France, quarrel with Boniface VIII, II, 337–46.
Philosophy at Paris, II, 105–06.
Piacenza, I, 2, 79, 115, 142, 166, 170, 171, 180, 187, 188, 191, 259, 263, 323.

Piazza, the, I, 170; II, 195–96.
Piedmont, II, 149–70.
Pier della Vigna, I, 119; as poet, 145, 150–51, 154; 262, 264, 323; his tragic career, 324–29.
Pier Giovanni Olivi, II, 264, 269.
Pietro Ispano. *See* John XXI.
Pietro da Morrone. *See* Celestine V.
Pietro Oderisio, II, 242.
Pipin, Bro., II, quoted, 213.
Pippin, King, I, 3, 7, 128, 340.
Pisa, I, 3, 164, 183, 410–11, 414–16; II, 172–76; pulpit at, 225; Campo Santo, 233–34; Giovanni Pisano at, 233–34; Giovanni's pulpit at, 236.
Pistoia, I, 3, 193, 418–19; Giovanni Pisano's pulpit at, II, 235; Bianchi and Neri, 282–83.
Pliny, I, 217.
Po, river, I, 2, 79, 137, 140, 187, 188, 191, 226, 247, 337.
Podestà, office of, I, 176, 197.
Poetry. *See* Latin poetry, Provençal poetry, Sicilian school, Intermediate poets, *Dolce stil nuovo*.
Poor Catholics, I, 89.
Poor Men of Lyons, I, 341.
Popes, the (*see* Papacy, Church, etc.), I, 5, 18, 54–55, 59, 62, 64–65, 275.
Portiuncula (Santa Maria degli Angioli), I, 93, 362.
Poverty, Lady, I, 20, 85, 367–68.
Prato, I, 79.
Primo Popolo, in Florence, I, 431–32, 434.
Priscian, I, 216–17.
Professors at University of Bologna, I, 213–14, 227–44.
Prostitution, II, 207–08.
Provençal language, I, 84, 132, 147.
Provençal Poetry, I, 131–43, 341; effect upon *Dolce stil nuovo*, II, 286–87.
Provenzano Salvani, 424, 434, 436; ransoms a friend, II, 66; death, 67; defeat, 176.
Proverbia super Natura Feminarum, II, 4–5.
Ptolemy, I, 225.
Punishments, II, 208.
Purgatorio; XVI, *115*, I, 177; III, *107*, 387; XXIV, *52–60*, II, 14–15; XXVI, *124–26*, 15; III, *122–23*, 58; XI, *136–38*, 66; VII, 83–85; XIX, *103–20*, 90–91; XXX, *28–33*, 113–14; XX, *80–81*, 140; V, *77–78*, 164; VII, 134–36, 165–66; VI, *133–51*, 186–87; XI, *94–96*, 254; XXIV, *52–54*, 291; XX, *86–90*, 344.

Quadrivium, I, 216, 224–25.

Raimbaut de Vaqueiras, I, 136.
Ranieri di Palermo, I, 150.
Raspe, Henry, I, 333.
Ravenna, I, 3, 261, 274–75; under the Polentani, II, 160–61.
Raymond, VI, Count of Toulouse, I, 58.
Raymond Gaudefroi, II, 269–70.
Reading-desks, I, 293–94.
Reggio, in Emilia, I, 188, 210, 247–48.
Reno, river, I, 192.
Revelations. *See* Apocalypse.
Rhetoric (*see also* Ars Dictaminis), I, 216, 219–23, 233.
Riccardo da San Germano, II, 298.
Riccobaldi, quoted, II, 212.
Richard Cœur de Lion, I, 52, 60, 125.
Richard, Earl of Cornwall, I, 120, 391, 440; II, 39, 79, 82, 83.
Rimini, I, 79.
Rinaldo d' Aquino, as poet, I, 145, 150–53, 160.
Ristoro, Fra, I, 414–15.
Rolandino of Padua, chronicler, cited, on Ezzelino, I, 254–56, 257; on Ezzelino's cruelty, 400–01; on Ezzelino's end, 403–05; as to fête, II, 203–04; his chronicle, 300–02.
Rolandino dei Romanzi, I, 355.
Romagna, I, 10, 62, 192, 247, 324; cession to Papacy, II, 85, 94–95; chapter on, 149–70; submits to Papacy, 160; families in, 160–62.
Roman Campagna, I, 60, 63.
Roman Church. *See* The Church.
Roman Curia. *See* The Curia.
Roman Empire. *See* The Holy Roman Empire.
Roman Empire, ancient, I, 4, 6.
Rome, city of, I, 6, 56; and Innocent III, 60–62; 66, 68, 88; Gregory IX driven out, 128; 142, 164, 216; Frederick II about, 264–65; art in and about, 272–73, 275–77; 280, 289, 290–91, 294; 342, 365;

II, 62–63; Don Arrigo Senator 63; welcomes Corradino, 64; constitution of, 95–96; painting at, 256–61.
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, quoted, I, 146, 150, 153–54, 155–56, 158; II, 204, 294.
Rosso da Messina, I, 150.
Rudolph of Habsburg, Emperor-elect, election, II, 84; mentioned by Dante, 84–85; and Italy, 85–86; cedes Romagna, 95; and Charles of Anjou, 95.
Rufino, Bro., I, 84; II, 304.
Ruggero de Amicis, I, 150, 152.
Ruggieri degli Ubaldini, II, 173–75.
Ruggiero di Loria, II, 138.
Rusuti, Filippo, II, 261.

Saba Malaspina, II, 299.
Sabbatinus, Bro., I, 88.
Sacred Mystery of the Altar, I, 21.
Sacro Speco, I, 13, 297, 349.
Saladin, I, 42, 126.
Salerno, I, 225.
Salinguerra, I, 137, 247, 250.
Salimbene, Bro., I, 226; on Bro. John of Vicenza, 241; 244; on Bro. Hugo of Digne, 375–81; on Pisa, etc., 415–16; on Bro. Vita, 417; on the Florentines, 426; on Guelfs and Ghibellines, 429; on Cardinal Ottaviano, II, 74–76; on Gregory X, 81; on Pope's "milking" Emperor-elect, 85; on simoniacal popes, 101; on Nicholas III, 101; on French in Italy, 135–36; on Ghiberto da Gente, 155–57; on devastation of Romagna, 160; 163, 164; at feasts, 212; life, 306-08.
Salimbene dei Salimbeni, of Siena, I, 438.
Sallust, I, 217, 239.
Salza, Hermann von, I, 264.
Sampieri, the, I, 252.
Sant' Andrea, church, Mantua, I, 187.
Sant' Andrea, church, Vercelli, I, 345–46.
Sant' Antonio, church, Padua, I, 355–56.
Santa Balbina, church, Rome, II, 244.
San Bonifazio, Louis, II, 163, 202.
San Bonifazio, Riccardo (Richard), I, 137, 186, 250, 258, 323.
San Bonifazio, father to Riccardo, I, 249, 250.
Santa Cecilia, bones of, I, 185.
Santa Cecilia, church, Rome, II, 239–40.
Santa Chiara, church, Assisi, I, 349.
San Clemente, church, Rome, I, 276, 280, 292–93.
Santa Croce, church, Florence, I, 352.
Santa Fiora, town, I, 424.
San Frediano, church, Lucca, I, 416.
San Galgano, church and monastery, I, 345, 422.
San Germano, treaty of, I, 108, 123–24, 245.
San Gimignano, tomb of, I, 188–89, 190.
San Gimignano, town, I, 174.
San Giorgio in Velabro, church, Rome, I, 292, 295.
Santa Maria, church, Palermo, I, 102.
Santa Maria degli Angioli. *See* Portiuncula.
Santa Maria in Aracœli, church, Rome, I, 296; II, 257.
Santa Maria in Cosmedin, church, Rome, I, 292–93; II, 244.
Santa Maria Maggiore, church, Rome, II, 244, 259, 260, 261.
Santa Maria Novella, church, Florence, I, 357.
Santa Maria sopra Minerva, church, Rome, I, 357; II, 244, 257.
Santa Maria in Trastevere, II, 257.
San Martino, cathedral, Lucca, I, 416.
San Michele, church, Pavia, I, 171, 184, 342.
St. Paul's basilica, Rome, I, 278–79, 280, 295, 298; II, 239.
St. Peter's basilica, Rome, I, 66, 128, 278, 291; II, 257; statue of Boniface VIII in, 321.
St. Peter's Patrimony. *See* Patrimony, etc.
San Pietro, cathedral, Bologna, I, 192.
San Pietro in Ciel d'Oro, church, Pavia, I, 184–85.
San Saba, church, Rome, I, 276.
Santa Scolastica, monastery, Subiaco, I, 297.
San Silvestro, church, Rome, I, 280.
San Spirito, hospital of, I, 31.

San Zeno, church, Verona, I, 186, 342.
Saracens, the, I, 100–01, 108, 132–33, 164, 178, 393.
Savelli, the, I, 290, II, 141.
Savoy, Counts of, I, 247; II, 164–65, 349.
Scaligeri, the, Martino, II, 157; 349.
Schools, I, 216.
Scott, Michael, I, 134.
Sculpture, chapters on, II, 219–30, 231–45.
Selvaggia, daughter of Frederick II, I, 253.
Selvaggia, celebrated by Cino da Pistoia, II, 282–84.
Serfs, I, 207–08; Florentine servile act, II, 188; condition, 213–18.
Sicilian school of poetry, I, 144–61; II, 1–3.
Sicilian Vespers, II, 134–35; causes of, 135–38.
Sicily, I, 8, 9, 10; description of, 100–04; 107, 113–14, 145, 164, 178, 266, 273, 294, 339; Sicilian Vespers, II, 134–35; causes of Sicilian Vespers, 135–38.
Siena, I, 3, 142, 164; account of, 420–25; war with Florence, 434–36; battle of Montaperti, 438–39; cathedral of, 420–23; II, 176–77; pulpit at, 227–28; Giovanni Pisano at, 234; painting at, 249–52.
Silvester, Pope and St., I, 6, 62, 280.
Simon de Brie, Cardinal. *See* Martin IV.
Simony, I, 53; charges of, against Nicholas III, II, 98–100.
Sordello, I, 137–40, 186–87, 258; goes back to Italy, II, 69.
Spain, I, 90, 128, 266.
Speculum Perfectionis, I, 360; II, 302.
Spoleto, I, 3, 10, 62, 113, 128, 143.
Stabat Mater, I, 141; II, 312–13, 318–19.
Stefaneschi, Bertholdo, II, 302.
Stefaneschi, Jacopo, Cardinal, II, 302,
Subiaco, I, 281–84, 287, 297; II, 248.
Summa Theologiæ, II, 108–13.
Sumptuary laws, II, 200–02.
Syria, I, 90, 122, 126, 272.

Tagliacozzo, battle of, II, 64–65; effects of, 68.
Tancred, I, 10.
Tebaldello Zambrasi, II, 159.
Tegghiaio Aldobrandini, I, 436.
Tesoretto, il, II, 12–13.
Thaddeus of Suessa, at Council of Lyons, I, 307–08; 313; death of, before Parma, 323–24.
Theodosius, Emperor, I, 7, 183.
Thomas Aquinas, St., I, 152, 201; II, 45; chapter on, 103–16, 117; place in literature, 298; hymn of, 312.
Thomas of Celano, writes life of St. Francis, I, 360, 361; his biographies of St. Francis, II, 303–05; *Dies Iræ*, 309–12.
Tiberto Galliziani, I, 150, 152.
Toledo, I, 132.
Torre, della, family, II, 157.
Torriti Jacopo, II, 259–60.
Toulouse, I, 14, 136, 144, 229.
Trade, I, 167, 169.
Trainbands of Bologna, I, 196, 203–05, 206.
Trent, I, 142.
Treviso, city of, I, 142, 261.
Treviso, march of, I, 79, 142, 180, 186, 247, 249, 251, 253, 258.
Triplice Via, de, II, 123.
Trivium, I, 216.
Tunis, King of, I, 433–34.
Turin, I, 135, 142, 180; II, 164, 165.
Tuscan League, I, 68.
Tuscany, marquisate and province, I, 10, 60, 63, 68, 139, 142, 145, 351; years 1200–1260, 408–25; years 1260–1290, II, 171–189.

Uberti, the, I, 339, 427, 429, 431, 434.
Uberti, Beatrice, II, 178.
Uberti, Farinata degli, I, 436, 439.
Uberti, Schiatta degli, I, 429.
Ubertino of Casale, II, 264, 269, 316.
Ugolino, Cardinal. *See* Gregory IX.
Ugolino della Gherardesca, II, 172–75.
Uguccione of Pisa, I, 218.
Umbria, I, 62, 80–81, 83, 163, 239, 351.
Unam Sanctam, papal bull, II, 340–41.
University of Bologna, of Paris, etc. *See* Bologna, Paris, etc.

Urban IV, Pope, Jacques Pantaléon, II, 37–43; death, 48; 115; and Gothic style, 241; tomb lost, 242.
Usury, II, 209.

Vanni Fucci, I, 419.
Vassalletti, I, 297–300.
Vaudois, I, 77.
Venice, I, 164, 183, 242, 250, 263, 274, 277, 279, 295, 407; chapter on, II, 23–36; constitution of, 27–28; conquest of Constantinople, 30–34; wars with Genoa, 35–36.
Vercelli, I, 80, 210, 341, 345–46.
Verona, I, 79, 115, 137, 142, 168, 171, 180, 186–87, 191, 249, 253, 255, 258; under the Scaligeri, II, 157.
Via Emilia, I, 171, 188, 191, 322.
Vicenza, I, 180, 210, 253–54, 261.
Viero dei Cerchi, II, 282, 295, 327.
Villa, described, II, 190–93.
Villani, Filippo, on Cimabue, II, 255; on Guido Cavalcanti, 278.
Villani, Giovanni, I, 430; on Brunetto Latini, II, 13–14; on Martin IV, 133; on fêtes in Florence, 204; on chess, 206; on old Florence, 211; on Dante, 331–32.
Villehardouin, Geoffroi de, II, 31, 299.
Virgil, I, 4, 137, 187, 217.
Visconti, Otto, Archbishop of Milan, II, 79.
Visconti, Tedaldo dei. *See* Gregory X.
Vita Nuova, II, 292–94.
Viterbo, I, 79, 113, 291; II, 64.
Vows, I, 53.
Vulgari Eloquentia, De, I, 151, 153–54; II, 15–16.

Waldo, Peter, I, 76, 80, 88.
Walter of Brienne, I, 340.
Walther von der Vogelweide, I, 66.
Weddings, II, 201.
Wheel of Venus, the, I, 236–39.
William II, the Good, King of Sicily, I, 8.
William, Count of Holland, I, 333, 387.
William of Saint Amour, I, 383, 385; II, 123, 124.

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